

Granville (G.) Baron Lansdowne.
K. FOUR

P L A Y S

Of the Right Honourable the
LORD LANSDOWNE.

V I Z.

HEROICK LOVE.

The JEW of VENICE, alter'd from
Shakespear.

The SHE-GALANTS.

The BRITISH ENCHANTERS; or,
No Magick like Love.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. FEALES at Rowe's Head, the
Corner of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand*. 1732.

Where may be had

The Maid the Mistress, a Comedy.

The Lady's Last Stake, or *The Wife's Resentment*.



THE
SHE-GALLANTS:
A
COMEDY,
As it is Acted at the
THEATRE
IN
Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields,
BY
His Majesty's Servants.



L O N D O N :

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, and for B. MOTTE,
at the Middle-Temple-Gate; and sold by HENRY
LINTOT, over against St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleet-*
street; and W. FEALS, at *Rowe's* Head over against
Clement's Inn Gate. 1732.





THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
R E A D E R.



HIS Play was Written by the
AUTHOR above twelve Years
past, without any Design of
becoming public, but only as
an Exercise to learn to Write,
at an Age when many are but beginning
to Spell. It was afterwards accidentally
communicated to some Persons, and beg'd
by a Friend, who propos'd to make some
Advantage by it; which was consented
to, upon Promise that the Author should
never be nam'd. Thus it remained for
some Years in other Hands, 'till at last

The Preface to the Reader.

the Author was importun'd to own it, or his Friend had been disappointed. Some few Alterations were made to suit it only to the present time of Acting; in every thing else the Play is the same as at first, even to the Songs, and Epilogue as it is printed. If his Friend has had a Third Day to his Satisfaction, it is all the End that the AUTHOR proposed to himself: And if before the ordinary Age of Manhood, he shall be allowed not to have been wholly Impotent, it is all the Commendation he expects: Of which the READER is left to judge as he thinks fit.



Prologue

Prologue to the SHE-GALLANTS,

Spoke by Mr. BETTERTON.

AS quiet Monarchs that on peaceful Thrones
In Sports and Revels long had reign'd like Drones,
Rousing at length, reflect with Guilt and Shame,
That not one Stroke had yet been giv'n for Fame;
Wars they proclaim, and to redeem the past,
To bold Attempts and rugged Labours haste:
Our Poet so, with like Concern reviews
The Youthful Follies of his Love-sick Muse.
To Amorous Toils, and to the silent Grove,
To Beauty's Snares, and to deceitful Love
He bids farewell; his Shield and Launce prepares,
And mounts the Stage, to bid Immortal Wars.

Vice, like some Monster, suff'ring none t'escape,
Has seiz'd the Town, and varies still her Shape.
Here, like a General, she struts in State,
While Crowds in Red and Blue her Orders wait:
There, like some pensive Statesman, walks demure,
And smiles, and hugs, to make Destruction sure:
Now under high Commodoes with Looks erect,
Bare-fac'd devours, in gaudy Colours deckt:
Then in a Vizard, to avoid Grimace,
Allows all Freedom but to see the Face.

In Pulpits and at Bar, she wears a Gown;
In Camps a Sword, in Palaces a Crown.
Resolv'd to Combat with this Morly Beast,
Our Poet comes to strike One Stroke at least.

His Glass he means, not for this Filt or Beau,
Some Features of you all he hopes to show;
On chosen Heads nor lets the Thunder fall,
But scatters his Artillery at all.

Yet to the Fair he fain wou'd Quarter show,
His tender Heart recoils at ev'ry Blow:
If unawares he gives too smart a Stroke,
He means but to Correct, and not provoke.



Persons Names.

M E N.

Mr. Betterton,	Bellamour,	} Formerly contracted to Angelica, to be married to Lucinda.
Mr. Hodgson,	Philabel,	In Love with Lucinda.
Mr. Thurman,	Frederick,	In Love with Constantia.
Mr. Underhill,	Sir Toby Cusifle,	A Knight, a Pimp.
Mr. Bowen,	Sir John Aery,	} Two egregious Fops.
Mr. Dogget.	Vaunter,	
Mr. Bailie,	Courtall,	
		Brother to Constantia.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Barry,	Lady Dorimen,	Aunt to Lucinda.
Mrs. Bracegirdle,	Angelica,	} In Love with Bellamour,
Mrs. Bootell,	Constantia,	{ Daughter to Sir Toby.
Mrs. Bowman,	Lucinda,	In Love with Frederick.
	Diana,	} Sisters to Frederick.
	Melissa,	
	Dorinda,	
	Miranda,	
Mrs. Lee,	Plackett,	} Waiting - Woman to Lady Dorimen.
		A Frenchman, that dresses Heads for Ladies.
		Women that sell Indian Ware.
		Page and Servants to Lady Dorimen.
		Dancers and Fiddlers.

SCENE, St. JAMES'S.



THE SHE-GALLANTS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Company walking to and fro as in the Mall.

Enter Angelica and Constantia in Man's Apparel.

Ang. re-peating, { **D** *isguise your Inclination as you can,
Yet every Woman's Business is a Man.*

Conf. Notwithstanding the Poet's Opinion, I declare for my part, I would have seen all Mankind at the Devil, before I'd have taken so much Pains for any one of 'em.

Ang. Ah *Constantia*! when once a Woman has got a Man in her Head ———

Conf. She never leaves till she has him——well, I say no more; but faith 'tis hard that Men should desert at this rate, and put us to such Pains to bring 'em back to their Colours.

Ang. An old Roman, as I have read, began an Oration to this Purpose; If we could break off all Communica-

tion with Women, we should be freed from many Troubles. Now, I say, if we Women would renounce Mankind, we should avoid many Evils, and be reveng'd for the past; for what could they do without us?

Conf. Not so fast neither——— Rather what could we do without them?

Ang. It might be somewhat uneasy, I confess, but they would have the worst on't.

Conf. Not so much as you may imagine, for they have a thousand other Diversions: Nor, would Love it self be altogether excluded; for in this wicked Age, a young, spruce, handsome Fellow, is become a Rival for a fine Woman. And I'll pawn my Breeches, and all that belongs to 'em, if in this Dress we are not as much courted by the Men themselves, as when we appear'd to be Women.

Ang. Fy, *Constantia*, thy Breeches have made thee strangely extravagant.

Conf. Why don't you see as we walk along, how they stop and look back——Demme' Jack, says one, a pretty young Fellow——By *Jove* as good as a Wench——And then a Lady with a languishing Cast, ogles over her Shoulder, and whispers her Companion——I vow my Dear, a most agreeable Creature. Upon my Reputation, such a Man is not at all my Aversion.

Ang. Of all the Conquests I have made in this Habit, that which pleases me best, is my Adventure with my Lady *Dorimen*. It is you know to her Niece *Lucinda*, that my faithless *Bellamour* is to be marry'd; wherefore if I can but get into her Ladyship's Family and have some Power over her Inclinations, I hope to find an Expedient to break off a Match, which, if concluded, undoes me.

Conf. Exceeding Wife and Politick.

Ang. My trusty Friend and Counsellor in this Intrigue, (with Reverence be it spoken) is my own lewd old Father Sir *Toby Cusifle*, with whom thus disguis'd, I have contracted a particular Intimacy: Whoring and Pimping have been always his Occupation——The kind

Office

Offices he does of that sort, makes him every where a welcome Person. He knows me not, nor indeed is it possible he should, having left me at Ten Years Old in the Country at random, to the care of an old Nurse, and never seen, nor scarce enquir'd after me since.

Conf. A hopeful Father truly.

Ang. How unkind soever he has been, if by his Assistance I can be so introduc'd to my Lady *Dorimen*, as to undermine *Bellamour*, and reclaim his Infidelity, he will then be a Father to me indeed; and I expect him here every Minute, to give me some Account of the Progress he has made in it.

Conf. This Father of yours is a most necessary Man, and has likewise been particularly useful to me upon a like occasion; for, to confess the Truth to you freely, there is some other meaning in my wearing Breeches, besides keeping you Company.

Ang. Indeed I always suspected some secret Self-interest in your Disguise, you put it on so willingly: But may not a Friend be inquisitive, and ask your Secret?

Conf. Yes, and be told it. Know then, my Dear *Angelica*, that tho' in Publick I have been an Enemy declar'd to Love, yet we have held a private Correspondence together: And what may seem yet more *bizarre*, the Man in the World whom I have always us'd worst, is he whom I have lov'd best. I know what Dissemblers are Men, and am resolv'd to enquire thoroughly into my Lover, before I discover my Inclinations. If I find *Frederick* loves me sincerely, and is a Man of Honour, I will then explain my self in his Favour: But if I prove him unworthy, my Aversion, that is now but Pretence, shall be real, and he shall never so much as suspect that I have had the least good Thought of him.

Ang. This Caution is much to be prais'd, and the more because it is so very unusual to Love, and be discreet at the same time.

Conf. In pursuance therefore of this Design, I have already made a Friendship with him, passing for my own Brother *Courtall*, whom every one knows to resemble me

so entirely, that we have often, by changing of Habits, been mistaken the one for the other. Thus have I many Opportunities to pry into his most secret Affections, to examine his Humour, and sound him to the Bottom : But the Jest on't is, that he has propos'd a cross Match to me, proffering me the Choice of his four Sisters, provided I will undertake to persuade *Constantia* to relent ; to which I have agreed, and have accordingly made formal Address to all four.

Ang. How ! to all four !

Conf. Yes, and am hugely diverted ; for, you must know, their Brother has strictly instructed 'em to be wanting in no kind of Encouragement : I never rise in a Morning, but I find my Toilette cover'd with Presents, Rings, Bracelets, Perfumes, and a World of fine Things ; for which I make equal acknowledgments to all, and protest it most impossible to know which to chuse.

Ang. And are you not very malicious, to triumph in this manner over the Weakness of your own Sex ? Besides, what can this exposing the Sisters profit any thing with the Brother ?

Conf. O let me alone to manage it ; if I fail in my Ends, I'll be bound to renounce my Petticoats for ever, and never to find any thing more substantial in Breeches than what you can give me : For your Plot I don't see how it can fail, for faith I could be in love with you my self, but that I know your Credentials are Counterfeit, and 'tis a false Pass which you shew.

Ang. Prithee tell me truly, what manner of a Man do I make ?

Conf. A very Spark, upon Honour ; and, to all outward Appearances, as much a Man as the best. Any thing that's well Perriwig'd, and Powder'd, and Steenkirk'd, and Embroider'd, is a Man. Singing and Dancing, and Dress, is Breeding. Noise, Familiarity and Impertinence, is Wit. Whistling to one's self—as thus—or taking Snuff gravely—as thus—passes for Thought and serious Consideration : And all this put together, is a Man.

Ang.

The SHE-GALLANTS. II

Ang. At least as much as is necessary for us two at this time——But however one is a little Awkard at first——How do I walk?

Conf. Ha, an Air *fieri & déterminée*——

[*They strut about the Stage.*]

Ang. And then my Legs, *Constantia*.

Conf. 'Tis true, the Ladies love good supporters——They'll do, they'll do, 'Sbud fear nothing.

Ang. Why how now Bully, what, thou swear'st too?

Conf. Damn your Whinings and Formalities: "Confound me, Madam, I adore you; Thunder rivet me, I must enjoy you——How much better this sounds than——Durst I presume, Madam; or might I be permitted——'Zoons, how many a modest Fool has lost his Longing, for want of Damning, Sinking, and Confounding handsomely, and like a Gentleman.

Ang. Peace, Madcap——here comes my old bawdy Father, according to appointment.

Enter Sir Toby, who runs and embraces them.

Sir Toby. My *Ganimesd*——My *Hylas*——

Ang. My *Jupiter*.

Conf. My *Hercules*.

Sir Toby. My dear little Sparks of Love, let me kiss ye: You'r lucky Rogues both——Wrapt in your Mothers Smocks begad——There's not a Lady in Town but lies at your Mercy——(*to Ang.*) For your part, my little *Cupid*, my Lady *Dorimen's* your own, the least Thrust throws her flat egad, just you know how——I met her this Minute, and she gave me such a Look, such sweet Ogles, as thus d'ye see, and thus; so very dying egad, it made my Heart ake to see it.

Ang. Alas! poor Lady————If she languishes in earnest, she knows her Remedy, *Sir Toby*.

Sir Toby. And that's heartily said i'faith: Well, she for a willing Mistress, and old *Toby* for a hearty Pimp, I'll say't we are the best in Christendom: But hark——I had like to have forgot——This 'tis to have so much Occupa-

Occupation at a time ——— (to Conf.) see here my
Mark ——— *Anthony*.

[Pulls out a Bracelet.]

*Twice twenty slender Virgin Fingers twine
This curious Web, where all their Fancies shine.*

Your four Mistresses beg you to accept of this Bracelet, 'tis the Work of all four, compos'd of their own Hairs, and wrought with their own Hands.

Conf. A thousand Thanks, dear Sir *Toby* ——— all your Offices are friendly.

Sir *Toby*. Hush ! hush ! who comes here ? What, a swarm of Beaux and Froes ?

[Company continuing to walk in the Mall.]

My Lord, your Lordship's ——— Madam, your most obedient ——— That's my little Lord *Wagfan* ——— That's fine Mrs. *Wrigglebum*.

[Sir John Airy, Vaunter, and Ladies crossing over,
Vaunter runs to Sir Toby.]

Vaun. Ha, Chevalier *Jerny*, dear Rogue, let me kiss thee.

Sir *J. Airy*. Dear *Toby*, let me kiss thee. Thoult excuse me, Geddemme', that I don't stay with thee, but the Ladies would never forgive me : Let me go this once, and I'll make what haste I can to come to thee again, begged.

[Exeunt singing.]

Sir *Toby*. Let thee go ? Who the Devil keeps thee. —

Ang. What Fools are those, Sir *Toby* ?

Sir *Toby*. Such Fools as are to be seen, but not to be describ'd ; adzooks, the Town swarms with them ; one is call'd *Vaunter*, and the other Sir *John Airy*, Fops with great Estates ; Cullies to the Women, and Bubbles to the Men. ——— But who have we here ? ——— Ay, 'tis she her self by *Jove*. ——— My Lady *Dorimen* in *propria Persona*, with her Niece *Lucinda* ; and just behind 'em, my little *Courtall*, your *Cleopatra's* ; stay you and meet them, while we follow my Lady *Dorimen*. ———

Make

The S H E - G A L L A N T S. 13

Make your best Leg——bow, bow, and let her pass,
we'll catch her the next turn.——

[*Lady Dorimen, Lucinda, Placket cross over the
Stage; Sir Toby and Angelica follow.*]

*Enter Diana, Melissa, Dorinda, and Miranda; Constantia
joins them with the Bracelet in her Hand.*

Conf. re- peating. { *As Nature them, so they this Shade have wrought,
Soft as their Hand, and various as their Thought.*

And did you think my Heart, Ladies, not enough your
own, before that you have sent me this pretty Chain to
bind it faster.

Diana. The Ladies who sent you that Bracelet, sure
meant it for a Reproach, and not for a Favour; and
it seems to say, *Unconstant Man, can no one Colour please
you?*

Conf. Truly, Madam, I made a more favourable Inter-
pretation, and concluded, that the Ladies, who have been
so kind to present me their Hair, meant to deliver up
their Strength with it.

Mel. You Men interpret every thing with Vanity to
your selves.

Conf. Alas, Madam, take away Hope and Vanity, you
kill us; they are the Cordials that kind Nature has pro-
vided for our Comfort upon all occasions of Disgrace
and Discouragement.

Dor. If Vanity could keep you alive, the Men of this
Age are so stock'd, they would be Immortal.

Dia. Really, Sister, we give our Lover too many oc-
casions to feed his Vanity, see how plump and ruddy it
keeps him.

Mel. Let us resolve then for the Future, to be seen on-
ly in Frowns.

Dia. Till we make him look like a Lover in earnest.

Mir.

Mir. A Lover in earnest would be a strange Sight indeed.

Dor. As strange as many other things that are often discoursed of, but never seen.

Dia. Love is the Pretence of all Mankind, as common in their Mouths——

Mir. As Snush in their Noses,—

Dor. But is never to be found in their Hearts.

Mel. Besides, Men are grown such self-enamour'd Things, that they neither like nor love any thing but themselves.

Conf. And what is the whole World sway'd by, but Self-Affection? the Courtier sides with the Great Man in hopes of Preferment; the Great Man is diligent about his Prince, because he rises by him; and there is scarce a Priest who serves God, but for the sake of a Benefice.

Dor. Pray, are not your Lovers the same? For when a Man pretends a Passion; what is it he intends but to content his own Desires? You seek not to give, but to receive Pleasure, and that you call Love.—Love of your selves indeed.

Mir. The Friendship, Loyalty, Religion, and Love of Men serve only to cover private Ends.

Dia. And the Virtues of Mankind are all but Vices in Disguise.

Conf. Very smart and satyrical; 'tis pity, Ladies, but this Humour of Bitterness were encourag'd; what say you to an *extempore* Lampoon by word of Mouth upon the whole Mall?

All Women. With all our Hearts.

Dia. Really nothing's so diverting, as to rail at Folks behind their Backs.

Conf. See yonder for the purpose, a Legion of Lords and Ladies tossing their Heads, and jetting their Tails;—let's follow, and be exceeding severe.

All Women. We'll not spare a Man.

Conf. Nor I a Woman.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Lucinda and Placket.

Lucin. We'll take a turn or two by our selves: My Aunt is among the Men, and won't miss us. Did you deliver the Note I sent to *Bellamour*?

Plac. Yes, Madam, but I vow it went against my Heart.

Lucin. The Truth is, he has been so arrogant of late, especially since he thought there were no longer any Obstacles to our Marriage, that I begin to be tir'd of him; and when a Woman begins to be tir'd of a Man whilst he is a Lover, she has but little Encouragement to take him for a Husband.

Plac. But there is this to be consider'd, Madam, you have your Aunt's Instructions to love him; you have given him your self great Encouragement; the whole Town has talk'd of it, and what can you expect the World will think?

Lucin. Why let it think; this fear of the World destroys all the Satisfaction of Women's Life: Hang the World, a Woman that minds what the World thinks or says, had better never have been in the World.

Plac. But what can be the Reason of this sudden Alteration?

Lucin. I confess the Absence of *Philabel* had almost made me forget him, and I began insensibly to feel a kind of Inclination for *Bellamour*: If my old Lover had not returned, I might have made my new one the happy Man; but since I hear *Philabel* came last Night to Town, I find my self more inclined to my first Promise than my last, and in this have only acted like a Woman of the Age; if one Lover had fail'd, I entertain'd another in case of Necessity.

Plac. Then you are resolv'd to break with poor Mr. *Bellamour*.

Lucin. Not absolutely break with him, but suspend my Resolution 'till I know how *Philabel* continues inclin'd; for as I told you before, I must not lose both; and tho'

tho' the Uneasiness and Jealousy of *Bellamour's* Temper has lost him some part of my good Will, he is yet in the Ballance.

Plac. Well, I vow Madam, methinks nothing's so pleasing as to see one's Lover jealous; sometimes in Fury, then presently at your Feet; now raging to part, then submissive for a Reconciliation; for what's a Woman's Power, unless she could master a Lover of all Humours?

Lucin. Yes, I would master him: I would have my Lover my Slave; a thing cast to please and obey me; like my Glove, to draw on or off as I think fitting; but then this Lover must not be jealous; that shews too much like a Contention for the Mastery; every Look and Action is to be enquired into, and a strict Account exacted of all that's done or said. No, give me the Lover that's free, who never pries into my Affairs, who has his Secrets, and lets me have mine; for so all private Reckonings are handsomely discharged, no matter for the rest, that's the Husband for me.

Plac. But while you suffer so much main Stock to be spent Abroad, there must needs run a great deal behind-hand to you. Lord! I should be sorry to see you pick at up a Husband from a Side-box at a Play, or in the Gallery at St. *James's* Church, and so after the first Year be forc'd to live in the *Fleet*, or *King's Bench*.

Lucin. And why not, rather than marry a dull, fat Fool with a great Estate, whose Faculties are all choaked up with Flegm; a Lump, whose only Sign of Life is sweating; we may melt his Grease, but not extract one wholesome Drop out of him. — No, give me a Man without a Fortune, rather than a Fortune without a Man. I had rather beg with a brisk, lively, young Fellow, than reign with a heavy, bloated, overgrown Block-head.

Plac. Your Aunt, Madam.

Enter

Enter Lady Dorimen, Sir Toby, Angelica, as in discourse.

Lady Dor. Sir Toby, you have been married your self, as great an Antagonist to Marriage as you pretend to be; and as I have heard, was so pious a Husband, that in Honour to your Wife's Memory, you spent a thousand Pounds in her Funeral.

Sir Toby. Yes, Madam, for Joy, and would have spent five times that Sum to have purchased so glorious a Day.

Ang. Methinks you should at least express more respect for a Condition of Life, which this young Lady has determin'd so suddenly to make Choice of her self.

Lucin. Not so fully determin'd, Sir, but I shall take some time to consider of it.

[Lady Dorimen takes Sir Toby aside.]

Lady Dor. Sir Toby, if you please, a word with you in private.

Ang. [to *Lucin.*] This would be very ill News, Madam, for Mr. *Bellamour*, whose Impatience must needs be great to be possessed of so much Happiness.

Enter Bellamour, observing them.

Lucin. I am not, I assure you, in such haste for a Husband, as to venture any Part of my own Repose to satisfy Mr. *Bellamour*'s Impatience.

Bell. [coming up] And do you think it such a Venture, Madam?

Lucin. There is no judging of Men, Mr. *Bellamour*, by what they appear to be, while they court us.

Bell. Give me leave, Madam, to add, nor of Women, while they are courted (*softly to her*) at least unconstant Women, if I may compare your former Encouragements with your Indifference to day.

[Lady Dorimen talking aside with Sir Toby.]

Lady Dor. But are you sure he is such a one, as a
Lady

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Lady may with safety repose her Honour in his Hands?

Sir Toby. Her Honour, ay, adzooks, or any thing else that she has.

[*To Ang.*] Hark ye, young Gentleman, my Lady desires to know if you are a Gamester; she wants a Man sometimes to pass an Evening, or so, at *Piquette*.—You understand me.

Ang. You might have answer'd for me; I'll never stick out at any Game my Lady shall propose.

Sir Toby. Look ye, Madam, he will never stick out, and adzooks, I think that's as much as any reasonable Woman can desire.

Lady Dor. *Sir Toby*, shall I venture my self a Turn with you and your Friend alone: Neice, you won't be angry to be left with Mr. *Bellamour*; your Servant, we shall meet the next turn.

[*Bellamour bows.*—*Exeunt Lady Dorimen, Sir Toby, and Angelica.*

Bell. Yes, Women are unintelligible to the most piercing and quick-sighted: Nothing is sincere in whatever they say or do: They are all Artifice and Disguise; resolving and altering without Sense or Reason; nothing is constant either in their Minds, or in their Bodies. As These are a Prey to Age and Infirmities, so are Those to every frivolous interest and idle Temptation. Their Love is never so firm and well-establish'd, but it is sacrific'd every Hour to their Folly, or their Pride. —

Lucin. Enough, enough, Mr. *Bellamour*,—if these are your Opinions of our Sex, how are you to be believ'd when you say you love us? For how can any thing so deform'd, as you describe Women, be belov'd?

Bell. There is a secret Enchantment in your Persons, that bewitches us to our own Destruction.—Inconstant *Lucinda*! after so many obliging Encouragements, why was this cruel Letter sent me this Morning?

[READS.]

R E A D S.

YOU have been too confident of my Consent; presume no longer on my Aunt's Authority: My Heart is yet my own, and while it continues so, my Person shall never be dispos'd of. — Come not near me to Day.

Speaks.] Why am I thus abus'd?

Lucin. Come not near me to Day. — Mark that Command. Why am I disobey'd?

Bell. If any Mistake has happen'd to cause this Alteration, or if in ought unknowing I've transgress, may I not be permitted to clear my Innocence?

Lucin. To make your self more guilty, is that to clear your Innocence? I will have you take Notice, that I expect to be obey'd in every Trifle: Let my Commands seem never so unjust or unreasonable, I say, I will be obey'd; nor will I have my Lover dare to examine the Reason, of what I do, but submit patiently, and expect with Resignation: While I am your Mistress, learn to behave your self like my Vassal; when I am your Wife, you may have your Revenge.

[*Re-enter Lady Dorimen, Angelica, and Sir Toby.*]

Sir Toby. Well, I'll say't, of a Critick, my Lady Dorimen's the Critick of Criticks.

Bell. aside to *Lucin.*] There is a secret Mystery in your Words and Actions, that must be explain'd, — but this is no time for it, — your Company returns — I know not how to suspect your Virtue, and therefore I entreat you, Madam, If I have in any thing ignorantly offended, condemn me not unheard.

[*Bows and is going.*]

Lady Dor. Stealing off: Mr. Bellamour, do we drive you away?

Bell. I beg your Ladyship to excuse me, I will wait on you the next turn.

[*Seems*

[Seems to go out, but turns short, and talks aside to the Maid.]

Lady Dor. Neice, what have you been doing to Mr. Bellamour? He seem'd to leave us in a strange Disorder.

Ang. He looks already with the careful Face of a marry'd Man.

Lucin. He's in one of his spleenatick Fits: 'Tis an Affectation the Men have got to disguise ill Humour, and ill Manners.

Ang. See, he's return'd, and is whispering with your Maid.

Sir Toby. Giving her some private Directions, Madam, where you may see the Pearl Necklace, the Diamond Locketts and Pendants, and the Plate for your Toilet that are to be presented upon the Wedding-day.

Ang. That if there is any thing amiss, such Alterations may be made before hand as are suitable to your own Fancy.

Lucin. Rather bribing my Maid, to discover to him who are my Visitants, what Correspondences I keep, and a thousand such jealous Enquiries.

[Plackett talking aside to Bellamour.]

Plac. He a Rival! what shou'd my Mistress do with such a Whiffler? He signifies no more to a Woman than a Fly to a Camel.

Bell. Mrs. Plackett, I repose entirely upon your Sincerity, and shall gratefully reward all your Services.

[Exit Bellamour.]

Lady Dor. Plackett come hither; what has Mr. Bellamour been whispering to you?

Plac. Nothing, Madam, but only to know whether my young Lady designs for the Play or the Park, that he may accordingly order his Business to be where she is to be ogl'd.

Lady Dor. Some such amorous Enquiry I durst have sworn—Neice, is not our time come to be going?

Lucin. When your Ladyship pleases.

Ang. The Park, Madam, is still full——

Lady

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Lady Dor. An invincible Necessity obliges us at this time.

Ang. That invincible Necessity is infinitely Disobliging.

Sir Toby. We must not part, Madam, but at your own choice.

Ang. *Sir Toby*, you are one of those happy Men who are free to go any where with the Ladies.

Sir Toby. Ay Child, they'll let me go as far as their own Dogs or Squirrels, the Doctor or the Midwife. Alas! I may peep where I please: An Old Man is like a cat tam'd, my Paw frights no Body.

[*Exeunt, leading the Ladies.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene of the PARK continues.

Enter Frederick, Diana, Melissa, Dorinda, Miranda.

Fred. **L**OVE is an universal Invader: Whatever Women pretend, they are all sensible alike; the best Livers as much as the loosest Prostitutes; only with this difference, those whom we call Virtuous and Chaste, have more Pride, or a greater force of Dissimulation.

Dia. Really, Brother, you're a strange Man: I say it is impossible for a Woman to be in Love, and I'll maintain it.

Mel. In Love! Lord, with what! with a filthy Man! though.

Dor. With a stiff Beard that fetches Blood with every Kiss.

Mel.

Mel. A great pot Belly, a broad Back, and huge Legs and Arms, enough to squeeze one to pieces.

Fred. There is another sort of Man, my good Sisters, that, perhaps, may not be so disagreeable: I mean your smooth Beau, who's as tender and gentle as any Lady; always trickt and perfum'd like a Lady; and where it is not for his Breeches, a very Lady.

Dia. Really I should as soon have a Passion for a Shadow.

Mir. Truly, Sisters, methinks you're too nice; I have seen very proper handsome Men of all sorts and sizes.

Dia. Really, Sister, such a Confession does not become the Mouth of one who values her Reputation.

Mel. Men are odious Creatures I vow, and I'll live and die in the Assertion.

Fred. Young *Courtall* will soon make Profelites of you all.

Dia. He! Harmless insignificant Thing.

Fred. One of you, if you love me, must love him. I have already told you how passionately I adore his Sister, and that he has promis'd to put me in Possession of her, whenever one of you four will consent to be his Wife. Upon this Article depends my Life and Happiness; if not perform'd, I am miserable; but if perform'd, am blest for ever.

Dia. To save a Brother's Life, really much should be done; but, I vow, a Man is strangely my Aversion.

Mel. True, Sister; but when a Brother's Life's in Jeopardy.

Fred. To Day he has promis'd to determine which of the four is most his Inclination; wherefore I beseech her, whom ever it is he fixes upon, to consider she has a Brother's Life and Fortune in her Hands.

Dia. If I am the Person, really I cannot agree to it, unless you confess that you are verily persuaded that I consent out of pure Love and Kindness to you, and not any Carnal Affection to the Man——And I don't at all doubt but I am the Person.

Mel. You the Person?

The SHE-GALLANTS. 23

Dor. Sure he has more Wit than to chuse the Oldest.

Dia. The Oldest? you insipid Creature——

Fred. Pray cease these untimely Dissentions.

Enter a Boy to Frederick.

Boy. Mr. *Courtall*, Sir, is at your Honour's House, and has directed me to acquaint the young Ladies, that he will wait there till they have done walking.

Fred. Tell him they are coming—— [Exit Boy.]
Your Lover is waiting for you at home; I find he cannot be very disagreeable to you, since you are so ready to quarrel for him.

Dia. For him! Really, Brother, if you think so, I will concern my self no more in this Affair; my Sisters might fall out for the Man, but I vow my Disorder proceeded from nothing but an inordinate desire to be the Instrument of your Happiness.

Fred. Pray no more Words———— Go home, agree among your selves, and make me happy, by making *Courtall* so. [Exeunt Women.]

How awkwardly we strive to conceal our Passions! [Solus.]
And how apparent is the Love of these Women, in spite of their affected Aversion! It is as hard to hide True Love, as to dissemble Feign'd. [Exit.]

Enter Sir John Aery and Vaunter.

Sir J. Aery. *Lucinda* to be marry'd to *Bellamour*! Geddemme', as I hope to be sav'd, sure he wont serve me so: But hang't, all Women are Jilts, and I don't care this pinch of Snuff who has her.

Vaun. Nor I, Beged; for I have taken pains to make the Town believe I have had her, and, Beged, that's all I desire with any Woman.

Sir J. Aery. And, Demme, she has made me believe a thousand times that I should have her; for by all the great Geds and the little, she never sees me, but she laughs
full

full in my Face; and if to smile is a sign of being pleas'd, Beged to laugh is at least as much again.

Vaun. Well interpreted, dear Sir *Jecky*, Beged; for wherever I go, I observe every body laugh, and I always us'd to take it for an Affront.

Sir J. Airy. That's very foolish, Geddemme': Now I never take any thing for an Affront. If a Man calls me Son of a Whore. Beged, I always take it for a mark of Familiarity and Kindness. If any one kicks, or gives me a Box on the Ear, I take it all in good part. A very good Jest, i'faith, and I laugh till I hold my sides.

Vaun. Thou'rt i'th' right, Beged; for why the Devil should I suppose any Man would affront a Man of my Parts? Beged, 'tis less'ning one's self, and I thank thee, dear *Jecky*, from my Soul, for reforming me in this Error: But prithee tell me, dear *Airy*, didst thou ever speak to *Lucinda*, that she has given the such hopes?

Sir J. Airy. Speak to her, Geddemme', No: Was ever any thing so foolish? What signifies speaking? If speaking would do, why none but Men of Sense would be happy; and when the Devil didst thou ever know a Man of Sense well receiv'd by a Woman?

Vaun. That's true, by all the great Geds and the little; for I have observ'd all my Life, that my Gilt Coach and Six Horses, and Footmen in Lace Liveries, have got me more Women, than all my fine Speeches; and Beged, I know what to say too as well as another.

Sir J. Airy. Geddemme', Paux there is more Rhetorick in a Tune on the Flute passionately play'd, or a Song languishingly humour'd, than in all *Cicero*. And tho' I can speak Sense as well as another, yet Demme, I'm too well-bred to offend the Ladies—— But prithee, dear *Vaunter*, tell me how thou hast made the Town believe thou hast had *Lucinda*; for Beged, that's a pretty sort of Vanity that I should be exceeding fond of.

Vaud. Why, Beged, no otherwise than thus: At Church, I always sit in the same Pew; at the Play, in the same Box; at the Musick-meeting, I contrive to be the next Man to her, and never fail to lead her out upon all these

occa-

occasions. In the Park, I turn as she turns; I go out, when she goes out; I drive by her Coach, then stop, and go softly, 'till she goes by again; then gallop, Beged, 'till I overtake her once more; and so twenty times together, ogling like a Devil, 'till I see where she alights, there I alight too; and, Beged, she never makes a Visit, but I am up Stairs as soon as she. The World takes notice of these Assiduities, and being always glad of any Opportunity to defame, my Happiness is every where publish'd: my Friends give me joy of my Success, which I receive with an O Gad, why should you think so? What can a Woman see in me? This Town is a strange Place, that a Man can do nothing in secret, Geddemme, I can't imagine how this came to be found out; for, Beged, I took all the care in the World to be discreet, but these foolish Women always betray themselves—— And so, Geddemme, half avowing, and half denying, I palm my self upon a Woman——

Sir *J. Airy*. That would sooner spit in thy Face, than let thee kiss her——

Vaun. Ha! Ha! Ha! Right, Geddemme, as I hope to be sav'd; and thus I got the Name of the Ladies fine Gentleman.

Sir *J. Airy*. But prithee, dear *Vaunter*, wilt not thou look like an Afs, when the World knows another Man has got thy suppos'd Mistress from thee?

Vaun. Demme not at all, for I'll swear I gave my consent, and that the Fool has nothing but my Leavings; and that I was seeking some handsome occasion to get rid of her, and, Beged, you know the Town is always ready to believe any ill that's said of a Woman: But however, Geddemme, if I could meet with this *Bellamour*, I should be provok'd to forbid the Banes, Beged, by mincing the Dog to Atoms.

Sir *J. Airy*. Say'st thou so, Bully-Rock, Beged yonder he comes—— And but that it would not be like Men of Honour for two to fall upon one, I'd stay and help thee; so, dear *Vaunter*, fare thee well.

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Vaun. Demme, *Airy*, thou wilt not leave me so——
See, there comes a spruce Prigg with him, that thou shalt mince.

Sir F. Airy. I'm heartily sorry, dear *Vaunter*, that I can't serve thee; but, Beged, I engag'd my Person but last Night to a great Lady for all this Day, and my Person not being my own at this time, dear Rogue, you must needs excuse me. Besides, my Lady *Gobble* tipt me the Wink just now to follow her.

Vaun. Now I think better on't, why a Devil should I make a noise of this Matter? That would look to the World like resenting some Disappointment; and, Demme, I scorn the World should think I was ever disappointed.

—— But I'll tell thee what I'll do better, I'll write her a Letter by the Penny-Post, that shall give such a Character of him as shall infallibly do his Business; so, dear *Airy*, let's about it, and then come back, and rally the poor Dog to death. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bellamour and Angelica.

Bell. Women grow troublesome when they are so fond: Your Cousin *Angelica* might have spar'd you this trouble, I'd as live see a Ghost, as receive a remembrance from a Cast Mistress.

Ang. You say you lov'd her once, and it is by that Love she now conjures you not to give way to any other Passion which will make her desperate, and you perjur'd.

Bell. I should be sorry to make a Lady desperate; but if to change a Mistress is Perjury, who is innocent?

Ang. What Reason can you give for your change?

Bell. Faith none at all: Our Inclinations are our Masters, and we wander but as our Stars lead us; if they are false Lights, and shew us out of the way, let them answer for't. It was my Fortune to see *Angelica*, and to love her. It was my Fortune to be absent from her, and to forget her: What is there new in this? I confess
she

ſhe has Beauty and Wit, and I wiſh her a great deal of Happineſs ; but there is a Luck which over-rules all, the Deſerving are not always the Succeſſful.

Ang. Sure Fortune will never ſide with Falſhood and Perjury——

Bell. O you miſtake Fortune : Fortune is, as it were, an Hoſpital for Villany and Folly, where all are provided for, whom Nature has maim'd and diſfigur'd. Mark every rude unpoliſh'd Owl you meet, he's ſure to be ſome Minion of Fortune's ; and every nauſeous ill-favour'd Hagg, is not her Name a Fortune ? The Children of this World have all different Portions ; ſome have Wit, others Beauty : But where there is no Merit to be found, thoſe have Fortune, which is the Cordial Drop preſcrib'd by Providence to comfort 'em, for the ſeverity and unkindneſs of Nature.

Ang. And ſo by conſequence, becauſe my Couſin *Angelica* has ſome Merit, therefore ſhe muſt be unfortunate.

Bell. Beſides, to confeſs the Truth, I cannot but think two Years Abſence has made as great an Alteration in her, as in me : Women are ſeldom behind-hand with us, and two Years was time enough for a Woman to have chang'd two dozen of Lovers.

Ang. And is this the beſt Answer ſhe is to expect from you ?

Bell. It is. Yet, if you pleaſe, you may give it ſome kinder turn ; I would not deal too roughly with one whom I had once lov'd, and whoſe Beauty and Virtues I ſtill admire ; therefore, pray, chuſe the gentleſt terms you can to comfort her, and adviſe her to forget one who cannot but confeſs he has been ungrateful.

Ang. And if 'tis poſſible, ſhe ſhall hate as much as ever ſhe lov'd you.

Bell. Not hate me : I would not have her hate me, only not love ſo much ; and not injure her ſelf by any Extravagance of Paſſion, nor by any over-fondneſs be burthenſome to me.

Enter Sir John Airy and Vaunter.

Sir J. Airy. Ha, *Bellamour*! Give thee Joy, dear Rogue; give thee Joy. The Town says thou'rt going to be marry'd, 'tis talk'd of, *Geddemme*, by every Body at the Chocolate-House.

Vaun. By all the great Geds, and the little, is the Man posselt, to condemn himself for all the Days and Nights of his Life to one body; to be bound never to change her, tho' she change never so much, tho' she grow never so old, so odious, so stinking, and ill-favour'd, phogh, *Geddemme*, to live under an eternal Persecution?

Sir J. Airy. Let me be torn by wild Horses, wrack'd alive, bury'd quick; but save me, Heaven, save me from this Holy Inquisition, call'd Marriage, beged.

Ang. aside. These Fools for once may be useful; I'll encourage the Humour. — Do not you know, Mr. *Bellamour*, that let the Person be never so lovely, or so much belov'd, as soon as she becomes your Wife, the Charm ends? Like enchanted Palaces that we approach with Admiration, but in the Instant when we think we are entering into Paradise, we find our selves in some dark Dungeon inhabited by Toads and Adders.

Sir J. Airy. Do not you know, *Geddemme*, that let a Person be never so much an Angel before Enjoyment, she is the Devil afterwards?

Ang. Perhaps, by the continual Presence of the Person, by considering her deliberately, and examining her in all Lights, we find many things wanting to our first Expectation. Perhaps a quiet and peaceable Enjoyment of any thing makes it the less valued: Or it may be, by a frequent and customary Commerce, the Pleasures of the Sense lose their Quickness and Vivacity.

Vaun. Women are Riddles, *Geddemme*, past all expounding.

Ang. To Day they are one thing.

Sir J. Airy. To Morrow another.

Vaun.

Vaun. Constant to nothing.

Ang. A Compound of Whimfies, tofs'd to and fro by as many Humours, as the Ocean by Winds.

Sir F. Airy. Geddemme, there is no Woman's Mind, but is past a Man's Understanding.

Vaun. There is no being certain of what is always uncertain, begged.

Ang. And in a Country full of Precipices, who but Madmen will leap blindfold? In a word, I can imagine no such lively Emblem of Marriage, as the Punishment for Parricides among the Ancients; where the Offender was sow'd into a Bag with a Monkey, a Dog, and a Serpent; these three Companions truly represent the Character of a Wife; who is an eternal Chatterer, and full of Tricks like a Monkey; or howling and snarling like a Dog; or with a forked Tongue and invenom'd Teeth, stinging and biting like a Serpent.

Sir J. Airy. But perhaps the poor Dog has a mind to a Son and Heir, and to see himself growing up in a little Monkey-fac'd Representative; but, hark ye, my dear Friend *Bell.* take this Saying of the Poet's along with you, and treasure it up;

Though Solomon with a thousand Wives,

To get a wise Successor, strives;

But one, and he a Fool, survives, Geddemme.

Bell. Gentlemen, I thank you; I was once beginning to be very angry, but I find so much reason in your Remonstrances, that I esteem my self much oblig'd to you. The Counfel of Fools is not to be despis'd when 'tis good; and so your Servant.

[Exit Bellamour.

Sir J. Airy. Geddemme, Fools! Who does the unmannerly Puppy mean?

Vaun. Begged, not me; for all the World knows I am none.

Ang. I am much mistaken, Gentlemen, if he did not mean you both. (*aside*) Two such Originals I never saw.

Sir *J. Airy*. Demme, a very smart Lad.—— Dear Rogue, let me kiss thee.

Vaun. Ay, dear Rogue, let me kiss thee, for thou and I must be better acquainted. Beged, thou'rt a Rump-Jewel for a Prince.

Ang. By your leave, Gentlemen, these Lips are reserv'd for better occasions.

Sir *J. Airy*. Ah, *le petit Malitieux* ! I never saw a *Steenkirk* better put on.

Enter Sir Toby and Philabel.

Vaun. Sir *Toby Cusifle*, my most Illustrious Patron, great Master of the Mysteries of Pimperlimpin, Geddemme, your humble Servant.

Sir *J. Airy*. My dear Brother Knight Baronet, your humble Servant, beged.

Sir *Toby*. Adzookers, when I have such Servants, they shall never be seen without broken Heads.

Sir *J. Airy*. A very good Jest; by the great Geds and the little.—— Let me kiss thee.

Sir *Toby*. Stand off you Cur,——thy Breath smells farther than a Brick-kiln.

Sir *J. Airy*. Demme, thou'rt so plaguy witty.—— But, what Fool do'st think I have been rallying to Death?

Sir *Toby*. I see no Fool, adzooks, here, but *Vaunter*.

Sir *J. Airy*. No, Demme, a greater Fool than *Vaunter*.

Sir *Toby*. Thy self.

Sir *J. Airy*. Thou'lt make me angry one time or other with these true Jests, Geddemme.

Sir *Toby*. Geddemme thou li'st, thou can'st not be angry. [He Canes Him.

Sir *J. Airy*. Nay, prithee don't be so damnable witty: Pox, I hate these Jests that make one's Sides ake without Laughing.

Ang. Spare him, good Sir *Toby*, for this time, he has been lately very useful.

Sir

Sir J. Airy. By your leave, Geddemme, I'll tell my own Merits. You must know then, *Bellamour* has been here; poor Fellow, how we rally'd him; never was Dog with a Bottle at his Tail so persecuted: For as you know, and as all the Town knows, for if 'twere a Secret no body should know, and how it came not to be a Secret, Geddemme if I know; for upon these occasions I am always Mum; — bnt Women, beged, are strange indiscreet Things, and a Man can't be always stopping their Mouths, Geddemme. —

Vaun. Dear Rogue, how I adore him, he speaks like an Angel, beged.

Sir J. Airy. As I was saying then, to omit all farther Tropes and Figures, Circumstance of Elocution, and Flower of Circumlocution. — *Bellamour* is going to be marry'd to *Lucinda*. — Now this *Lucinda*, beged, *Vaunter* and I have had twenty times. —

Vaun. Ay, beged, a thousand, whenever we thought fit, by the great Geds and the little.

Phil. Why, you Brace of Toads, whose Breath is poison —

Sir *Toby*. Ye Vermine, that live by gnawing upon the Reputation of Ladies — [They beat 'em.

Sir J. Airy and *Vaunter*.] Demme, no more of these Jests, or we'll keep you Company no longer.

[They run out.

Phil. Rascals, — Vipers —

How unhappy are Women, whose Fame depends on the Breath of such Fools!

Sir *Toby*. Rather unhappy, adzooks, for trusting their Fame with such Fools. And now, Noble Colonel, give me leave to present you to this young Friend of mine; — a pretty Fellow, as you see, and worth a better Acquaintance. This my little Spark of Love, is Colonel *Philabel*, a brave metled Fellow, newly arrived from *Flanders*, where he has been most Heroickly, adzooks, learning to ride — the Flying-Horse in a Dutch Troop.

Phil. I shall be glad of your Acquaintance, Sir, and desire to be look'd upon as your Friend.

Sir Toby. Pox o'Speeches,——Kiss you Rogues,——Kissing makes the best Friends;——one Kiss is worth half a dozen Speeches; Pox o'Speeches,——would 'twere a Girl, old *Phil.* gad I'd hold the Door, tho' 'twere my own Daughter.

Ang. Well said old Iniquity.——Thou hast nick'd it, if thou knew'st all.

Phil. Now Gentlemen, that I may not be absolutely a Stranger to this Town, instruct me how this Side of the World is alter'd since I left it: What are the Diversions in Vogue? How do the Men behave themselves? And how are the Ladies to be govern'd?

Sir Toby. Why, faith, the Men are as abominable Rogues as ever, always Drunk, and always Pox'd, begg'd; nothing is heard of but Tavern-brawls and Midnight Rapes and Murders; nothing to be met but Sharpers and Cullies, Pickpockets and Politicians, Cutpurves and Lawyers; Parsons that point out Roads they never go; Physicians that prescribe what they never take; Courtiers that promise what they never perform; Colonels that tell of Battles they never saw; Beaus that lie with Women they never could come near; Pocky Lords, Bloated Commoners, and Palefac'd Catamites.

Phil. Most illustriously summ'd up;——but the Women *Sir Toby*, the Women.

Sir Toby. Why of them too, there are of all sorts, good and bad.——Good, did I say, very few good, but very Devout, and great frequenters of St. *James's* Church; whoever goes that Road, can't fail of Heaven, at least of heavenly Joys.

Phil. None are so Devout, I hope, as to renounce the Pleasures and Conversations of the World.

Sir Toby. No, ne'er trouble your self, the Saints themselves have failings; human Flesh is frail. So you lift up one Hand to heaven, you may lift up the Petticoat with t'other: Let their Heads be never so full of Devotion, the Devil is sure to be in their Tails.

Phil.

Phil. But which are the ways most in practice and observ'd to be most prevailing over their Frailty.

Sir Toby. Why Money, adzooks, nothing like Money; be free of your Purse, and your Presents, your Settlements, and your Jointures, and you may be as free as you please, with whom you please: *All, all* are *Dianas*, by this Light; and the Golden Ravisher is never deny'd Entrance.

Phil. This indeed is a great Incroachment upon Love: In Matters of-Love, Love only should prevail.

Sir Toby. Thus we have been so long ill us'd by the Sex: There are so many Examples of Estates Mortgag'd, and honest Fellows undone by their Treachery and Expensiveness, that we begin to leave 'em off, and resolve to stick to one another. For my own part, I am resolv'd not to care one Farthing for the Sex more, not I, igad, *Bacchus* shall have all my Gold.

Phil. And *Venus* shall never starve while I can furnish her; you old Fellows always rail at Pleasures you are past. Nothing relishes when the Appetite is gone. For my part, I have quite another Idea of the Sex; at least, I will delay censuring, 'till I have examin'd into *Lucinda's* Truth: If *Lucinda* has been false, I will then turn Railer like you, and conclude the worst of 'em all.

Ang. See here, an Informer for your Purpose; — Mrs. *Placket* can give you the best Intelligence of that.

Enter Placket.

Phil. Mrs. *Placket*, I am overjoy'd to see you.

Plac. Mr. *Philabel*, you are welcome from the Wars. My young Lady is distracted to see you; — she has been in such Frights for you, poor thing, — but was overjoy'd to hear how well you carry'd your self in the last Battle. —

Sir Toby. How well his Horse carry'd him, adzooks, thou mean't.

Plack. This Note will better inform you

[Delivers a Note.
Phil.

Phil. Reads,] Be not surpriz'd at any Discourse you may hear of me in the Town: I am the same you left me, and shall be pleas'd to find no Alteration in you. If you think it worth your while, you may see me this Afternoon at my Aunts.

Ang. aside.] Lucinda returning to an old Lover; — that's good News. — Now for some trick to secure the Aunt against *Bellamour*; — but that one stroke more, and Fortune I adore thee.

Phil. If this Kindness is sincere, why was *Bellamour* so well receiv'd in my Absence?

Plac. Why don't you know that the best receiv'd are seldom the most welcome, and that the Civilities a Woman shews in publick to one Man, are only to cover private Familiarities with another?

Phil. And my Lady *Dorimen*, we may have leave to wait upon her too?

Plac. Yes; this is her Day.

Phil. Her Day! for what?

Plac. Why to receive Visits: All your great Ladies keep their Days for Visitants.

Sir Toby. And so by laying apart one Day for publick Ceremony, all the rest of the Week is secur'd for private Intrigue.

Phil. The Men and Women all visit the same Day?

Plac. They have different Methods; my Lady has Days apart. This is her Day for the Men.

Sir Toby. What think you Mrs. *Placket* of my young Friend here? He's most desperately in Love with my Lady *Dorimen*.

Plac. That's desperate indeed: Alas, Widows have Beef-stomachs, such a Chick is not half a mouthful. — The *Frenchman* is now dressing my Lady's Head; he has been yet but two hours about it, in two more you may make your Visit; till when, Gentlemen, your Servant, I will be sure to make all your Compliments.

Phil.

Phil. Fare ye well good Mrs. Placket.

[*Exit Placket.*

Now let's adjourn to some Place, where I may cast this filthy Camp-Coat, take one encouraging Glass, and then for Love and the Ladies.

Sir Toby. I'll go before, taste some Wine, and bespeak a relishing Bit.

Phil. Thus Hero-like, we from the Wars remove,
To Crown our Toils, and still that Crown is Love.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

Lady Dorimen at her Toilette. A Frenchman dressing her Head. Women with Indian Silks, and China Ware. Page, and Waiting-Women knotting Fringe.

Frenchman. ONE, two, tree Story more, begar,
and dat be ver vell.

Lady Dor. Not quite so high, Monsieur, I shan't be able to get into my Chair, nor my Coach; nor come in, or go out at Doors, without leaving some of my Head behind me.

Frenchman. Dat be no my fault begar: Me no make de shaire, nor de coche, nor de dore: Me drefs de Head, and me mos show all mine Arts. Parbleu, let de dam Bricklaer Englife make de Housse fit for de Ladies Head: Me no make de Head for de Housse.

Lady Dor. My Head's in your Hands, do with it as you please.

Enter

Enter Placket.

Plack. Sir *Toby*, Madam is coming up: All your Visitants will be here before your *Frenchman* will have done.

Frenchman. Patience, Patience. Me bot ajoute de Jardinier, and de Sortis, and put on de Assassinat, and me make done.

Lady Dor. Pray dispatch.

Frenchman. 'Tis make don: And now, begar, der be no Lady in *France* or *England* more propre — Parbleu, your Ladyship be de ver beautiful Lady; de *Englifs* Lady be ver handfom, begar.

Lady Dor. Your Ten Guineas are upon the Table.

Frenchmen. Ah! Madam — Votre tres humble Valet — De honour of serving de *Englifs* Lady, be more dan de Profit [*aside*] Now begar, me vill go into *Hollande*, and make de Farce of de *Englifs* Lady vid deir great Top-Knot; me have got deir Mony, and now me vill laugh at dem vid all mine 'earts. Ha! Ha! Ha!

[Exit *Frenchman*.]

First Ind. Woman. Pray be pleas'd, Madam, to order us to be paid before Sir *Toby* comes up.

Second Ind. Woman. We had rather lose our Money, than be expos'd to his foul-mouth'd Raillery.

Enter Sir *Toby*.

Sir <i>Toby</i> re- peating. }	<i>Th' adorning thee with so much Art,</i>
	<i>Is but a barbarous Skill:</i>
	<i>'Tis like the poy's'ning of a Dart,</i> <i>Too apt before to kill.</i>

What! adzooks, always these Pedlars at your Toilette.

Ind. Woman. Pedlars! adzooks, no more than your Worship's a Pimp, if you go to that.

Sir Toby. The Orange Women swear they'll pull you to pieces, since a Note in a Tea-Pot is found more secure, than at the bottom of a Basket of Fruit.

Ind.

Ind. Woman. That's your Worship's quarrel to us: You'd have no body seduc'd but by your self. — Pray, Madam, bid Mrs. *Placket* pay us.

Lady Dor. Give them their Money — — But hark he, Mrs. *Fannoway*, for the future, be sure you bring me right *Indian*, I abominate this *Dutch* Trumpery.

Ind. Woman. God bless your Honour, we will Madam.

[*Exeunt Indian Women with their Bundles.*]

Lady Dor. Bring Sir *Toby* a Chair, — and wait within call.

[*Sir Toby sits, then speaks.*]

Sir Toby. Your Picquette Friend will be here instantly, Madam, according to your Direction: He is already so charm'd with your Ladyship, that if you are not merciful in time, his Heart will break, quite break; poor thing, he is just at the Point of Death.

Lady Dor. 'Tis much for a Lady's Honour to have a Lover die.

Sir Toby. True, Madam; but then let those die you don't care for: Tho' it may be for your Glory to triumph over some, yet for your Pleasure you should be kind to others.

—— And this is the prettiest loving little Rogue, —— Adzooks 'twere a thousand pities to let him come to any harm.

Lady Dor. But suppose he should be one of those modest Fools (for he is very young, *Sir Toby*.) who tho' they are never so much in Love, yet have not the Courage to speak out their Minds.

Sir Toby. Why suppose he should, why then you must take some Opportunity to squeeze him by the Hand; or by some sly Insinuation with your Eyes, inform him that he need fear nothing. Or what if you should speak first, is any thing more common? Besides, when Women thro' Decency, as they call it, are silent, and Men thro' Fear, how the Devil shall they ever come together? If you observe your Spark to be bold and undertaking, then indeed you may seem shy; but if he is timorous and under any Awe, you must do something to give him Courage, or you spoil all. Come, come, adzooks,

adzooks, the Women of this Age are not to be taught these Lessons.

Lady Dor. Fye! I blush for the Follies of my Sex.

Sir Toby. Blushing does infinitely become your Ladyship.—Then there is the Secret of Secrets, the Never-failing Elixir of Love.—

Lady Dor. Hold, hold, *Sir Toby*,—may it become my Modesty to hear it?

Sir Toby. Adzooks, I don't know what your Modesty may be; but if 'tis so troublesome, I can hold my Tongue.

Lady Dor. No, no, speak; you're too well bred, to say any thing you should not.

Sir Toby. Then this mighty Secret is Keeping: The Men naturally love receiving better than paying; and since some great Ladies of late have used them to it, it is with great Difficulty that they part with their very Half-crown, or give the poor Chamber-maid her Fee.

Lady Dor. A Woman, and Keep! O hideous!

Sir Toby. Why yonder's my Lady *Homely*, 'tis hard to remember when she was young, and yet her Doors are always block'd up with Coaches and Chairs; whilst in the mean time my Lady *Lovely* scarce receives a Visit from Morning to Night, and yet is the most beautiful Woman in Town.

Lady Dor. And what say you is the Reason of this?

Sir Toby. The Reason is plain? The first gives to her Gallants, what the other reserves for a Portion for a Daughter, or bestows in charitable Uses to the Poor. Besides, it has been always the Fashion for great Ladies when they are a little turn'd of their Prime; and your Ladyship is too considerable to be out at any thing that's a Fashion.

Lady Dor. 'Tis true, a Woman of Quality should be in all the Fashions: But pray inform me, how is this Keeping? Do Men of Quality take Money? Or is it by Presents of Jewels, and such things?

Sir Toby. Nothing like ready Money, adzooks. A thousand Guineas in ready Cash, tickles a young Fellow beyond

yond a Jewel of twice the Value: Not but that a Jewel now and then by the by, is a pretty Provocative; but however a settled Quarteridge is necessary.

Lady Dor. I protest you are a very Learned Person.

Sir Toby. Besides the standing Pension, there must be an Allowance too for Extraordinaries: For Example; for Balls at Court, and public Appearances of that kind. At such times, I say, the Courtiers will give themselves to the Devil for a little Money, especially in hard times, when Salaries are ill paid.

Lady Dor. *Sir Toby*, you have convinc'd me; but yet there remains a main Point to be consider'd, which is, how to impose upon the Town. This Town is a prying malicious Place; as long as the Town does not talk, our Honour is safe; and as long as our Honour is safe, there's no harm done: For 'tis a receiv'd Maxim among us Ladies, That 'tis the Talk, and not the Intrigue, that's the Crime.

Sir Toby. The way to keep the Town civil, is to be openly scandalous and lewd. We never talk out of Aversion to the Guilty, but Spight to the Innocent; and care not to expose those who do ill, but defame those who do well. Believe me, the only way to gain an ill Reputation, is to live chaste; the Town abhors Modesty and Virtue, but Impudence and Vice are its inseparable Companions: Be as wicked as you please, the Town will never expose a Friend.

Enter Page.

Page. There's below a young Gentleman desires to speak with *Sir Toby*.

Sir Toby. I come instantly.——

[*Exit Page.*

'Tis our Spark, Madam.—— I'll go down to him, and keep him in discourse 'till you are quite ready.

Lady Dor. *Sir Toby* your Servant, I'll endeavour to profit by your wise Lecture.

[*Exit Sir Toby.*

[*Rises*

[Rises from her Toilette.]

Placket, give me one of my last new Fans — No — another; one that has the right Flirt, and rides with an Air. Ay, this without Nudities.

Plack. The Gentleman will be impatient.

Lady Dor. I go: Is every thing as it should be?

Plack. Most exact, Madam.

Lady Dor. And d'ye hear?

[Whispers.

Plack. Who? Sir *John Airy*, and Mr. *Vaunter*, I think you call'd 'em; I will not fail, Madam.

Lady Dor. This young Thing will want Helps.

[Exeunt.

Enter *Diana*, *Melissa*, *Dorinda*, *Miranda*, and *Constantia* seeming in Courtship with all four.

Constantia repeating,

*Joy salutes me when I see
My blest Eyes on Amoret,
But with Wonder am I struck,
When I on the Others look.*

And how is it possible to chuse one, when all are engaging alike? If at any time I seem inclined to the Prudence and nice Honour of *Diana*, the Gaiety and lively Humour of *Melissa* comes in view, and witholds me. And when *Melissa* gets ground, strait *Dorinda* interposes with her admirable Shape and Mien: And so on to the charming *Miranda*, who, with a Song, can turn my fleeting Heart which way she pleases.

Mir. Sure *Cupid* shot you with a Blunderbus, four such dreadful Wounds cou'd never be made with a Dart.

Mel. Pho, 'tis the usual Ceremony of all Men, to carry themselves equal to the whole Company; if he had us single, we should soon know his Mind.

Dia.

The SHE-GALLANTS. 41

Dia. Really my Sister has observed with great Prudence: It is likely the Gentleman would be particular, if we were single. Pray Sisters, retire, and leave us alone.

Dor. Fy, Sister, sure your nice Honour would not permit you to be left alone with a Man.

Mel. I was the first who proposed the Expedient, and will be the first to have the Benefit of it.

Dia. Really you are very confident; sure there is some Respect due to your eldest Sister.

Mel. You might have spar'd the Remembrance of your Age for your own sake.

Con. Pray, Ladies, let not this Debate go any farther, I have found out an Expedient to close all. Come in with me, and I will seal up four Notes, giving one to each of you, three being Blanks, and the fourth my Determination; which you shall deliver, as soon as I am gone from you, to your Brother, who shall tell you my Mind, sparing me the Confusion.

Dia. No, No; since I have once said it, Mr. *Courtall*, really I will be left alone with you.

Const. Pray, Madam, consent to what I have propos'd.

[*Aside to her.*]

You are certain to be my Choice.

Mel. I say again ——

Const. Dear *Melissa*, be contented.

[*Aside to her.*]

They shall all have Blanks but you.

Dor. For my part I consent to leave you together: Eldership may be a Plea for Respect, but 'tis a very bad one for Love.

Const. Peace, good *Dorinda*, and agree to my Method.

[*Aside to her.*]

The Benefit Ticket shall be yours.

Mir.

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Mir. I am clearly for his Opinion in Writing, 'tis much the surest way, and not to be retracted.

Const. Most charming *Miranda*, a thousand Acknowledgments.

[*Aside to her.*]

You only are the *Venus* among these Goddesses, the Prize of Beauty shall be yours.

[*Aloud.*]

Now Ladies, let's in, and proceed to Election; sure no Lover since *Paris* was ever so put to it in his Choice.

*How hardly do's this Tyrant Custom bind?
Forc'd to chuse One, to All alike inclin'd.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Lady *Dorimen*, *Angelica*, *Lucinda*, and *Phibel*, all feated.

SONG in Dialogue.

Thirsis. **D**ELIA, how long must I despair,
And tax you with Disdain:
Still to my tender Love severe,
Untouch'd when I complain?

Delia. When Men of equal Merit love us,
And do with equal Ardour sue;
Thirsis. you know but one must move us,
Can I be Your's and *Strephon's* too?

My

*My ravish'd Eyes view both with Pleasure,
Impartial to your high desert;
To both alike Esteem I measure,
To one alone can give my Heart.*

*Thirsis. Mysterious Guide of Inclination,
Tell me, Tyrant, why am I
With equal Merit, equal Passion,
Thus the Victim chose to die?
————— Why am I
The Victim chose to die?*

*Delia. On Fate alone depends Success,
And Fancy Reason over-rules;
Or why should Virtue ever miss
Reward, so often giv'n to Fools?*

*'Tis not the Handsome, nor the Witty,
But who alone is born to please;
Love does predestinate our Pity,
We chuse but whom he first decrees.*

*Ang. The Words, Ladies, are my own; pray, your
Opinion.*

Lady Dor. You are a Wit then.

*Ang. O! we are all Wits. Pray, Madam, by what
celebrated Wits are you visited? For there is no way
to establish a Reputation like being a Patron to Men of
Parts.*

*Lady Dor. I love Men of Parts mightily: A Man with-
out Parts is a strange Monster. I have some that are pret-
ty*

ty constant Visitants; for Example, the Translators of *Plutarch's Lives*, *Juvenal's Satyrs*.—

Ang. Pho, a Lady, and converse with *Greek* and *Latin* Wits! No, give me your Wits of the Town, who are above Learning; your Wits of Quality that can scarce Write or Read; your Lampoon-Wits.

Phil. Bold Rogues, that spare nothing that's sacred, not even the Majesty of Kings; that can make Black White; and White, Black: take away the Reputation of the chasteft Woman, and give it to the lewdest Prostitute: Call the Man of Sense, a Fool; and the Man of Honour, a Coward: Make Religion, Apostacy; and sanctify Rebellion and Parricide: Whose only Topics are Scandal, Sedition, and Blasphemy: And all they contend for, but who shall be the greatest Rascal, and tell the most plausible Lye behind a Man's Back.

Lady Dor. However, I know some certain Ladies, who think themselves neglected, to be left out of a Lampoon: and are proud to have their Names published, and to be known, and enquired after by the whole Town.

Ang. [to *Lucind.*] Pray, Madam, did you never write?

Lucin. Who, I, Sir! 'Tis not a Talent for a Woman.

Phil. And why not for a Woman, Madam? An Evening's Exercise at Crambo, to get the knack of Rhyming, is all that's necessary; 'tis no matter for Sense, who cares for Sense?

Ang. Besides there are no Pains requir'd, as is plain, for when we take all the pains in the World, 'tis just the same thing, we write never the better.

Lady Dor. Mr. *Philabel*, you used to have good Intelligence; what new Diversions are preparing for the Town?

Phil. The newest thing that I know of, is a Dictionary that's preparing for the Press, at the desire of a certain great Lady, to suit our Language to the Modesty of the fair Sex, and to castrate the immodest Syllables in such Words as begin and end obscenely.

Lucin.

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Lucin. *Fy, Philabel,* was ever such an Extravagance!

Lady Dor. I vow, a very decent Design; I have been strangely put out of countenance my self at the beginning and conclusion of some certain Words.

Phil. There is likewise a Cabal of Ladies, who meet daily for the Reformation of good Manners. Another great Grievance is the Nudities upon Fans, worse than the costures of a *Venetian* Snuff-box.

Lady Dor. I know a Lady, that shall be nameless, whose fans are always painted with filthy naked Boys, and yet for the World, she would not be persuaded to be seen in *Welfea Reach* upon a Summer's Evening.

Phil. Likewise, Madam, a Poet is to lose his Maidenhead to day upon the Stage.——

Lady Dor. Lord! *Mr. Philabel,* what do you mean?

Phil. Nothing, Madam, but that there is a new Play to be acted. A young Fellow has been drawn in to play the Fool without any necessity for it.

Ang. How comes your Ladyship not to be there? You would see rare Sport; there is a Party already engaged to try it down.

Lucin. How! engaged do cry down a Play before they know whether it is good or bad!

Phil. O, no matter for that. I'll tell you their Method; they spread themselves in Parties all over the House; some in the Pit, some in the Boxes, others in the Galleries, but principally upon the Stage; they Cough, Sneeze, talk loud, break silly Jest; sometimes Laughing, sometimes Singing, sometimes Whistling, 'till the House is in an Uproar; some Laugh and Clap, some hiss and are angry; Swords are drawn, the Actors interrupted, the scene broken off, and so the Play's sent to the Devil.

Lucin. A very compendious Method.

Phil. A new Play never wants Enemies. *First,* All your discontented Poets who have been ill used themselves, are glad of a new Companion; then your Critics that had not the Reading of the Piece before 'twas given to the House, are sure to censure severely, to be

re-

revenged for their neglected Judgments. And *Lass*
All your dress'd Beaus, who revenge upon the innocent
Play the Injuries they receive from the Crowd, as the
ruffling their Crevats, disordering their Perukes, and the
Sweat that gets the ascendant of their Essence and
Pollville.

Lady Dor. A very rational Account. I confess, I have
often wonder'd at the ill Success of some Plays.

Ang. Now I think on't, Madam, I have waiting below
some Dancers, that I brought hither for your Ladyship's
Entertainment; they shall show you a Dance that a Friend
of mine has compos'd for his Mistress.

Lucin. How, Sir, compos'd for a Mistress! I have heard
of Songs compos'd for a Mistress; but a Dance is ex-
tremely new.

Phil. 'Tis fit, Madam, that some new Ways should be
invented to engage the Ladies; 'tis dull to tread always
in the same Path. And nothing is found so prevailing as
these mute Accomplishments. Writing, and saying fine
things, have given place to the Caper, the Flute, and the
Voice.

Lucin. Some Fool, who had no other way of prevail-
ing, was certainly the first that introduced those effeminate
Accomplishments.

Phil. Right, Madam, and 'twas as necessary, as for
those who have ill Smells, to keep up the Fashion of Per-
fumes.—

Ang. Or, as for Ladies with Pimples to encourage
Patching.

Lady Dor. Pray let us see the Dance.

[*They all rise*]

Ang. Hey! Enter Dance.

Phil. Where are these *Balladins*?

DANCE.

Ang. And will not this carry the Lady, d'ye think?

Lady Dor. Very passionate indeed. There are some

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The S H E - G A L L A N T S. 47

certain Motions in Dancing, extremely Pathetic and Expressive.

Enter Sir Toby and Bellamour.

Sir Toby. You see, Madam, I am come again; I am a Man of my Word.

Lady Dor. You are always so. — Mr. Bellamour, your Servant. Would you had both come sooner, to have seen the Dance.

Ang. Let not that trouble you, Madam; they are my Friends, and at my Devotion, and shall renew the Entertainment, since it proves agreeable to you. Ladies and Gentlemen, the t'other Cast of your Office if you please.

[*To the Singers and Dancers.*]

S O N G.

SO well Corinna likes the Joy,
She vows, she'll never more be Coy.
She drinks eternal Draughts of Pleasure,
Eternal Draughts do not suffice;
Ah! give me, give me more, she cries,
'Tis all too little measure.

D A N C E.

Sir Toby. Very fine, extremely fine. — Mr. Bellamour and I, Madam, met at the Door, having both the same Design of waiting on your Ladyship. Sir Toby, says he, be pleased to go before, I wait on you: Mr. Bellamour, says I, after you is Manners. Pray, Sir, says he, give me leave; By no means, Sir, said I again. And then said he, and then said I, 'till at last, begad, we both came in together, and Adzookers, I have almost squeez'd off the bottom

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bottom of my Belly. — Pox of Compliments and strait Doors.

Ang. [*aside.*] Now aid me all the Arts of Woman-kind, Revenge and Jealousy, 'till I have vex'd the Traitor's Heart, as he has abus'd mine,

I wonder, Sir *Toby*, you should be so ceremonious with one to whom you ought to be a sworn Enemy. I cannot with Patience suffer my Friend to be wrong'd, and therefore think my self obliged to acquaint you, that this Gentleman has injur'd you.

Bell. [*softly to him.*] Hark ye, Sir. —

Ang. No, no, all shall out, unless you engage before all this Company, to make Reparation for the future.

Sir *Toby*. Hey day! Why he never did me any Injury, Adzooks, my little *Ganimesd's* in the Clouds.

Ang. I'll tell you then in short —

Bell. [*softly*] Hold, or by Heaven —

Ang. Nay, no Threats, nor no Whispering. This Gentleman, Sir *Toby*, some time since, made Pretensions to your Daughter, as now Madam, he does to your Neice; but not Pretensions that were dishonourable, but confirm'd by Vows and Oaths, 'till she yielded at last to be privately contracted.

Lady *Dor.* How! Contracted!

— *Lucin.* Base Man.

Bell. Pray hearken not to what he says; this is the strangest Extravagance.

Lucin. No, no, pray let's hear all.

Bell. [*to Ang.*] Damme, Sir, this Fooling shan't pass — A word with you.

Ang. No Bribes, no Bribes.

Lucin. This must be true, he is so concern'd.

Bell. As I hope to be sav'd, Madam —

Phil. No Swearing, dear Sir, it will offend the Ladies.

Bell. Damn Swearing, Sir —

Lady *Dor.* and *Lucin.* No quarrelling here, I beseech you, Gentlemen.

Bell. I remember indeed, a Lady whom I us'd to visit

The SHE-GALLANTS. 49

in the Country; and I confess, Sir, your Daughter I think she was.

Sir Toby. O was she so, Sir; a Damn'd Villanous Whoring Rogue, this.

Bell. Some Words of Gallantry might perhaps escape me, or a little Love in Jest, to pass the time: Or suppose if in Earnest, sure we may have leave to change once in our Lives; Saints are allow'd it in Religion, when they are convinc'd of a better.

Sir Toby. But you shall not be allow'd it, Sir; pray don't mistake me, though I am an old lewd Dog, yet I have some Notions Adzooks, that are not amiss. How many drunken blaspheming Rascals venture their Lives every Day for Religion, and yet know nothing of any Religion. And so Sir, in short, tho' I may be a dishonour my self to my Family, Adzooks, I'll die to maintain the Honour of it.

Bell. I made no Promises, but what were meant in Jest. Vows and Oaths in Love, are like Counters at Play, we set up with 'em, but ne'er mind 'em when the Game's over.

Lucin. I am glad I know the Value of yours; a very decent Declaration!

Lady Dor. If Contracts might be made and broken, as Men change their Affections, poor Women are like to be happy. Barbarous Ungrateful Creature, let me never see your Face again in my House. — Oh! I can't endure him.

Ang. [*aside.*] *Victoria, Victoria* — the Day's my own, and the Enemy is beaten from his hold.

Lucin. Such Perjury is never to be pardon'd. [*aside.*] O happy Accident! I wanted some decent Pretence to get rid of him, and Fortune has help'd me.

Bell. All things are Faults to those, who seek to find 'em: 'Tis you are perjur'd, and not I. After having sworn to you, had I engag'd in a new Passion, then I had been false. Now if I am false, 'tis for your sake; 'tis you that made me so; whatever I have been to others, to you my Faith has been inviolable.

C

Lucin.

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C

Lucin.

Lucin. Who can be false to one, 'tis violently to be suspected will be so to another, whenever his Pleasure or his Interest tempts him.

Bell. Confess the Truth, and lay aside Disguise; impute not to me your Crimes; this Airy, Smooth, Conceited Coxcomb, this Woman's Fool here, has work'd into your Heart, and shov'd me out; this lucky Robber in some wanton moment came, and rifled all the Treasure, whilst I, a poor precarious Beggar, ne'er could get the least unvalued Trifle. Gods! Gods! what Appetites have Women, and who can fix 'em? Now for Men of Sense, and now for Coxcombs; and every thing is refused or goes down, just as the Minute is, that we lay hold of.

(*Omnes.*) Ha, ha, ha.

[*all laugh.*

Bell. What could you see in this puny Effeminate Thing to Charm you? He can Sing and Dance, play on the Flute, and Fiddle, there's Woman's Vanity again: She never sees a soft affected Ass, but she is pleas'd with the Reflection of her own Follies, and admires her self in every Fop, that like a Glass shows her the Image of her own Mind.

Phil. You are rude, Sir.

Bell. Rude, Sir!

Phil. Ay, rude, Sir, that's *English*.

Bell. You are an Ass, Sir: Or is it your Soldier here that charms you? Your Colonel! O how that sounds to please a Lady's Ear! Is it his Red Coat, or his Hoys, that take you most? What Wounds has he to show you? What Deeds in Battle to describe? What Dangers? He has seen a Siege through a Prospective-Glass.—

Lady Dor. I can endure this odious Railer no longer; his Noise is got up into my Head.—Let us go in, and leave this Wrangler to rave by himself.

Ang. We wait on your Ladyship.

Bell. to Ang.) I shall find a time, Sir, I shall, to thank you for your Offices.

Ang. Whenever you please, Sir.

Phil.

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Phil. to Bell.) I shall find a time, Sir, to call you to an Account in another Place.

Bell. What Place you please, Sir.

Sir Toby to Bell.) I shall take an occasion, I shall, Sir, Adzooks, to make you repent putting your Town-Tricks upon Country Girls.

Lucin. Mr. *Bellamour*, can't you compose your self enough to go in and play a Pool with us?

Bell. I will wish you some Luck, Madam. May you be always Flatter'd, and always Lose; may you never think you have a sure Game, but be disappointed by a better.

Lucin. A little *Hellebore* would do the Gentleman no harm.

Sir Toby. Straw, Straw, and a Dungeon; Adzooks the Man's stark Mad.

Exeunt, leaving Bellamour.

BELLAMOUR.

Mankind from Adam, have been Women's Fools;

Women from Eve, have been the Devil's Tools;

Heav'n might have spar'd one Torment when we fell,

Not left us Woman, or not threaten'd Hell.

[Exit.]



C 2

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Frederick, surrounded by his Sisters, viz.
Diana, Meliffa, Dorinda, Miranda.*

Dia. **R**ead mine, they are all Blanks but mine.

Mel. I say, her's is a Blank. Read mine.

Dor. and Mir. They are all Blanks but mine.

Fred. What! are you all mad! give me your Notes in Peace, and I'll read 'em, else I am gone.

All Women. Well then, here take 'em.

Fred. So: Let none interrupt me; but whose soever the Lot is, let the rest be contented and silent.

[Opens a Note, and reads it.

Meliffa is Beauty—ful—

Mel. I told you so, I knew 'twas I, you need read no farther.

Fred. Good Sister, forbear.

Reads.) Dorinda is good humour'd —

Dor. That's I.

Fred. Patience.

Reads.) Miranda is charming to Admiration.

But it is *Diana* that is adorable, and has my Heart.

Speaks.) Let none reply, *Diana's* is the Lot.

Mel. *Diana's* is a Cheat, a Counterfeit; he vow'd to me he could not endure her.

Fred. We are to stand to what he has written. You may take back your Notes, we need read no more.

Mel. I say, my Sister *Dy's* is all Forgery.

Dia. I say you are a confident Creature.

Fred.

Fred interposing.] Sisters, this is misbecoming all Modesty. *Melissa*, be satisfied! there are more Men besides *Courtall*.

Dor. Dear Brother, open the rest of our Notes for our common Satisfaction; *Courtall* told me, all should be Blanks but mine.

Mir. So he told me.

Fred. Any thing for Peace. This *Melissa* I think is yours. *Reads.*] *Diana* is discreet ——— *Dorinda, &c.* *Miranda, &c.* (as before,) but *Melissa* only has my Heart.

Speaks.] How *Diana*! is it true then, that yours was forg'd? *Melissa*, be happy, the Lot is yours.

Dia. I say, 'tis she has forg'd, and not I. Let me tear her Eyes out for this Trick.

Fred. No more, I entreat you ——— I suspect a Trick; I'll read the rest.

[*Reads the other two Notes to himself.*

How! Why in these he declares for *Dorinda* and *Miranda*: This is all a Trick.

Dor. to Mir.] Sister, I begin to suspect this *Courtall*. Let us be no more seen in this Business.

Mir. to Dor.] The Imprudence of my Sisters, may be an example for us to be wise.

Fred. 'Tis plain, *Courtall* has abus'd us all, but he you advis'd, and I'll be reveng'd? I love his Sister, but not above the Honour of my Family. I'll instantly find him out, and teach the Young Imposter what it is to play with the Reputation of Ladies, or fool with a Man of Honour. Be at Peace among your selves, and all shall be well.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Angelica and Constantia.

Ang. Victoria, Victoria, turn'd out of Doors, quite discarded; ha, ha, ha. To have seen how he storm'd and hector'd, 'twould have made thee die with Laughing, ha, ha, ha.

Conf. 'Twas most Heroically perform'd indeed.

Ang. He swore I must give him Satisfaction; and by Heaven I am ready, when ever he dares demand it.

Conf. How ! ready to fight with him ! what, fight with a Man ?

Ang. Yes, Conquer him too ; lay him groveling at my Feet, panting, and not able to stir a Limb.

Conf. The Truth is, that may be done, but how will you lay your Widow Panting ?

Ang. That indeed, is now my hardest Task. And pray, how will you come off with your Virgins ?

Conf. That's to be thought of too. I'll go consider on't. You are bound for other Adventures, and so good Night.
[Exit Constantia.]

Enter Sir Toby, Philabel, Women and Musick.

Sir Toby. [*spying Ang.*] My little Cupid, turn'd Wanderer of Darknefs, A Night Rover, An Eve-dropper under his Mistress's Window : Nay then thou'rt in indeed ; there's no such infallible sign of a Lover.

Phil. A Lover can no more go to Bed, without easing his Heart in Sighs under his Mistress's Window, then without comforting it afterwards with a Bottle.

Sir Toby. Behold, Lover, to your Sighs I have brought a Song, 't shall pass for thy Serenade, to my Lady Dorimen, Hey Myrmadons strike up.

S O N G.

While Phillis is Drinking, Love and Wine in Alliance
With Forces united, bid resistless Defiance,
By the touch of her Lips, the Wine sparkles higher,
And her Eyes from her Drinking, redouble their Fire.

Her Cheeks glow the Brighter, recruiting their Colour,
As Flowers by sprinkling, revive with fresh Odour :
His Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor like Oyl, makes the Flame more enduring.
By

*By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd, by Love and Desiring :
Relieving each other, the Pleasure is lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting.*

*Then Phillis, begin ; let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiss, and a Glass be still going round :
Our Joys are Immortal, while thus we remove,
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.*

*Sir Toby takes Angelica about the Neck and Kisses her.
Sir Toby finging]. And a Kiss and a Glass be still going
round.*

*Ang. Sir Toby, you Kiss in anothers wrong: All my
Kisses are bespoke for to Night. See what a dreadful
Challenge my Lady Dorimen put into my Hand at
parting.*

*Sir Toby reads.] You may wonder at the Confidence I have
in you, upon so short an Acquaintance. Think it not an
effect of my Easiness, but your own Merit. You will be
welcome to Night at my own House at Ten.*

*Ang. Ten is the lucky Hour, Sir Toby: If you have
any thing to Command, speak, I must give the Sig-
nal.* [Knocks at the Door.

Enter Placket.

*Plac. O, are you come; follow me, and be sure you
make no Noise.*

*Ang. I know how to behave my self upon these oc-
casions.*

Plac. 'Tis not the first time you have practis'd.

*Sir Toby. Nor you neither, good Mrs. Placket; you
both know your Trades.*

*Plac. Are you there? Then we shall never have done.
Come, come your ways.*

*[Exeunt Ang. and Plac.
Phil.*

Phil. These young Smock-fac'd fellows, *Sir Toby*, carry all before 'em. Brave Warriors and Men of Sense, Besiege ten Years in vain, the Beast prevails in a Night.

Sir Toby. The truth is, Women have deprav'd Appetites; but here's my comfort still—— (*Embracing a Wench.*) Pox of Quality—— Give me an obedient Jade, without forms or Ceremonies. Hark ye Colonel, these are most of 'em my own Flesh and Blood, begotten by my Iniquity, and bred up for my Iniquity. The Great Turk has not a better *Seraglio*

Phil. Not such a *Seraglio* indeed.

Sir Toby. But why loiter we here? Yonder's a Tavern, what sayest thou, Lad, to a quart of Canary before we sleep, Hey! Cats Guts strike up. *Jenny, Gipsy, Jewish*—— ye Jezebels follow me all.

Sings.] *Our Joys are Immortal, &c.*

(*Exeunt Musick playing.*)

SCENE a Bed-Chamber.

Lady Dorimen in her Night-dress, and Angelica.

Lady Dor. I blush exceedingly, to see my self alone with a Man; for tho' your coming is upon an innocent Account, yet there is room for a scandalous Interpretation: But I hope you are too civil a Gentlemen to take the Advantage of being alone with a Lady in her Bed-chamber.

Ang. Let my Transports express——

Lady Dor. O tye, methinks you're very forward: Who could have imagin'd it from one so young?

Ang. Pardon me, Madam, if too much Eagerness to express the Sense of your Favours.——

Lady Dor. Frighten me no more: And on that condition I give you leave to sit down by me.

[*Takes Angelica by the Hand.*]

Ang. Ah, Madam—— you squeeze my hand too hard.

Lady Dor. You are so tender.

Ang.

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Ang. You are so killing, the least touch goes to the Soul. What a Complexion! What Eyes!

Lady Dor. Don't you look so upon me; I never look'd so ill in my Life. I hate you shou'd look upon me so— I am quite out of order to Night.

Ang. You never were so Charming.

Lady Dor. You are the strangest Man.

Ang. Pray, Madam, give me leave to see—

Lady Dor. See! Pray what would you see?

Ang. Your Neck, Madam, that I may vindicate you from the Aspersions of the World, that says it is not of the same Complexion with your Face.

Lady Dor. The World is a malicious, ill-natur'd impertinent World.

Ang. And you the most invincible Temptation in it. Am I Flesh and Blood—am I a Man, Madam?—

Lady Dor. I vow, Sir, I can't tell. But I hope you mean to be Civil.

Ang. repeats.]

*And why this Niceness to a Pleasure shown;
Where Nature sums up all its Joys in one?*

But since you will have it so, I must submit. I may perhaps have been too far transported, but I hope your Ladyship's Goodness will excuse the Violence of a Passion that was not to be with-held.

Lady Dor. I must needs say, any one in your Place would have offer'd as much, and perhaps more: For who could have imagin'd, that such an Assignment was contriv'd for nothing but a little Discourse? Besides 'tis natural enough to suspect, that all this great Care that I have taken to forbid, was meant only to mind you of what else you might be too backward to undertake: And I know it to be a Maxim among Men, that Women are angry to be always obey'd, and that our first Refusals are necessary to Decency, and proceed only from a customary Formality, and not from any real dis-like. But you, I perceive, are none of thole.—

Ang.

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Ang. Who I? Heav'n's forbid——

[Removes her Chair farther off, Lady Dorimen following.]

Lady Dor. The Men, I say, of this Age, for the most part, are bold and undertaking, in the *Tête à Tête*, as they call it, and when the Chambermaid's sent away, and a Bed in the Room, they think they may venture on any thing.

[Angelica continues to get farther off. Lady Dorimen gets closer and closer.]

Ang. Excuse me, Madam, you shall find me none of those impudent Intruders, of whom you complain. I must need condemn the forwardness of those Men, who are still encroaching upon the Modesty of the Ladies: And would not for the World offend against the Respect that is due to you.

Lady Dor. I only say 'tis the way of most Men: But I am convinc'd you are none of those.

Ang. Heavens forbid, Madam, that I should be any thing that were displeasing to your Ladyship.

Lady Dor. aside.] Provoking Ignorance! What shall I do to be understood? I have thought of a way——

[Falls back in her Chair, as going into a Swoon.]

Oh I feel a sudden swimming in my Eyes, and trembling in my Limbs, it comes all over me, Help, help, help! Oh, oh!

Ang. I'll run and call for help.

[Lady Dorimen takes fast hold of her.]

Lady Dor. Call no body, you may do it your self; Oh, oh! you may do it your self.

Ang. aside.] What the Devil does she mean——

Lady Dor. Oh, oh!

Ang. Let me go, Madam, and call your Maid for some cold Water to sprinkle in your Face.

Lady Dor. No, do you sprinkle me, do you sprinkle me.

Ang. So I would with all my Heart, but I have nothing to do it withal——*(calls)* Mrs. Placket, Mrs. Placket, help, your Lady's in a Fit.

Lady

Lady Dorimen rises in a Passion, letting go her hold, enters Placket.

Lady Dor. Ungrateful Man! Such Insolence is unpardonable, Flesh and Blood can never forgive it.

Plac. Wicked Man! what have you been doing to my Lady?

Ang. I have been doing nothing to my Lady, she has been in a Fit.

Plac. Poor Lady; how out of Breath; she is—— I say, what have you committed?

Ang. I say, I have Omitted——and that's it.

Bellamour's Voice within.

Bell. within.] Where is *Lucinda*? I will see her—— I will not be deny'd——

Ang. As I live, *Bellamour's Voice*—— O save me, if he finds me here, I am Sacrific'd——Pity Madam, my Youth, and forgive my Ignorance—— all shall be mended.

Lady Dor. I pity you indeed. Run *Placket*, and stop Mr. *Bellamour*—— carry him up the back Way to my Niece, and let her be sure to see him, that the Passage be clear——

Ang. Preserve me to Night from the Fury of this incens'd Man: To morrow we may repair the time that has been lost.

Lady Dor. Which we might not have lost neither—— but we have been both to blame.

Ang. To morrow all shall be mended.

Lady Dor. Shall it indeed?

Ang. Upon Condition, that this *Bellamour* comes here no more; I thought you had forbid him your House.

Lady Dor. All Men you see don't mind us when we forbid. I promise you after this Night he shall never more be admitted; my Niece shall sooner couple with a Vulture or a Bear. This Interruption is new Guilt.

Ang. That is all I ask.

Lady

Lady Dor. Remember then to Morrow.

Ang. By this Kiss. (*Kisses her Hand.*)

[*Exit. Angelica.*]

Re-enter Placket.

Lady Dor. Placket, are the other Gentlemen here?

Plac. They were here, Madam: And I thought I had lock'd 'em up safe, but when I went to look just now, I found the Lock of the Closet Door broke, and hey were gone.

Lady Dor. Curst Disappointments.

Plac. The Chaplain, Madam, is not yet gone to Bed.

Lady Dor. Tell him I must have Prayers presently, and bring him into my Closet; and d'ye hear, lay the Books on the Table.

Plac. That is, the Cups and the Bottle of Orange Flow'r Brandy. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lucinda and Bellamour.

Lucin. Now the angry Fit is over, you are come to beg Pardon; this is the Trick of you Men: You Quarrel on purpose to try whether our Fondness is great enough to excuse the Insolencies of your Passion, and then think to Lord it as you please.

Bell. You mistake, Madam; I come not to beg Pardon, but to take my leave: Yes, ungrateful Woman, but one last look, and then we part, never to behold each other more; let cringing Fools and base born Slaves, continue their Officiousness to those who neglect 'em: A brave Man scorns it.

Lucin. You have free Liberty to depart, and will leave no aking Hearts behind you.

Bell. 'Tis false, I know my Resolution vexes you, how'ere you'd strive to Conceal it. There is never a Dissembling ill-natur'd Woman of you all, but is vex'd at the Loss of a Lover, tho' 'tis one she hates; all are necessary

say for your Vanity, and your Pride, though but some are pick'd for your Pleasures. But by Heaven, I scorn the Office, nor will be ty'd like a Slave to the Chariot, while others ride in it in Triumph.

Lucin. Speak softly.

Bell. Would I could speak louder yet, that Heaven and Earth might witness to your Perjury. Yes, *Lucinda*, when I am again your Fool, may all the Town laugh at me, as well as you: May I be Hooted and Pointed at for a Monster, and which would be the greatest, greatest Plague, may you Marry me, and bring forth a Bastard the next Day.

Lucin. In return to your obliging Oath, hear mine. If ever I pardon your Ill-manner'd outrageous Carriage to Day, may I be the most Wretched, and most Infamous of Women; may all the Villanous Slanders of thy Tongue be believ'd of me; and for my eternal Perdition, may my ill Fate condemn me to such a Brute, as thee for my Husband.

Bell. Agreed: And therefore that I may preserve nothing which might give me the least feint remembrance of you—here take back your Picture—this Representation in little of so faithless an Original——

[*Gazes on the Picture, e're he delivers it.*]

How beautiful it looks! Ah! *Lucinda*, *Lucinda*, were but thy Soul Celestial as its Frame—but that is false, a Course deceitful Dawbing, no real, but a painted Joy, like this.

Lucin. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Then here is another Encouragement—— the only one indeed, that I have under your Hand—— here 'tis——

Reads. *You swear you love me, Ah Bellamour! If I have not as yet an equal Passion for you, believe me, I am pleas'd with yours.*

These were Deceits that merit this, [*Tears the Paper.*]

Lucin. (*aside.*) I am glad to see it torn, 'twas the only Proof he had to show against me, that I had ever any Inclination to receive his Love.

Bell,

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Bell. And now no more but this ; O *Lucinda* ! False Ungrateful *Lucinda*, farewell for ever !

[Is going, then returns.

Lucin. A very fair Riddance ——— why do you come back ?

Bell. But one word more *Lucinda* ! Ah *Lucinda* ! Call but to mind your former Vows, then see if your Heart can hold up to its Point, and still be fixt, tho' knowing how 't has wrong'd me.

Lucin. What froward Fools are Men ? Still they perplex us with ungrounded Jealousies, and affront us with vile Aspersions ; yet know us at the same time, to be their Judges, and that by our Sentence 'tis, they Live or Die. No, *Bellamour*, after your rude Behaviour to Day, never must you more expect the least appearance of Kindness from me ; there is no trusting for a Husband, a Man who makes so unruly a Lover.

Bell. You wrong me, Madam, by all that's good, you do.

Lucin. No more, Mr. *Bellamour*, I'll hear no more upon this Subject. Return to your first Allegiance, you have wrong'd an Innocent Lady ; think not that I'll be any longer accessary to your Perjury.

Sir John Airy, and Vaunter within.

Airy. within] Demme, Madam, - where are you ?

Vaunter, within] Here are Lights, and a Door open.

They Enter.

Sir J. Airy. Beged, Madam, 'tis very unconscionable to send for Gentlemen, and then make them wait three Hours in the Dark.

Lucin. Insolent Fellow, who sent for you ! And how got you in ?

Sir J. Airy. Insolent Fellow ! Demme, methinks she begins to be very familiar already.

Bell. You sent for them, they tell you ; and I beg Pardon for having so long detain'd you from the Company you expected. Vile Woman, my Resentment is
now

now turn'd to Pity, and I blush at this Infamous Confirmation of your Wickedness.

Lucin. I rather believe 'em Companions of your own, brought hither on purpose to put some new affront upon me.

Sir F. Airy. No, Demme, Madam, if any thing should have brought us but your own Commands.

Vaun. Nothing begged, Madam, but your Commands and our own Inclinations.

Lucin. My Commands! Impudent Rascal — Mr. *Bellamour*, this is a part below the Character of a Man of Honour; neither am I so destitute of Friends, but you may be call'd to a severe Account for it.

Bell. I doubt not but you have Bullies at Command, as well as Fools; cunning Devil! This Disguise is too affected: Thus Women always turn Accusers, when they want an Excuse.

Lucin. Who's within there — call up the Servants — I will make Examples of these Fellows, or know the Truth.

Bell. Give not your self unnecessary trouble; when I am gone, all will be well, their Confession will but add to your Guilt. Confounded Woman! (*aside.*) O *Angelica*, my broken Vows to thee are well Reveng'd. Farewel false *Lucinda*, I am asham'd of my past Weakness, for one so Wicked.

Lucin. holds him] Stay *Bellamour*, you shall not go 'till I am justify'd of this Inhuman Imputation, that you would fix upon me —

Bell. Nay, Madam, you must not hold me — I leave you to your Fools, and will be one no more.

[*Breaks from her and Exit.*]

Vaun. Is he gone? Madam, are you sure he's gone?

[*Lucinda walks about in a Passion.*]

Sir F. Airy. 'Tis well for him he is — Demme, had he stay'd a Minute longer, I'd have minc'd him.

Vaun. Dear Madam, why this Passion now? 'Tis true, 'would have vext any one to lose so much time thro' a Fellow's Impertinence: But begged you may be

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as free now as you please, here's no Body here, but Dear *Jack Airy*, and he and I are all one.

Sir J. Airy. 'Tis true, Madam, here's no Body here, but Dear *Vaunter*, and He and I are one Soul in two Bodies.

Lucin. Apes and Monkeys.

Vaun. Be pleas'd Madam, to dispatch us, for I have promis'd to play at Ramp to Night, with some Ladies, and I would not beged disappoint the Ladies for the World.

Lucin. Whose within there——whose within?

Enter Placket and Servants.

Plac. Lord, Madam, what's the Matter?

Lucin. How got these Fellows into the House?

Plac. Lord, Madam, how should I know?

Aside.] As I live, the Strayes that I had pounded in my Ladies Closet.

Lucin. Let the Doors be better look'd to another time; and let the Footmen tie those Fellows Neck and Heels, 'till they discover upon what Errand they came hither.

Vaun. O Law, O Law, rather let your Footmen show us the way down Stairs, and if you ever catch me in your House again, may I be damn'd.

Sir J. Airy. Ay, if ever you catch me in your House again, Geddemme.

Lucin. I say, let them be ty'd Neck and Heels——carry 'em away.

[The Servants lay hold of 'em.]

Sir J. Airy. O Dear *Vaunter*! What will become of us.

Vaun. What curst unmerciful Croccadels are these Women?

[Exeunt carried out.]

Lucin. Take the Candles, and light to my Dressing-room. I have this Comfort under *Bellamour's* Jealousy of

of these Fools whom I hate, that *Philabel* whom I Love,
will be less suspected.

*For tho' the slighted Rivals be reveal'd,
The Man we Love, should be with Care conceal'd.
Un-nam'd, unknown, he lies securely blest,
Safe in our Arms, and peaceably Possess.*

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street before Lady Dorimen's Door.

Enter Angelica, Constantia, and Courtall, Brother to Const. Ang. reading a Challenge.

Ang. reading. **A**fter what past between us Yesterday, you
need not be surpriz'd to know that I am
resolv'd to cut your Throat, in order to which, I require
you to appoint your Place and Time——
Speaks.] Very Reasonable, truly.

Reads.] *I am impatient to try if you can be as brisk in
the Field before an Enemy, as in a Ruel before the Ladies.*
Bellamour.

Speaks.] A very Comfortable Salutation.

Conf. And how you will bring your self off, I can't
imagine, for my own part; as a Poet in a Play, when
he has puzzled himself with a Plot, has recourse to super-
natural Aids, and fetches down *Mercury* and *Jupiter* from
Heaven, to set him right, so have I been forc'd to Con-
jure

jure up my Brother here, who by the help of the Resemblance that is betwixt us, I hope may be able to satisfy my Mistresses, and protect me from the Fury of their Relations.

Court. By the Description, Sister, you will stand more in need of a real *Jupiter* to satisfy Four such dreadful Termagants; one Man, nor one Dozen of Men will scarce be sufficient.

Conf. Observe my Instructions, and fear nothing.

Court. A pretty Occupation indeed, to take up the Women you run down, and fight the Men you provoke.

Conf. And does not the one make amends for the other?

Court. That's according as I like your Ladies; he that is backward to fight for a Woman, is a most unnatural Coward: Hunger and Love make every body valiant.

Ang. Now each to their several Project—Yes, *Belamour*, I will meet thee—hark, my Lady *Dorimen's* Door opens, let us go, that no accident may hinder us.

*O Love, be thou my Second, Fight for me,
Who have endur'd so many Wounds for thee:
When with his Weapon, pointed at my Heart,
The Traitor stands, let loose thy flying Dart,
Reduce the Rebel, and avenge my smart.
Whom Love befriends, is certain of Success,
Love made a Woman's Fool of Hercules.*

As they go off, Enter Lady Dorimen and Placket.

Lady Dor. Alas he's so very Young.

Plac. Is that a Fault, Madam?

Lady Dor. Youth is necessary, but it has its Inconveniences too; young Men make great over-sights.

Plac.

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Plac. What have been those over-sights that put your Ladyship so out of Humour?

Lady Dor. The Remembrance is insupportable.

Plac. Be pleas'd, Madam to inform me, and I'll take care to instruct him better the next time, and give him a short Lesson or two in the Closet, before I bring him in to your Ladyship.

Lady Dor. Peace, I'll explain this matter another time.

Enter Lucinda.

Neice, I have been waiting for you this Hour.

Lucin. I but just heard the Coach was ready, Madam. [*To Placket.*] Be sure you look strictly to my Prisoners.

Lady Dor. Call the Footmen and bid the Coach come up to the Door. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Frederick holding Constantia by one Arm, and Courtall with the other.

Fred. By your leave Gentlemen, I must expostulate this Matter a little farther. One of you has injur'd me, but the Devil take me if I can tell which 'tis.

Conf. If you don't know your own Enemies, I don't know how we should.

Fred. to Conf.] Pray, Sir, is not your Name Courtall?

Conf. No, Sir.

Fred. to Court.] Did you never make Love to my Sisters?

Court. Not I, Sir, I vow to Gad; but if you have a Sister, Sir, that has any urgent Occasions——

Conf. You need not press us, we are Gentlemen——

Court. And will be Volunteers in a Lady's Service.

Fred. Damme, this Trick won't pass—— what are you? Men or Devils.

Conf. Not Men, Sir, I assure you——

Fred. Then I will so Conjure your Devilships.

[*Frederick*

[*Frederick draws, Courtall and Constantia draw.*

Conf. Whatsoever we are, we are two to one, Sir.

Fred. One after another Gentlemen is fair.

Conf. Your Pardon, Sir, if you attack us, we must defend our selves.

Enter Bellamour.

Fred. seeing Bell.] Say you so, then here comes a Friend to see that matter right; you shall be match'd I promise you; one of you must be the Man I look for, but since neither will confess, let both suffer.

[*Goes up to Bellamour, salute and whisper.*

Court. to Conf.] Sister, make your Escape, and leave me to the Brunt; avoid the Peril, or resolve to discover your self.

Conf. What, leave my Friend in danger? Fye, I'll bring off all yet.

Bell. to Fred.] I confess, Sir, I came hither on an Errand of my own, of the same kind; however, be pleas'd to dispatch, I know not how to refuse the Office you desire.

Aside.] Damn'd Customs of Honour, that expose us to the Quarrels of every Body, as if our own were too few.

[*They advance.*

Fred. Well, Gentlemen, now we shall try your mettle upon the Square.

Conf. Ha, ha, ha, why *Frederick* — ha, ha, ha, what! Draw upon a Woman — upon your Mistress too — for shame — you a Man, ha, ha.

Fred. Hey Day! Upon a Woman! Upon my Mistress! What the Devil is all this!

Conf. Love they say is blind, have Lovers too no Eyes? Is it possible, that you cannot discover *Constantia* thro' any Disguise?

Fred. Constantia!

Conf. Yes, dull Lover; where is now the Sympathy and the Instinct, by which you Men are always so ready to find us out? One of us is *Constantia*.

Bell.

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Bell. to *Fred.*] Have you any farther Service to Command me——

Fred. Mr. *Bellamour*, I am asham'd of the trouble I have given you——

Bell. There needs no Apology——

[*Exit Bellamour.*]

Fred. I have heard indeed of so wonderful a Resemblance between *Constantia* and a Twin-Brother, that by exchanging of Habits they have often impos'd upon their very Parents.

Conf. Lay aside your Choler, and we will both go Home with you : Unriddle us, and take us among you.

Fred. With all my Heart, and if I don't find a Sense for that, may all my Senses forsake me.

Conf. Come along then *Oedipus*.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Airy and Vaunter ry'd.*]

Sir J. Airy. O *Vaunter*, *Vaunter*! What a miserable Life is a Whoremasters ?

Vaun. O Repentance ! Why art thou never to be found but at the Gallows ?

Sir J. Airy. Past Experience, might have reclaim'd us from the Folly of running after Adventures, but Human Nature is frail, and never takes warning.

Vaun. How often, alas ! have I lain Sweating in a Chest, for fear of a Jealous Husband, that came Home before he was expected : Or stood shrinking behind the Hanging which he has prob'd with his Naked Sword, and sometimes run me through a Leg or an Arm, without daring to cry out ?

Sir J. Airy. How often have I leapt out at a Window, with the Bullets of a Blunderbus whizing round my Ears ?

Vaun. How often have I been beaten with my own Ladder of Ropes ?

Sir J. Airy. O the Knocks and the Bruises that I have endur'd !

Vaun. O the Claps and the Poxes that are not Cur'd to this Day !

Sir

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Sir *J. Airy*. And now to be ty'd Neck and Heels in order to be Rob'd and Strip'd.

Vaun. To have our Throats Cut and to be bury'd in a House of Office.

Sir *J. Airy*. Or at best to enter into Bonds for as much as we are worth.

Vaun. O *Airy*, and when our Estates are gone, what will be left us?

Sir *J. Airy*. Not a Man will keep us Company, for fear we should borrow Money of him.

Vaun. Not a Woman will suffer us, for they think all filthy Fellows that have not Estates.

Sir *J. Airy*. O *Vaunter*, *Vaunter*! What a miserable Life is a Whoremasters!

Enter Placket.

Plac. Well, Gentlemen, how do you do? Have you Pray'd?

Sir *J. Airy*. Yes, yes, we have pray'd ——— [*aside*. That the Devil would take you and all that you belong to.

Plac. And Repented.

Vaun. And repented, heartily repented ———

Plac. And you will never more brag of Favours, that you never receiv'd? Nor swear when the Lady makes her Foomen Cudgel you, that her Husband caught you a Bed with her, and that you were beaten by his Order, and not hers, and that she sent you a Present the next Morning to make you amends.

Sir *J. Airy*. O never, never.

Plac. Nor write Love-Letters to your selves, with this Countess, and that Dutcheff's Name, and drop 'em in Chocolate-houses.

Vaun. Never, never.

Plac. Nor when the draggle-tail Mask sends for you out from *Chauvisses*, swear that 'tis a great Lady that shall be nameless, that has stolen from her Lord, to spend the only half hour of her Liberty with you, when all

her

The SHE-GALLANTS. 71

er Business is to borrow a Shilling to pay for her Coach, to get a Glafs of *Rosa solis*, to drive out the Wind that blows a Storm in her Guts, for want of having found a Fool to give her a Dinner.

Sir J. *Airy*. Never, as I hope to be sav'd, Geddemme.

Vaun. O, dear *Airy*, don't swear in this time of Tribulation, think of your Soul, dear *Airy*, for God knows, we mayn't have long to live in this wicked World.

Plac. Lastly: Nor ever refuse your Money to honest Folks, that know how to make better use of it.

Both. Never, never, deliver us and take all we have.

Plac. Then each of you, give me a Bond for a hundred Pound, and be at liberty.

Both. We will, we will.

[*She unties them.*]

Plac. There remains yet another Article: Which of you two is the Knight?

Sir J. *Airy*. I am a Knight, Geddemme, a Knight Baronet; and my Name's Sir *Fenn*—*Vaunter*, we may swear again, now we are out of danger.

Vaun. Yes, beged. The Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk would be.

[*Cuts a Caper*]

Sir J. *Airy*. The Devil was well, the Devil a Monk was he, Geddemme!

[*Cuts a Caper.*]

Plac. Your Father was a Pimp, and was Knighted for his Services. I know your Pedigree, why then—Sir *Fenn*—to be short, my Fortune has been told me, that I should be a Lady—You must Marry me.

Sir J. *Airy*. Tie me Neck and Heels again, tie me Neck and Heels. Gad-zoons, what marry a Chamber-maid?

Plac. A Chamber-maid, faucy Fellow: I have known a Lord marry a Sempstress.

Vaun. O, *Airy*, dear *Airy*, this comes of Swearing so soon. A heavy Judgment for thy Sins, well, I will never swear nor be wicked, but when I am sure I'm so safe, that no harm can come on't.

Plac. Well, Sir Knight, you may be worse offer'd. And I don't know but the Punishment might be more

to my felt than you. Wherefore, on condition that you add another hundred to your Bond, you shall go free.

Sir *J. Airy*. With all my Heart, dear Soul; Geddemme, and a very good Bargain.

Plac. Come in then, and Sign and Seal; but if ever you say one word of these Bonds, most certainly your Throat's shall be cut.

Both. Not one word, Geddemme, begged.

Plac. You are likewise to declare before Company, that you came hither by Mistake. That you took this House for another, and that no body here sent for you.

Vaun. But, tell us truly: Were not we sent for? Did not you meet us at the Door? Lead us up Stairs? Lock us into a Closet? And divert your self you know how, most unconscionably with us for near two Hours—

Plac. Impudent Fellow, did I ever see your Faces before—I'll call the Footmen, you shall be ty'd Neck and Heels again you shall.

Sir *J. Airy*. Why then 'twas the oddest Dream that ever I had in my Life; and I believe we came hither in our Sleep.

Plac. Why so you did. I never knew such a couple of lying Fellows.

Sir *J. Airy*. *aside*.] Nor I such an impudent Bawd, Geddemme, but I dare not tell her so.

Vaun. 'Twas all a Dream, that's certain: And so we'll swear any thing that's put in our Mouths.

Plac. Come in then and perform Covenants; 'tis a charitable Office I am doing: Fools must be bitten to be made wise.

Sir *J. Airy*. to *Vaun*] Would we were well off this Business, and I'll swear I have lain with all the Family round, Geddemme.

Vaun. And so will I, begged.

[*Exeunt with Placket.*

Enter

Enter Angelica in Woman's Apparel, and Mask'd, at one Door, and Bellamour at the other.

Ang. Sir, I must entreat you to take some other Walk. This Place I have chosen for an Adventure of my own.

Bell. Had you not prevented me, Madam, I must have made you the same Request. This very Place, is to determine my good or bad Fortune for ever.

Ang. I wish I could oblige you. But the Repose or Disquiet of my whole Life is absolutely concern'd.

Bell. My Honour is engag'd.

Ang. And so is mine.

Bell. Your Pleasure it may be. A Vizard and talk of Honour; Why is that Sign set out, but to invite Passengers in? A Mask to a Woman, is like a House with a Bush, the Ensign of publick Reception.

Ang. To be short, Sir, I expect to be obey'd, and have a Rendezvous here, that admits of no Spectators.

Bell. To be short, Madam, I am to fight a Duel on this very Spot: If you are not afraid to see Swords drawn, and Throats cut, you may stay—I shall begin to make ready.

[*Unburtons.*]

Ang. Sure, Sir, you don't use to strip before Ladies.

Bell. Yes, stark naked, if I thought 'twould frighten you.

Ang. Why do, strip, I have seen many a Curiosity, but never saw a naked man in my Life.

Bell. aside, observing her.] She makes me almost forget that I was angry. There is somewhat in that Shape, and those Motions that raise other Desires, than those I came hither to satisfy——An Air, that methinks I have seen before.——

Ang. You are considering I see, I hope 'tis to comply and be reasonable.

Bell. I perceive, Madam, you are resolved to be obey'd, and it is but just indeed, that the Men give way to the Ladies: But then in recompence for the Sacrifice I make you of my Honour, you must please to un-

D

mask,

mask, and let me know for whose sake I do my self this Violence.

Ang. I vow Mr. *Bellamour*, my Misfortune is very great, since you ask nothing but what I am under an Obligation not to grant.

Bell. It seems you know me too; this heightens my Curiosity, and I am now confirm'd, not to leave the Place upon any other Condition.

Ang. If I thought I could revenge my Sex's Quarrel, to you, by the Sight, for the Injury you have done a Friend of mine, I would then shew you my Face. Methinks you should walk the Streets in Armour: I wonder you are not afraid to be torn to pieces after so known a Treachery to *Angelica*.

Bell. That Treachery has been sufficiently revenged already, by another Treachery.—

Ang. May Traytors never meet, but with Traytors; Whoever betray, may they be always betray'd.

Bell. If you think the Vengeance not yet perfect, compleat it by showing me your Face: it is certain your Eyes cannot be employ'd in vain: You have too many Charms to be hid by a Mask; and those that do discover themselves, in spite of the Care you take to conceal 'em, have in a Moment begun what you wish. Behold—
— I am ready for Execution, unmask and give the Blow.

Ang. Why then prepare for your Doom. And may you be a true Prophet; I beseech Heaven.

Are you prepar'd!

Bell. Yes, Madam, and prepar'd to see somewhat that's very surprizing.

Ang. Surprizing indeed. (*Unmasks*) You start:

Bell. *Angelica*!

Ang. Yes, perjur'd *Bellamour*, it is *Angelica*, the Credulous *Angelica*; whom you so basely, and so ungratefully have betray'd: And who in a Disguise, unworthy her Quality, or the Modesty of her Sex, has been a Witness to all your Perjuries. 'Tis that *Angelica* whose Heart ye came hither to pierce. Behold that Heart,

Heart, and with a Resolution worthy the rest of your Treacheries, Pierce, Perfidious Man, Pierce it boldly : See 'tis unguarded for the Blow. Alas ! but a little longer, and it had broke with the Weight of Injuries that oppress'd it. Why stand you mute ? Where is your Courage fled ? Why is not your Sword employ'd, that you have held twice to my Breast, with a Rage so generous ? Behold, here is the Enemy you expected.

Bell. O, raise not my Confusion with Reproaches, so tender and so just : Alas ! If you could look into my Breast, you would find your self, if it be possible, enough reveng'd by the Shame and Remorse that overwhelms me. (*Kneeling.*) Thus prostrate, the Vilest Criminals have leave, in token of Repentance, to approach the Heaven they have offended ; if I may yet expect any thing from a Bounty so abus'd. Oh ! forgive your kneeling Penitent. For 'tis resolv'd, and irrevocably fix'd in this perjur'd Heart, either you must forgive, or with this Sword that was brought hither to be employ'd against you, I will wash away my Guilt, and pardon'd be, or pity'd ! (*She turns from him.*) Ah ! turn not so disdainfully away ; *Angelica, Angelica*, thus will I haunt you ever : Thus following on my Knees for Mercy : What has my Foily lost ! I have consum'd a vast Estate, and Sums immense, in search of Toys unprofitable and airy Treasures : I have forfeited a promis'd Heaven, to reach at Fruit, scarce worth the plucking. You Weep—Are they for me ; those Tears ? Then Weep again, give Pity a full Entrance : Where there is Pity, sure there will be Mercy.

Ang. Rise *Bellamour*. As I have Reason, so have I now Opportunity of being Cruel. But one who has already been guilty of so many Weaknesses on your Account, may be easily perswaded to another. Yes, *Bellamour*, I will forgive, but must be cautious ever how I trust you any more : We should take care how we confide a second time, having been once betray'd !

Bell. Then let me Kneel again, and Swear——

Ang. No more——— I forgive all Faults that are past——But if there are any more to come——Alas ! I should forgive them too.

Bell. False are the Tales so often told of Womens Perjuries : The Spight and Malice of detraacting Men ; base, base Aspersions all and false ; or were they true, such Goodness might atone for all.

Enter Lady Dorimen, Lucinda, Sir Toby, Philabel and Placket.

Sir Toby. So close ! What Billing in open Street at Noon-day ? Adzooks, there's an impudent Whoremaster.

Phil. What Proofs would you have more of his Inconstancy ?

Lucin. They were much to blame, Mr. *Bellamour* ; Who gave me notice of your Infidelities——What at the Feet of a new Mistress ?

Bell. My Mistress and my Guardian Angel, when you know who she is ; I doubt not but we shall all be Friends.

Lady Dor. Indeed you have made a good Choice ; she's very Handsome. But sure I have seen something very resembling that Face before.

Plac. As I live, Madam, your little Spark in Petticoats :

Lady Dor. It cannot be.

Phil. What strange Metamorphosis ?

Sir Toby. My little Son of Love become a Daughter.

Ang. A Daughter indeed, and now the Mystery's all out ; I am my self that injur'd *Angelica*, of whom I told you. I had no other way to do my self right, but by this manner of proceeding. Wherefore, Sir, I hope you will excuse me, and not deny me your Blessing.

Sir Toby. Adzooks no more I won't ; thou hast it Child ; why this was such a *hocus pocus*, to make thy old Daddy at his Years and Experience, not to know a Man

Man from a Woman. To Pose him in his Rudiments, in the *Masculin* and *Feminin* Gender. Adzooks I'll double and treble thy Portion for thy Wit.

Lady Dor. For my part, Madam, I ever found an invincible Inclinations to Love you. Pray give me leave to embrace you.

Lucin. Now your Breeches are off, I may desire a Share in your Friendship, I hope, without making any one Jealous.

Bell. That Reproach is a remembrance to me, that I am to beg Pardon of all this Company, whom I desire to forget what has past, and to look on me, no longer as an Enemy.

Phil. I suppose now we are all satisfied! Mr. *Bellamour* is as much to be valu'd as a Friend, as to be fear'd as an Enemy.

Lucin. Before I sign to this general Reconciliation, I must have a publick clearing of some Passages last Night. *Placket*, go fetch your Prisoners.

Bell. It needs not, Madam; my Passion made me too Credulous. Those Fools I know, go every where uninvited, and their Forwardness never waits for Encouragement.

[*Placket brings in Airy and Vaunter.*

Plac. to them.] Remember your Lesson, as you hope to save your Ears and your Noses.

Sir *J. Airy*. I'll warrant you; if we have not Memory, we have nothing.

Lucin. Well, Gentlemen, have you call'd to mind what brought you hither last Night?

Sir *J. Airy*. Yes, Madam, and we beg Ten Thousand Pardons for our Mistake. But having receiv'd Intelligence, Geddemme from a very Beautiful Lady that lives next Door——

Phil. Next Door, Sir, I have a Relation lives there, a very virtuous Lady, have a care what you say.

Sir *J. Airy*. O Law! What shall I say now? I don't mean, Sir, Geddemme the next Door, where your

Virtuous Kinswoman lives, but t'other next Door, where you have no Relations ; there are two next Doors.

Vaun. Well brought off dear *Airy*, beged ; thou'rt an Angel Geddemme !

Lucin. A Chandler's Shop ; there is not a Woman in the House under Fourscore.

Sir F. Airy. No matter for that, you shan't think to pump me so. But as I was saying, upon a small Item of the Lady's Affection, my Dear *Vaunter* and I intend'd a civil Visit ; but the nearness of the Houses, and the Dusk of the Evening, occasion'd the unhappy Mistake, that has made us fall under your Ladyship's Displeasure. And this now is the Truth, Geddemme, as I hope to be sav'd.

Vaun. Ay, beged, this is the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

Lucin. This is all we had a mind to know ; Gentlemen, you are Prisoners no longer.

Lady Dor. 'Tis sufficient we are all clear'd.

Bell. There needed not this strict Examination, my own Reason had convinc'd me before.

Sir F. Airy. to *Lucinda*.] I hope, Madam, this unfortunate Accident has occasion'd no Breach between your Ladyship and *Bellamour* ; Geddemme *Bellamour*, thou hast no Reason, for as I hope to be sav'd, there has nothing past between us, but a few Smiles or so——Geddemme if I ever meant to make any thing on't.

Bell. I believe you, Sir.

Phil. to *Lucin*.] You have acquitted these Prisoners, Madam, when is my Sentence to come, and how long must I languish for your Mercy ?

Sir Toby. Silence gives consent ; and that pretty sly Glote with the Eyes ; Oons, if Women had no Eyes, we should never know when to believe 'em.

Lucin. It were no matter, if all Mankind were blind, they are such malicious Observers ; your wicked Consequences scarce allow poor Women the use of their
Eyes ;

Eyes; and we hardly dare open them for fear of some forc'd Ill-natur'd Interpretation.

Sir Toby. Your Pardon, Madam; I meant not to offend.

Vaun. All this looks exceedingly like Coupling, begged, what are you all going to play the Fool and Marry?

Phil. If the Ladies please, Sir, 'tis a venture, we are all willing to run.

Ang. Call it not a Venture; our Inclinations have been so try'd and prov'd, there seems to be no hazard.

Sir Toby. I hope so too Adzooks; but 'tis still a venture, for 'tis well known, that Women are strange changeable Things.

Ang. That which is often thought Change in us, is for the most part Provocation, to be reveng'd. Men are generally the Aggressors, and Women must have a great stock of Patience and Virtue, to resist the Provocations that are daily given 'em by their Husbands.

Lucin. If you examine strictly into the Miscarriage of most Wives, you will find 'em grounded upon the neglect of their Husbands, and the ill Usage they receive, more than their own Inclinations to Evil.

Lady Dor. Resentment has made more Cuckolds than Inconstancy: Women are naturally Fond and Faithful; but they are Revengeful, and of all Provocations, Neglect is the greatest.

Ang. It is not therefore to us, but to themselves, that they owe their Misfortunes. When we are injur'd, we are no longer our selves; Disdain and Resentment oppress our Virtue, and in that Moment, a slight Temptation shall prevail with those who had before resisted the strongest.

Lady Dor. Not but there are many whom nothing can entice or provoke from their Duty.

Phil. The most preposterous Abuse in Marriage is, when upon Agreement of Friends, two that know nothing of one anothers Minds, are to lye together at first Sight; this, as to the World, is coming together Honourably: A Woman that is sold for all her Life long, is

a Wife; and she that is sold but for a quarter of an Hour, is a Prostitute.

Bell. The Misfortunes in Marriage have other Causes besides; proceeding not only from the Avarice of Parents, who force their Children for Interest or some private Consideration, to Marry, tho' never so averse themselves: But from our own Ambition, preferring an Alliance or a Portion without Examining the Person; or from a rash Fancy taken at first Sight, and pursu'd without consulting our Judgement.

Phil. But when Love is kept within the Bounds of Prudence and Discretion arising from Esteem, repaid with Tenderness, maintain'd by Innocence and Fidelity; 'tis then a Divine Extasy; the Fountain and Author of Peace, Tranquility and Unutterable Joy.

Sir Toby. But why Adzooks is not this Divine Extasy to be found without marrying?

Ang. No, for what offends the Conscience, destroys the Tranquility; and nothing that must be repented of, can be call'd Happy or Wise.

Bell. They who are Rich by indirect means, or Great by Evil Practices, or enjoy forbidden Loves, are all miserable at the Bottom.

Phil. Innocence is the Foundation of true Joy, and without it all Possessions are imperfect.

Ang. Marriage is therefore necessary to perfect the Felicities of Love; and I appeal to their Consciences, Men and Women, who follow unlawful Pleasures, if they have not at some times, uneasy Moments: And whoever have any thing, at any time, to reproach their Consciences withal, cannot be said to be happy.

Vaun. And is this all your Opinions?

(*All.*) All, all.

Vaun. Why then, begged, I'll get me a Wife as soon as I can.

Sir J. Airy. Geddemme a mighty pretty Woman, and a great Fortune, not an Hour ago, would have forc'd me to marry her, and begged I refus'd!

Plac.

Plac. to Airy.] That mighty pretty Woman and a great Fortune is still at your Service.

Sir J. Airy. to Plac.] Peace, Peace, don't Disgrace me, and thou sha't have more Money. As I was saying, the Handsom'st Woman in *England*, is in Love with me; and I'll give my Consent before I sleep.

Enter Courtall Fighting and Retreating before Frederick, Constantia, her Peruke off, and her Hair about her Ears, pull'd in by Diana, Melissa, Dorinda, Miranda.

Fred. Fool'd, Cheated, Abus'd ———

All the Sisters.] Pull her to pieces ——— to pieces, with this Succubus ——— this She-Devil.

Conf. Help, help ——— I shall be devour'd by these Harpies, turn *Frederick*, *Constantia* kneels; now to you. Oh spare the Brother of *Constantia*, Oh Succour the Distrest *Constantia*.

[The Company all interpose.]

Sir Toby. Adzooks what strange hurly burly have we now ?

Phil. More Wonders ! More Transformation of Sexes !

Bell. Why *Frederick*, what new Mistake is this ? I thought I had left this matter in a way to be reconcil'd.

Fred. Faith so I thought too ; but new Mistakes have happen'd.

Court. Since through your Impatience and your Sisters, so thorow la Discovery has been made ; 'twere Folly to pursue this Jest any farther ; *Constantia*, 'tis time to Surrender, take Possession *Frederick*, and use your Discretion.

Sisters. We'll not part with her so, if you will have her, you shall have her Piecemeal — Vile Imposter, to put the Man upon us so.

Sir Toby. Not to put the Man upon you, Adzooks, there was the Devil.

Ang.

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Ang. These were very Innocent Ladies, not to know a Man from a Woman.

Dia. I doubt not, Madam, but you have been better instructed a long time.

Fred. Sisters, pray an Exchange of Prisoners; what say you *Courtall*, are you willing to redeem your Sister, by putting your self in her Place?

Court. I think as a good Christian, I ought to make the Ladies Reparation for so many provoking Disappointments.

Fred. What says *Constantia*, is she willing?

Conf. Necessity has no Law; I am for surrendering to the Power that can protect me.

Fred. In my Hands you shall never want Protection.

[*Frederick takes Constantia's Hand, his Sisters thrust her to him.*]

Mel. There take her, she's more for your Purpose than ours.

[*Constantia thrusts her Brother at them.*]

Conf. And there take him, whose more for your Purpose than I.

Fred. O *Constantia*! I will so sweetly revenge my self.

Bell. Mr. *Vaunter*; Sir *John*, there are Wives for you, make your Addresses.

Vaun. Very pretty Ladies, begged.

[*They Address to the Sisters.*]

Sir *J. Airy*. Demme, very pretty, Ladies, your humble Servant.

Lady Dor. So wonderful a resemblance I never saw. Well for my part, after so many Mistakes, never more will I believe any Man the more a Man by his outside, as the Beard makes not the Philosopher, so the Breeches make not the Man, that's certain.

*Cowards in Scarlet, pass for Men of War,
And the Grave Fool, does often Wise appear.
Trust not Appearances; not Two in Ten
Deserve the generous Name of Women's Men.*

Ang.

Ang. As your Ladyship's Disappointments are a Lesson to the Ladies, not to trust too much to Appearances, so may my Victory serve to inform Mankind, that whoever has once entertain'd a real Passion, can never so entirely dispossess himself, but the Woman, if she Pleases, may reclaim him. There is always left a Foundation to work upon; and a Weakness which he himself does not suspect, till he is brought to the Tryal.

*Who once has lov'd, tries to get loose in vain,
The Feet but slowly move, that drag a Chain.
Whom Irons Clog, we may o're take with Ease,
None can be free, unless the Victors Please.*





EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

I Who have been the Poet's Spark to Day,
Will now appear the Champion of his Play.
Know all, that would pretend to my good Grace,
I mortally dislike a damning Face :
Pleas'd or displeas'd ; no matter now, 'tis past,
The first that dares be angry, breaths his last.
Who shall presume to doubt my Will and Pleasure,
Him I defy, to send his Weapon's measure ?
If War you chuse, and Blood must needs be spilt here ;
By Jove, let me alone to match your Tilter.
I'll give you Satisfaction if I can,
Death ! 'tis not the first time I have kill'd my Man.
On pain of being posted to your Sorrow,
Fail not at Four to meet me here to Morrow.

10 JY 57



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Heroic Love.

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HEROICK LOVE:
A
TRAGEDY,
As it is Acted at the
THEATRE
IN
Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Written by the Honourable
GEORGE GRANVILLE, Esq;

Rectius Iliacum Carmen deducis, in Actus, ———
HOR. de Art. Poet.
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.

L O N D O N:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, and for B. MOTTE,
at the Middle-Temple-Gate; and sold by HENRY
LINTOT, over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-
Street; and W. FEALS, at Row's Head over against
Clement's Inn Gate. 1732.



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THE P R E F A C E.

IT may be necessary to inform the Reader, that after the first Representation of this Play, the Conclusion was alter'd: *Agamemnon* is left to continue in a Swoon, and the Scene is clos'd with these few Lines spoken by *Ulysses*, immediately upon the Departure of *Cbruseis*,

Uly. The Ills that Love has done, Love has atton'd,
And Glory calls, to make us full amends.
Look to the King, be that your Care *Talthybius*, [*To Tal.*
And let all Ages, in this Truth agree
Love never gain'd a Nobler Victory.

The Reasons for this Alteration were these. The Author was of Opinion, that some might think it more Natural that
Aga-

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Agamemnon, (considering the Excess of Love which fills his Character) should upon coming to himself, rather run after his Mistress, than into the Battle: He declares that in the same Circumstance he should have done so himself, and it is a pretty true Observation, that in the Frame of our Heroes, we commonly draw our own Pictures. Another Reason was Brevity, some having complain'd of the length of that Act. There was indeed such effectual Care taken not to seem tedious to the Audience, that the last Scene may be more properly said to have been Murder'd than Cut, for the Conveniency of Acting, as will evidently appear to the Reader.

Some have objected, that it is unnatural for a Hero to Swoon; those Persons are entreated to inform us of what Stuff they take Heroes to be made: Hitherto they have pass'd for Men, and by consequence subject to human Infirmities. *Othello* in one of his Agonies of Jealousy, falls into a Swoon: And indeed in some Cases where the Passion must be presum'd

so

The P R E F A C E.

so Violent or so Tender, that Words can but faintly represent it, it is then a Beauty to express it in this manner, and by far more Pathetick, than any Speech, tho' never so Rhetorical. Others have complain'd, that they want to know what becomes afterwards of *Agamemnon*. They are desir'd to accept of this short Reply, That the Author never undertook to write the Life of *Agamemnon*. A Tragedy is the Representation of one single particular Action, and not of every Circumstance of a Man's Life: But however, to satisfy their Curiosity, these Persons if they can give themselves the Trouble to observe, may find mixt up and down in this Play, either by way of Relation or Prophecy, all the remarkable Passages of the Life of *Agamemnon*, from the Beginning to the End, not omitting so much as his Forefathers and his Posterity: And what would they have more? It has likewise been objected, that the Characters are too few. Let those Criticks be pleas'd to consider, that a single Action will allow but few Persons,

The P R E F A C E.

Persons, and a regular Play is confin'd to a single Action : Let them examine what number of Characters the Ancients and all who have written in their Imitation, were wont to introduce, and then let them judge. It may be further observ'd ; that whosoever crowds his Play with a Multitude of Persons, will be forc'd to draw his Characters so little, and as it were in miniature, that it will scarce be perceptible there are any Characters at all : For to shew Men at full Length and in just Proportion, requires room, which can only be found when the Characters are few.

There is indeed one Personage which the Author thinks himself oblig'd to make some Apology for to the Judicious Reader, tho' it happens to be the Part which in the Representation meets the loudest Applause ; and this is the Character of *Briseis*, which may seem to some a little overstrain'd, and extended larger than the Life. However he cannot help owning, that in his Opinion he verily believes there are many who think

The P R E F A C E.

think full as vainly of themselves: Some Men he is sure he has met with of that Character, but Ladies are Sacred Things, and he would not be thought to suggest the least uncivil Supposition of any of that Sex. To proceed then to give some Account of the true Reason of his Choice of so extraordinary a Person, the plain Truth of the whole Matter is this; Had he form'd her a moving Character, should he have brought her in lamenting her Misfortune and attracting Compassion, this would have prejudic'd the Chief Hero of the Play; for all the Pity which she had excited, must necessarily have rais'd so much Indignation against him. The Author thus was under a Necessity to represent her in such a manner, that no Body might be concern'd, or take any part in her Misfortune, and he therefore chose to make her of a piece with her Lover; for in reality, her Character is form'd out of his, as presuming and arrogant with her Beauty, as *Achilles* with the Opinion of his Courage. There
was

The P R E F A C E.

was scarce any other way of introducing her without giving occasion for pity, which was absolutely to be avoided; and therefore the Author hopes in such a Case he is pardonable. This Excuse is address'd to the Judicious, the generality of the World needed it not, this being the Part in the Play which found the best Reception. It often indeed happens, that the Audience is best pleas'd where the Author is most out of Countenance, and that part of the Performance which the Writer suspects, the Spectator chiefly approves. When we observe how little notice is taken of the noble and sublime Thoughts and Expressions of Mr. *Dryden* in *Oedipus*, and what Applause is given to the Rants and the Fustian of Mr. *Lee*, what can we say, but that Madmen are only fit to write, when nothing is esteem'd Great and Heroick but what is unintelligible?

To



To Mr. GRANVILLE, on his
*Excellent Tragedy, call'd HEROICK
LOVE.*

Auspicious Poet, wert thou not my Friend,
How could I envy, what I must commend !
But since 'tis Natures Law in Love and Wit,
That Youth should Reign, and with'ring Age submit,
With less regret, those Lawrels I resign,
Which dying on my Brows, revive on thine.
With better Grace an Ancient Chief may yield
The long contended Honours of the Field,
That venture all his Fortune at a Cast,
And Fight like *Hannibal*, to lose at last.
Young Princes obstinate to win the Prize,
Tho' Yearly beaten, Yearly yet they rise :
Old Monarchs tho' Successful, still in doubt,
Catch at a Peace; and wisely turn Devour.
Thine be the Lawrel then; thy blooming Age
Can best, if any can, support the Stage :
Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and Plays reduc'd to second Infancy.
Sharp to the World, but thoughtless of Renown,
They Plot not on the Stage, but on the Town,
And in Despair there many Pit to fill.
Set up some Foreign Monster in a Bill :
Thus they jog on; still tricking never thriving ;
And Murd'ring Plays, which they miscal Reviving.
Our Sense is Nonsense, thro' their Pipes convey'd ;
Scarce can a Poet know the Play he made ;

Tis

To Mr. GRANILLE, &c.

Tis so disguis'd in Death : Nor thinks 'tis He
That suffers in the Mangled Tragedy.
Thus *Ilys* first was kill'd, and after dress'd
For his own Sire the Chief invited Guest.
I say not this of my successful Scenes ;
Where thine was all the Glory, theirs the Gains ;
With length of Time, much Judgment, and more Toil,
Not ill they Acted, what they could not spoil :
Their Setting-Sun still shoots a Glim'ring Ray,
Like Ancient *Rome*, Majestick in decay :
And better Gleanings their worn Soil can boast,
Than the Crab-Vintage of the Neighb'ring Coast.
This difference, yet the judging World will see ;
Thou Copies *Homer*, and they Copy thee.

JOHN DRYDEN.



P R O-

PROLOGUE.

By Henry St. Johns, *Esq.*

Toil, **H**OW hard's the Poet's Task, in these our Days,
Who such dull Palates is condemn'd to please,
As Damn all Sense, and only Fustian praise?
Charm'd with Heroick Nonsense, lofty strains,
Not with the Writers, but the Players Pains,
And by the Actors Lungs, judge of the Poet's Brains.

N. Let Scribling Judges, who your Pleasures serve,
Live by your Smiles, or by your Anger starve,
To please you in your vain fantastick way,
Renounce their Judgment, to secure their Pay:
By written Laws, our Author would be try'd,
And writes as if Athenians should decide,
With Horace and the Stagyrice for Guide.
Applause is welcome, but too dearly bought,
Should we give up one Rule, those mighty Masters taught.
Yet some, methinks, I here and there descry
Who may with Ancient Rome and Athens vye;
To whose Tribunal, we submit with Joy:
To them, and only them; for not to wrong ye
'Twould be a shame to please the most among ye.

O- Chiefly the softer Sex, he hopes to move,
Those tender Judges of Heroick Love:
To that bright Circle, he resigns his Cause,
And if they Smile, he asks no more Applause.

Persons



Persons Names.

M E N.

<i>Agamemnon.</i>	{ King of <i>Argos</i> , Gen. of the Allies at the Siege of <i>Troy</i> ; in Love with <i>Chruſeis</i> .	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Achilles,</i>	General of the <i>Myrmidons</i> .	Mr. Verbrugen.
<i>Nestor,</i>	A <i>Gracian</i> Commander.	Mr. Bowman.
<i>Ulyſſes,</i>	{ Another Commander of the <i>Greeks</i> .	Mr. Sandford.
<i>Patroclus,</i>	The Friend of <i>Achilles</i> .	Mr. Scudamore
<i>Chryſes,</i>	{ High Priest of <i>Phœbus</i> , Fa- ther of <i>Chruſeis</i> .	Mr. Kynaſton.
<i>Chalcas,</i>	A <i>Gracian</i> Soothſayer.	Mr. Freeman.
<i>Talſhybius,</i> and <i>Eurybates,</i>	{ Captains of the King's Guard.	Mr. Bailly.

Officers, Guards, and Attendants to the King.

W O M E N.

<i>Chruſeis,</i>	In Love with <i>Agamemnon</i> .	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Brifeis,</i>	Miſtreſs to <i>Achilles</i> .	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
<i>Artemis,</i>	{ A Woman attendant to <i>Chruſeis</i> .	Mrs. Prince.

Other Women Attendants to Chruſeis.

*The Scene is of the Græcian Fleet and Camp
before T R O Y.*

Heroick



Heroick Love.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Agamemnon's Pavillion.

Enter Chryses the Priest, and Chalcas the Soothsayer.

Chr.



E E him I will, and must.

Chal. See him you may, but wait a better time.

Chr. Chalcas, What time ? Whose time shall *Chryses* wait ?

Shall I, who to th'assembled Gods can say

Let me be heard, And straight they bend their Ears,

And at all Hours, are ready to my Prayers ;

Shall I upon a Mortal's Leisure wait ?

I say, I will be heard, and now.

Chal. Forgive me, Holy *Chryses*, Prince of Prophets ;

Thou Oracle, unerring when thy Gods

Enlighten thee to speak their dark Decrees,

But Human born, retaining Human Frailties,

Your Reason by your Passion is misled ;

To temperate Tongues, Unbias'd by Resentment

E

Trust

Trust your Demands; Or failing to persuade
 You may provoke. For tho the King be mild,
 Enclin'd to Good, of easy Disposition,
 Yet he's of hasty Temper, catching Fire,
 As the best Natures, are indeed most apt:
 Surprize him not, nor work him unprepar'd,
 He knows not your arrival yet: Let us begin
 By easy Steps to lead him to your Wish;
 And if we fail, then urge what you think fit.

Chr. Why do we pray for Children? Call 'em Blessings,

And deem the Barren Womb, a Curse? O Marriage!
 Unhappy! Most unhappy of all States!
 Matching with Sorrows, Teeming still with more,
 The Vexed Womb, seems to bring forth to Vex,
 Producing none but to Disgrace or Ruin
 The rash Begetters. Had *Hellen* never been,
Troy were safe: Or had *Chryseis* been un-born
Greece had been well reveng'd——O fatal Pair!
 Most Mischievous where most Belov'd: Pleasing
 And yet Destroying. Not *Medusa* kills
 With her envenom'd Glances, half so sure,
 Not *Hector's* Sword, has cost more *Argive* lives,
 Nor has *Achilles's* Spear, more *Dardans* slain,
 Than each of these, with her devouring Eyes.

Chal. Well am I pleas'd to find your Soul thus mov'd,
 If you can pity, sure you will redress,
 Where pity rests, there Mercy too will lodge.
 These heavy Vengeances that press so sore
 Are owing to your Pray'rs, incensing Heaven.
 O *Chryses*, *Chryses*! Look on yonder Camp,
 Behold what heaps of Dead, the Living look,
 So near their End, that they who wait their Friends
 To the last Rites are burnt on the same Pile:
 The sturdy *Greeks*, unfinew'd by Diseases,
 That firmly went, impressing deep the Ground
 On which they trod, with their large lusty Strides,
 Now scarcely crawl, supported on their Spears:
 No Friendly Ray, to shew us to our Tents,

But

But a dim Red, that overcasts the Sky,
A blood-shot Beam, all dreadful to behold:
Nor march we now, by any other Light
But Funeral Fires.

Chr. Nought can'st thou urge from this
But that the Gods are just.

Chal. The Gods are just, but they are merciful,
Were *Chryses* so, these Woes would have an end.

Chr. Th' un-injur'd at their Ease, forgiveness preach
At second-hand : But all who smart alike,
Forgive alike : Vengeance is Nature's debt,
And all who can, will have it strictly paid;
Forgiveness is the Cunning of Revenge,
A wise delay, for want of Pow'r to hurt,
And but Dissimulation at the best ;
Had *Chalcas* lost a Daughter, thus had I urg'd
To him, and he had heard like me.

Chal. Of all the Attributes, that *Jove* can boast,
Mercy's the most Divine ; and of all Men
The Merciful are pleasing to the Gods.
Let but a Truce be granted, till we know
The King's resolve.

Chr. No——Not a Moment's respite will I give,
By Dangers I'll awake him from Delights,
Whom Plagues shall spare, the Merciless Sword shall cut,
And who escape the Sword, new Plagues shall reach.
None rate their Love so high but they will part
When Life's the Price——Why do I dally here
In idle talk ? Now, now perhaps, this Moment,
The Sacrilegious Ravisher's at Work,
And shall I wait, till his hot Fit be done ?
Shew me the way, and let me rush upon him——

Chal. Have but an Hour's patience, Reverend *Chryses*.
[Going.]
[Stops him.]

Nestor is gone, and with him wise *Ulysses*,
Achilles too : A Council is conven'd
Where your Demands will fully be made known ;
You shall have Justice.

Chr. I will have Justice, *Chalcas*, and look to't,
For once I give your Humour way — But know
And mark it well — *Chryses* must have Justice,
Or *Agamemnon* Perish.

Chal. Doubt it not *Chryses*, all will be amended.
But Oh! how much I fear [*Aside.*
So much I know he loves!

[*Exeunt Chryses and Chalcas.*

Enter Agamemnon and Chruſeis.

Ag. O my *Chruſeis*, why theſe alter'd Looks?
Why weeps my Love, whoſe Smiles are all my Joy?
Thoſe Eyes that wont to dance at my Approach,
And ſparkle on me with redoubled Light
Why veil they now, in Clouds when I draw near?
That charming Voice, that with its chearful ſound
So chear'd my Heart, why is its Language ſad,
Why broken thus with Sighs? Thy gentle Hand
Not to be felt without transporting Joy,
That when I preſs'd it, answer'd to my Touch,
Why feels it now ſo Cold? O tell thy Griefs!
If ought there be in *Agamemnon's* reach
Tho' with the Price of Kingdoms to be bought,
Tho' with the Lives of Millions to be conquer'd,
Let but *Chruſeis* ſpeak, and think it ſure.

Chru. My deareſt Lord, you wrong my tender Love
Poſſeſſing you, what is there left to wiſh?
But ah! who fear to loſe what they have got,
May grieve as much, as thoſe who weep for more.

Ag. Both to your ſelf and me, 'tis much unjuſt
To fear my Change, or doubt your Pow'r to fix.
Arriv'd at Heaven, there's no returning back:
Thy Image, my *Chruſeis*, on my Heart
Lies like a Shield, where every Dart that ſtrikes
From any other Eye, bounds ſwiftly back,
Nor leaves a Dint behind.

Chru. O happy *Hellen*!
Who when the Trumpets call, and the loud Voice

Of War, provokes the Soldier from his Rest,
Holds fast her *Paris*, safe embrac'd he lies,
No call of Honour, takes him from her Arms ;
But I, unhappy I———

Ag. Dismiss that Grief.

The conquering Year's arriv'd, when *Troy* must fall.
Nine years of fruitless Pain, so Fates ordain'd
We should endure ; the Tenth rewards our Toil.
'Tis come, my Fair, nor shall our Slumbers more
Be broke by rude Alarms ; But yet a little longer
And all our task is Love : Close cleaving to thy side
No cry, To Arms, shall interrupt again
Our balmy Joys.

Chru. Still, still I fear.

Ag. Vain are thy fears *Chruſeis* ; but they'r kind:
The Gods are weary of this doubtful strife,
And now will finish it : The Sun nine years
Has rose and set in Slaughter, and now turns
His Face from Death, and scarce will look abroad,
But Pale and Sad, winks with a feeble Light
Upon our Camp, as sick with Humane Blood.

Chru. Would that were all : But my fore-boding Mind
Says otherwise. Ill Omens haunt my Steps,
Unquiet Thoughts disturb my Nights and Days,
I know not why : And when I meet my Lord,
Some Hand unseen, still thrusts me back again,
And chides my haste : If I but lift my Eyes
On yours, some Voice unknown still whispers me,
Take heed *Chruſeis*, those are guilty Looks :
Even in the midst of our transporting Bliss,
Where all's devoted to Immortal Love,
In those dear Arms, where none can lie unblest,
The Holy Place where Grief should never enter,
Sacred to Joy, even there my Tears pursue me,
Flowing uncall'd.

Ag. Well have I mark'd those Tears,
And chid thy Eyes, which Rapture could not dry.
The Gods are Envious sure of our Delights,
Mankind is never happy, but by halves ;

For, from that Hour since first I saw my Love
 The publick Woes are dated : Then began
 Fevers to rage, and Plagues that thin our Ranks;
 The Lusty *Greeks*, that want to march to Battle
 With chearful Pace, now drag their sloathful Feet,
 And but in Flight are nimble.
 Heartless our Victims are, and every Bird
 Sinister flies————

Chru. Alas ! am I the Cause ?

Ag. Nor you, nor I; Else should we perish too;
 In midst of Sickness, we preserve our Health,
 In midst of Death we Live: The Guiltless scape.
 No, my *Chru*seis, some kind Pow'r that saw
 These Wounds would break my Heart, gave thee to
 heal 'em ;

That when returning, driven by those Foes
 Whom I was us'd to drive, Embracing thus
 I might forget my Griefs : That what I lose abroad
 Might be repaid at home. — Should *Troy* escape,
 Should *Argos* too be lost, My Kingdoms all
 Laid waste, and Scepters wrested from my Hand,
 Whilst I can hold *Chru*seis, I'm a Gainer,
 Within these Arms, I am a Conquerer still.

Why does my Love not meet my fierce Embrace
 With wonted warmth ? Why drop thy Snowy Arms
 That us'd to clasp me round ? — Now by the Gods
 she Weeps————

What Griefs are yet untold ? Thy gentle Heart
 Beats at thy Breast, like an imprison'd Bird,
 And thy swol'n Eyes, like Clouds that paus'd a while,
 Flow faster than before.

Chru. Ah Prince !

Ag. Out with it then, give me thy Griefs, *Chru*seis.

Chru. My Father————

Ag. What of him ?

Chru. Is in your Camp arriv'd————

Ag. He's welcome then.

Fain would I see the Man who gave thee Life,
 The Parent of my Joy————By *Juno* and by *Pallas*
Those

Those Guardians of my Arms, where *Phæbus* self
Arriv'd, whose Minister he is

That Glorious God, he were not half so welcome,
Nor should receive more Honours from the King.

Chru. Alas, he seeks not Honours : All his Thoughts
Are bent on Heaven, devoted to the Gods,
Tho' in his Hand he bears a Golden Scepter,
Tho' on his Reverend Head, a Crown he wears
The Marks of his high Office, tho' to Kings
Equal in Dignity, his humble Mind
Shuns Worldly Pomp —————

Ag. So humble, and a Priest, my Love ! That's strange.

Chru. He comes not here, I know it by my Fears,
For Honours, nor for Wealth : For me he comes,
To take me from your Arms, and from your Bosom,
And bear me where I ne'er shall see you more.
Will *Agamemnon* let him ?

Ag. What Armies brings he with him in his Train;
That he should think, here, in my very Camp,
To force my Treasure from me ?

Chru. Legions of Gods attend his pious Call,
That shoot with Shafts unieen ; And O, perhaps
These Deaths that have already strew'd the Plain
Are owing to his Prayers.

Ag. ———— Thy Fears are needless,
What is there to offend him in our Loves ?
That from a Captive, you become a Queen,
That *Agamemnon*, King of mightiest Kings
Is Slave to his *Chruſeis* ; That the Man
Whom Princes serve, serves thee.

Chru. Such Honours might perhaps move other Men,
But Oh ! His rigid Virtue, nice, severe,
Allows to Nature nothing.

Ag. If Honours he contemns, we'll give him Gold,
Wealth he shall have enough to Ransom Kings,
I'll empty all my Treasures at his Feet :
Priests will take Gold: Well may they sell their Daughters,
Who sell their Gods.

Enter Talthymbus.

Tal. The Great *Achilles*
With *Nestor*, and the Prince of *Ithaca*,
Approach your Royal Tent.

Ag. They sent us Word, that somewhat of import
They would reveal, that does concern us much,
Our Honour and our Peace, and would restore
Health to our Soldiers, to our Arms Success.
Retire my Fair, nor vex thy gentle Mind
With needless doubts——Tho' Men and Gods conspire
I'll hold thee fast——My Life, my Soul, Farewel.

[He leads her to the Door]

[Exit Chryseis.]

Enter Achilles, Nestor, and Ulysses.

Uly. Health to the King; nor can wish him better
In Camps where foul Infections seize on all,
And mix without Distinction, Base and Noble.

Ach. *Atrides* heeds not that; Secure of Love
What tho' the Soldiers die; the Princes murmur;
What tho' *Troy* stand, so but *Chryseis* smile;
The publick Grievs are general to all
But Thee; O happy *Agamemnon*!

Ag. The King of *Myrmidons*, of all Mankind
Might have spar'd that Reproach; for 'tis well known,
Brave as he is, oft when the Trumpet sounds,
He'll loyter——

For a parting Kifs from his *Briseis*.

Nest. What cruel Woes have Women brought to *Greece*!
For Empire and for Honour once we fought,
But the New mode is Women——Curst Sex!
Of all our Plagues the worst! Nor will our Camp
Be free whilst there's one Woman left.

Ag. Old Age may make us all thus Cynical,
But *Nestor* once was Young, and then a Woman
After the tug of a hard *Foughten-Field*

Past

Past for a Blessing———But to our Business now
 At your request, *Achilles*, we are met,
 First let us sit———

[*They sit. Agamemnon and Achilles in two Chairs
 of State at the upper end of the Table: Nestor and
 Ulysses on each side.*]

————— If you have ought to urge
 Of publick Good; Ought that can heal our Wounds;
 And stay the Vengeance of offended *Jove*,
 Speak freely, Princes,———*Agamemnon's* Heart
 Bleeds for his People: If the Gods require
 His Life, a Sacrifice to save the rest,
 And to atone their Wrath——The King shall die.

Nest. Well have you vow'd, O King, and I rejoyce

[*Rises.*]

To find such Piety———O *Jove* confirm it.

Kings above other Mortals are requir'd

To be observant to the Pow'r's Divine,

Since on their Actions, Good or Ill, depends

The publick Peace——O Gods! what Crimes are these?

Whose Crimes?

No private Man's, since a whole Nation suffers,

No little fault, the Vengeance is too great;

And much I fear, whoe're th' Offender be,

This Criminal is obstinate in Guilt:

For mark it well; these Judgments by degrees

Grew more, and greater daily: The Disease

First on our Cattle seiz'd: The generous Horse

That bore his Rider, safe thro' armed Ranks

Snapping in sunder Darts and Spears, then fell

Unhurt, Untoucht——From Beasts it spread to Men;

The merry *Greeks*, as at their Cups they sit,

Drop in the midst of Laughter——As some huge Tow'r

At which Men gaze, astonish'd at its Strength,

If Waters undermine, and Springs unseen

Sap its Foundation, unawares comes down

And covers with its Ruins all the Place,

So look our strong Battalions, and so fall
 Whole Ranks at once, and the Dead lie on heaps.
O Phæbus! Stay thy Hand that shoots unseen,
 All Pestilence, all Fevers are from thee,
 These Shafts are thine, restrain thy murdering wrath,
 For *Pious Agamemnon*, King of Kings,
 Has vow'd to do thee Justice.

[*He sits. Ulysses rises.*

Uly. Great are our Ill's: Too grievous to be born.
 Had we a King less Pious———Kings there are
 Who, Slaves to their own Wills, regard not Fame.
 What, tho' their People weep, their Eyes are dry;
 What tho' they starve, their Coffers still are full;
 Tho' Heaven by surest Tokens of its Wrath
 Give warning to repent, they mind not Heaven,
 But still go on, and own no Gods but Lust.
 Such Kings, are hated here, despis'd hereafter;
 Their Memories are curst, the Widows Tears
 And Orphans Wrongs, reveng'd upon their Issue.
 What Glories then, O mighty *Agamemnon*!
 What Honours here, what Praise in after-times;
 What Love of Men, what Favour of the Gods,
 Will crown the pious Deeds, who looking down
 With aking Heart on thy griev'd Peoples suff'ring,
 Hast vow'd to give whate'er the Gods exact,
 Tho' dear as Life, to stop their Miseries.

Ag. Nestor, in Wisdom nearest to the Gods,
 By long Experience of three Ages taught,
 O were thy Strength proportion'd to thy Mind,
Achilles would be weak, compar'd to thee,
 Could but thy Body, bending under Years,
 Act thy high Thoughts, *Troy* should not stand a Day;
 And thou *Ulysses*, Prince of *Ithaca*,
 Forward in Fight, and fam'd for Stratagem,
 Be witnesses to Men, of what I swear,
 And thou, O *Jove*, the giver of all Laws,

[*Rises, all rises.*

And *Phæbus* too, who from thy Orb above
 Art conscious to what Mortals do, or say;

O Seas, O Earth, and you impartial Pow'rs
Below, who judge and punish Perjury,
Bear an eternal Record of my Oath.
If I have err'd, and not aton'd my Crime,

[Sits, all sits.

Whatever way the Deities ordain,
If I obey not, as at *Aulis* once,
When to appease *Diana's* cruel Rage
My *Iphigenia* was led forth to bleed,
Publick Dishonour, and Domestick strife
Be then my Doom ——— If any other Prince,
Tho' *Menelaus*, *Ajax*, *Diomede*,
Or, tho' last nam'd, the first of all the *Greeks*,
Divine *Achilles*, honour'd as a God,
Be Author of these Plagues, if thro' respect,
Thro' Favour, or thro' Fear, I spare the Guilty,
On me, and mine, still light this heavy Curse.

Ach. Then hear *Atrides*, what the Gods declare,
What they require, and who's the Guilty Man,
'Tis thou art this Offender——

Ag. Ha !

Ach. Nay Frown not, Son of *Atreus*, for 'tis true;
Frowns do not fright *Achilles*, but provoke.

Apollo is th' offended God, and thou
The Criminal—— But not for Vows forgot,
Or *Hecatombs* omitted, come these Plagues,
But for his Priest, who's Daughter's here detain'd
Against his Will—— *Chryses* himself is come
With his Demands, as Legate from high Heaven,
And holy *Chalcas*, who reads every Page
Of secret Fate, and knows the Hearts of Gods,
More Plagues denounces, till she be restor'd.

Ag. *Chryses* and *Chalcas* are two lying Priests :
Thou the Fomenter of Eternal Broils ;
And this a Plot to vex me.

Nest. What you have heard, *Atrides*, is most true;
Such is the Will of Heaven. But grieve not, King.
He comes not empty-handed to demand

His =

His Daughter back——The Priest a Ransom brings,
As might content——

Ag. The Avarice of a Priest.

Were I old *Nestor*, past the Age of Love,
I might sell mine—— I scorn his proffer'd Treasure;
My Honour's now concern'd to keep my Love,
Lest the Malicious World, that censures Kings
Like common Men, should say of *Agamemnon*
That like a sordid Slave, he chang'd for Gold
All that his Soul held dear.

Ach. But like a sordid Slave to lusts as vile;
You matter not to sacrifice your Fame,
To brave the Gods with violated Oaths,
To sell your Faith, your Glory, and the Lives
Of Millions, for a Woman.

Ag. Proud Myrmidon, provoke me not too far,
Upon thy Life no more——

Ach. My Life! Who dares attempt it?

Ag. Ha! Who dares——

*[They rise, and laying their Hands on their Swords
stand in a posture of Drawing. Nestor and Ulysses interpose.]*

Uly. Take heed *Achilles*, and respect the King,
Who strike at Kings, repeat the Giants Crime,
And strike at *Jove*.

Nest. to Ag.] You know his Temper, Cholerick and
Fierce,
Provoke him not, *Atrides*, 'tis not well:
You that should shew the Example of good Order,
Whom all the Princes and the Kings of *Greece*
Have chosen their Leader—— For shame, command
your self.

Ag. Unconscionable Men! Must I of all the *Greeks*,
Must I be robb'd, of what the Chance of War
Has made my Prize? I, only I, debarr'd
Of what to every Centinel's allow'd?
What petty Leader is there in the Camp

Whom

Whom I disturb? When, when did I invade
 Another's Pleasures? ——— *Nestor, Ulysses*, speak,
 And thou, *Achilles*, Did I ever wrong
 You of your Rights? Or with Lascivious Rage
 Force from your Tents, your Captives? Princes speak.
 Why then these Wrongs to me?

Uly. Not we, *Atrides*, but th' Immortal Gods ———

Nest. Can *Agamemnon*, that Religious King,
 Who not deny'd his Daughter to the Gods,
 Refuse a Stranger and a Captive?

Ach. Leave, leave him to his Fate, and let *Troy* stand,
 Whom Heaven abandons, Men in vain support.
 What harm has *Troy* done us? Nor came we here
 But for his sake, Ungrateful as he is.
 My Troops I'll lead from this Infectious Air,
 And let him moulder here in Plagues alone.

Ag. Go when thou wilt; in an unlucky Hour
 Thou cam'st ——— And may ill Fate go with thee.
 Lead hence thy Myrmidons, to *Pthia* back,
 And plague some other Country with thy Pride:
 Or back to *Lycomedes* Daughters ——— whence
Ulysses forc'd thee hither, to fulfil
 The musty Prophecies of Doating Priests,
 That *Troy*, without thy Aid, could not be conquer'd;
 There hide thee in thy Woman's Dress again,
 And with inhospitable Lust debauch
 Some new *Deidamia*.

Ach. Had *Mars* himself said this ———

[Lays his Hand on his Sword.

Ag. Keep in thy Rage: We know that thou can'st
 fight,

I am thy Witness, who have seen thee pierce
 The Dardan Ranks ——— So would *Thersites* fight
 Had he been dipt in *Stix*: Or had *Lame Mulciber*
 Wrought him a Coat of Arms not to be pierc'd.
 What Slave with an invulnerable Skin,
 And with impenetrable Armour on,
 Would be a Coward?

Ach.

Ach. Thus I reply — This Injury's thy last.

[*Draws ; Nestor and Ulysses hold him.*

Ag. Not so, *Achilles*, there remains behind
A greater yet — Where are our Guards,
Talthybius and *Eurybates* —

Nest. Sheath, sheath your Sword —
The King shall make amends.

Enter Talthybius, Eurybates, and Guard.

Uly. You were too fierce ; and so would you be mov'd
Were your belov'd *Briseis* threatned.

Ach. Not all his Guards shall save him —

[*They hold him, he struggles.*

Ag. Hurt not, but keep that roaring Lion in.
And thou *Talthybius*, with our choicest Troops
Haste to *Achilles* Tent, and fetch *Briseis* ;
Kill all that dare resist, 'tis my Command.

[*Exit Talthybius.*

I'll let thee know, by what thy self shalt feel,
What tis to part two Lovers.

Ach. struggling.] Thou dar'st not do it —
By the Gods thou dar'st not.

Ag. Thou turbulent Invader of my Love
Be this thy Punishment, and learn from hence
How to respect Superior Majesty.
Now let him loose, to save
His Mistress if he can.

[*To the Guards.*

Ach. Love calls me hence e'er I can take thy Life ;
But my next Labour my Revenge shall be,
Tremble, *Atrides*, that my Hands are free.

[*Exit Achilles.*

Uly. Oh Gods ! What Joy to *Priam* will this bring,
What Grief to the *Achaans* !

Nest. O *Agamemnon* ! this double Violence —

Ag. I guess your meaning *Nestor*, but intend
Nor Love, nor Violence, to fair *Briseis* ;
Untouch'd with all respect she shall remain
Till I have humbled this proud *Myrmidon*.

But

But O *Chruſeis* !

Love, Piety, and Honour, pull all at once,
All ſeveral ways — Nor know I which to follow.
O *Jove* aſſiſt me in this doubtful Strite,
And if thou doom'ſt my Love, condemn my Life.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene changes to the Tents of Achilles.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Pat. **F**orgive their Ignorance ———
Ach. Their Ignorance was Cowardice, *Patroclus.*

I'll bear no more.

The faithful Dog, flies at the Robber's Throat
That would break in, to force his Master's Treasure ;
But Dogs are watchful Servants, true to trust,
Men are the first to prey upon their Lords.
In danger they forsake us, shifting still
From side to side, as they can mend their Bargains :
Are these, are these those daring Myrmidons
That threaten *Hector* with their valiant Boasts,
And could they stand Spectators of my Wrongs ?
With Arms a-cross, behold my rifled Tent,
Nor with drawn Swords, and lifted Spears rush in
To kill the Ravishers ———

Pat. What could such a handful ———

Ach. They should have dy'd, if not enough to Conquer,
Each standing in his Rank, with Shield to Shield,

Have

Have made a Wall and barr'd the Passage up.
Briseis, O *Briseis* ! art thou lost,
 And do I live ? And art thou ravish'd from me,
 And art thou unreveng'd ? O had'st thou dy'd !
 Had we been sunder'd by the common Course
 Of mortal Things, Necessity and Fate
 Th' inevitable doom of wilfull Gods,
 Had made these Grievs less painful—— Had'st thou
 been false

And left me——Then I had hated——
 For Falshood is a Cure for strongest Passions,
 Contempt succeeds, and to Contempt, Aversion :
 But thou wert true, our Loves were in the Spring,
 And yet we part : A humane Pow'r divides us,
 A Man less worthy than my self has forc'd thee,
 And I must tamely bear it.

Pat. The Gods are sparing even to those they love,
 And stint their Bounties to the best of Men :
 A Man and never cross'd, would be a God.

Ach. They should have form'd my Nature then to bear,
 They should have made me a tame patient Fool,
 If they had meant to exercise my Patience :
 But they have cast me in a fiery Mould,
 Of wrong Impatient, furious for Revenge.
 Why should they tempt us, where our Virtue fails ?
 Why do they give us Frailties, yet expect
 That we should act, as free from any Weakness ?
 If Nature must resist to all Attacks,
 Why is not Nature fortified alike
 In every part ? Why are we fram'd so brittle,
 If we must never break ? O had they try'd my Courage !
 Had *Jove* commanded more than *Juno* bid
 The strong *Alcides*, he had found me Proof :
 But Patience is the Virtue of an Ass
 That trots beneath his Burthen and is quiet :
 A Man's above it, and I scorn my Load
 Which I'll shake off, or perish.

Pat. Oh Love ! thou bane of the most generous Souls !
 Thou doubtful Pleasure ! and thou certain Pain !

What

What Magick's thine, that melts the hardest Hearts ?
 That Fools the wisest Minds ? What Art is this
 That on so long Experience of all Ages,
 So known so try'd a Traitor should be trusted ?

Ach. Now by th' Immortal Gods, this Rape has
 pleas'd her ;

She willing went, delighted with the Change :
 Oh ! She could never from her Heart forgive
 My Rage at Sack'd *Lyrnessus* ; when mounting up
 The mighty Wall, thro' Darts, and Stones, and Spears,
 I fill'd the Streets with Slaughter of her Friends :
 Her seven Brothers, at her Feet lay dead,
 She only 'scap'd, her wondrous Beauty sav'd her,
 And in the midst of Fury made me tame.
 Sleep, sleep ye Ghosts, lie quiet in your Graves,
Briseis has reveng'd your bloody Deaths.
 Oh ! She has thrust a Dagger in my Heart,
 I feel the pois'ned Point, Here, here it sticks ;
 It tears, and burns, and I shall sleep no more.

Pat. Suppose her false : And count this mighty Loss,
 A Woman ! and a Woman you've enjoy'd !
 Compose your self, nor let the Great *Achilles*
 Be thus disturb'd about a Trifle.

Ach. And art thou false, *Briseis* ; art thou false ?
 Was then thy tenderness thro' Fear, not Love ?
 And didst thou, like a Serpent, twine about me
 Only to sting ? And does this Parting please ?
 O how she clasps *Atrides* in her Arms !
 So she hugg'd me, and with her darting Kisses
 Met me half way, as now she meets his Lips.
 How close she clings ! and how with Rapture melts !
Achilles is forgot ——— Or if remember'd,
 'Tis but to curse me for her slaughter'd Brothers.

Pat. If she is false, she is not worth this care :
 If she is true, her Virtue will secure her.

Ach. No ——— She is true ——— By all the Gods she
 loves me :

Her Vows were just, her Tenderness sincere ;
 There could be no Deceit in such Embraces.

The

The Joys she felt, were mighty as my own,
 I saw it in her Eyes, that dy'd away,
 I felt it in her Arms, that claspt me close,
 And in the eagerness of every Kiss,
 Love could not be dissembled in those Moments.
 But what's her Love, her Virtue, or her Truth ?
 The Ravisher has taught her, she must yield :
 O how that Image stings ! Now, now he drags her !
 His Lustful Arm, strong twisted in her Hair,
 In his right Hand, with his drawn Sword he threatens:
 See ! She resists——And with her tender Nails
 She tears his Cheeks, and struggles out of Breath ;
 On Heaven she calls, on her *Achilles* calls,
 Help, help, she cries, I can resist no longer,
 The Ravisher's too strong, and Innocence
 Too weak for Lust —— Help, help, *Achilles*, help.
 Arm, Arm, *Patroclus*, let our Squadrons move,
 Draw every Sword to save my Ravish'd Love ;
 Nor leave the Slaughter, till the Tyrant lies
 Struck to the Ground, and cut to pieces dies.

[Exit.]

The Scene changes to Agamemnon's Pavillion.

*Enter Agamemnon attended. Nestor, Ulysses.
 Talthybius whispering the King.*

Ag. 'Tis well *Talthybius*, —— be it your Care
 To see all fitting Honours paid ; we would
 Seem Just, not Terrible : And tho' our Heart
 Be shut to any other Love, Respect
 Is every Woman's due——*Nestor* King of *Pyle*,
 What says the Holy Man ?

[Exit *Talthybius*.]

Nest. He'll not be mov'd.

Ag. But did you press him with your utmost Art,
 With all that Force of famous Eloquence
 As I have heard you when the Squadrons fly

Stop

top Armies in a Rout ; make Cowards turn
and run on certain Death ?

Nest. All that was fit, I said.

Ag. And did you tell him of my wondrous Love,
How much I grieve, but at this Name of parting ?
That I'd to *Argos* send her Crown'd my Queen,
That she should Reign in *Chytemnestra's* stead,
That I would give him all the Wealth of *Greece*,
Empty my Coffers, ransack Kingdoms for him——

Nest. aside.] Half the Price might purchase the whole
Sex.

Ag. And did you Weep, my *Nestor*, could you Weep
For sad *Atrides* ? Down thy Reverend Cheeks
Flow'd the round Drops ? Did you add Tears to Words ?

Nest. I wept indeed———

Aside.] For a new *Hellen* born.

That brings more Woes to *Greece*.

Ag. Inhuman Priest ! Why have the Gods such Ser-
vants ?

The Gods are Merciful——But Priests are Bloody,
Peevish, Hard-hearted, Positive and Proud ;
Curst obstinate Old Man !

A-part to Ulysses.] A word *Ulysses*——Saw you *Chruséis* ?

Uly. I did as you commanded ; and inform'd her
Of this hard Decree——— I would I had not.

Ag. Thou art a Judge of Tenderness, *Ulysses*,
The Fair *Penelope*, whom thou hast left,
Oft gives thee waking Thoughts——Oh ! If to part
Tho' but to meet again, be such a Pain,
What is't to part for ever ?

How bore she the surprizing Sentence ?

Uly. At first she wept ; and as we see the Sun
Shine thro' a Shower, so lookt her beauteous Eyes
Casting forth Light and Tears together.

Ag. You told it not as a thing fixt and certain.

Uly. Not wholly fixt, but scarce to be avoided.
To Tears succeeded Rage, like claps of Thunder,
And then a calm—— I left her in a Swoon.

Ag. Oh my torn Heart !

Enter

Enter Chruſeis.

Chru. And muſt we part? *Atrides* muſt we part?
And do you ſay it? Has your Tongue pronounc'd
The Sentence of my Death? Have you conſented?
Oh *Agamemnon*! All my Fears were true,
My hopes were falſe, built on your faithleſs Vows;
'Tis ſcarce an Hour, ſince with your Lips to mine,
Preſſing my Body in your eager Arms,
You Swore, and call'd down every God to witneſs
That nothing ever ſhould divide our Loves,
And the next News, is, that we part for ever.

Ag. What will the Fates do with me!

Chru. The *Greeks* will have it; *Chalcas*
has dreamt,

Nefor has made a Speech, *Achilles* frown'd,
And Mighty *Agamemnon* muſt obey!
Has then this Leader of the World in Arms
No Will, no Reaſon of his own? Muſt he
Who Governs all, by every one be Govern'd?
Had *Paris* thus, *Paris*, who was no King,
No General, of no Authority,
Had he for a few Threats, reſign'd his *Hellen*,
Troy had been freed from Danger: *Priam* wept,
Cassandra Propheſied, and *Heſtor* rag'd:
The People cry'd aloud to give her back,
The furious *Greeks* with Fire and Sword demand her.
Burn, burn, ſaid he, proud City, *Ilium* fall,
Father, Brothers, Country; periſh all,
But ſtill be *Hellen* mine; My Love be mine.
Has *Paris* then, more Love than *Agamemnon*,
More Courage, to look Danger in the Face,
Or I leſs Charms, to make my Lover bold?

[*Agamemnon* ſtands ſilent, ſeeming in great Diſtraction
of Thought, and looking ſometimes ſtedfaſtly upon her.]

Nef. Were *Agamemnon* but a private Man
So might he love; and to a Woman's Arms
Reſign all other Care: Tho' that be Weakneſs.

But

at for a King, who has the Charge of Nations,
 trusted with the Glory of his People,
 of many Kings, Confederates in his Quarrel,
 the Vengeance of the Gods---

Chru. Why should the Gods be angry at our Loves?
 leave no Husband, no Pollution bring,
 am no *Hellen*.

Uly. The Gods are absolute; whate'er they will
 must be obey'd? Nor ought we ask the Cause.
 see how he stands distracted with his Thoughts,
 this way, and that way, moving in his Mind;
 Oh! Let him take the Path that Honour leads,
 and veil those Eyes, that break his Heart with doubts.

Chru. My Glory is offended at his doubts,
 Nor shall the Man who had my leave to love
 forsake me till I please. Try all your Arts,
 Plot, Plot, *Ulysses*, and thou, *Nestor*, tempt him
 With all the Strength of pow'rful Eloquence,
 Join Greeks and Heaven; Ambition, Piety,
 Like the Gods tugging at the Chain of *Jove*,
 I will oppose my Eyes, and bring him back.

Ag. Oh *Chruſeis*!

Uly. Had *Iphigenia* been thus obstinate,
 Our Fleet at *Aulis* might have anchor'd still.
 But she came forth a Victim to the Gods
 And chearfully obey'd their cruel Call:
 Th' Assembly wept; She only, she, look'd glad,
 And offer'd to the Knife her willing Throat
 To save her Father ——— Can a Mistress be
 Less kind and tender than a Daughter?

Chru. O that the Gods commanded but my Death,
 How gladly would I die! To Die and Part
 Is a less Evil — But to Part and Live
 There, there's the Torment — Change, ye Gods my doom;
 Take, take my Life t'attone your bloody Wrath;
 Come lead me to the Altar, let me bleed;
 Is there a single drop within these Veins,
 Is there a Limb, that I would leave unmangled,
 To give my dearest *Agamemnon* Joy?

[Aga.]

[Agamemnon takes her in his Arms]

Ag. Live, Live, *Chruſeis* — Live Immortal — Thus
And thus Embrac'd, and be of Life as ſure
As it is ſure that we will never part.

Nest. *apart to Ulyſſes.*] This *Hellen* in our Camp
Is worſe than her at *Troy* — O why have Women
Beauty,

But as the *Syrens* Voice? To ruin
All they meet.

Uly. *to Nestor.*] Let 'em alone to pleaſe themſelves
while,

I have a Plot, ſhall ſunder 'em, when moſt
They think themſelves ſecure.

Chru. My dear *Atrides*, may I truſt your Love?
Tell me, my King, while thus around thy Neck
I throw my Arms, and preſs thee to my Boſom,
Will you forſake me?

Ag. Empire and Victory, be all forſaken,
All but *Chruſeis* — — Yes, ye partial Powers!
To Plagues add Poverty, Diſgrace, and Shame;
Strip me of all my Dignities and Crowns,
Not one of all your Curſes will be felt
While I can keep this Bleſſing. Take, Oh! take
Your Scepters back, and give 'em to my Foes;
Give me but Life, and Love, and my *Chruſeis*,
'Tis all I aſk of Heaven.

Nest. Think of your Oath, *Atrides*, how you ſwore —

Chru. Yes, he has ſworn; Be witneſs Heaven and Earth
Be witneſs Sun and Moon, and every Star,
Be witneſs all ye Gods, that he has ſworn:
Is there an Hour, either of Night or Day
Free from ſome Oath, of everlaſting Love?
Think, think on that *Atrides*.

Ag. Since perjur'd either way, I'll chuſe the beſt;
Be broke all Oaths, but what I made to thee.

Nest. Then farewel *Troy* — 'Tis better failing back
Than ſtay conſuming here with Plagues.

Ag. And ſo we will; to Night we will Embark:
Draw in your Anchors, hoist up every Sail:

What

What is this Town, that I should lose one Hour
Of smiling Love to win it? O *Chruſeis*!
Thy tender Truth, has mov'd my ſoul ſo much,
I will be deaf, to every call but thine.
Be it your Care, *Ulyſſes*, to diſpoſe
Our Troops to march.

Uly. I'll carry no ſuch Orders.
Nor would they pay Obedience if I ſhould,
They love your Honour better.

Ag. Our cauſe of War, is Scandalous and Mean,
The Quarrel of a Bully, for a Jilt,
So many valiant *Trojans*, as have dy'd
Theſe fertile Fields, for nine Years ſpace with ſlaughter,
And made the ſwift *Scamander* run with Blood,
And *Menelaus*, who in ſingle fight
Struck to the Ground. this Ravisher for Dead,
Has ſatisfy'd our Vengeance, and our Honour.

Chru. Atrides, no. Your Glory muſt be mine,
Nor can you thus retreat without diſgrace.
Believe me, Prince, who lightly weigh their Fame
Make but ill Lovers: Honour's the ſtrongeſt Tye,
That Chain once broke, there's nothing left to bind.
It is my Pride, that the firſt Man on Earth
Loves me: Oh *Agamemnon* keep that Name!
Be glorious ſtill———Send for my Cruel Father,
Thy Love may teach thee Eloquence to move him.
Remember that *Chruſeis* is at ſtake,
Nor think it mean, to Kneel, to Beg, to Weep;
This be your preſent Task: I leave you to it,
Adding no more but thus, and note it well.
Be conſtant in this Tryal of thy Love,
Mine may be next: Fate in each other's Hand
Has plac'd a mighty Truſt: Be true to thine,
Thy care be Love: And Glory ſhall be mine.

[*Exit Chruſeis.*]

Ag. By *Mars*, her Father's Spirit mov'd her Tongue,
And his propheticke Fury ſhook her Soul.

Neſt. Right Woman ſtill———

Then Fouleſt, when the moſt Niceneſs they pretend;
They'll

They'll talk of Honour, whilst they'r acting Shame.

Uly. She brought these Plagues, yet Counsels you to stay;
Can this be Love?

Ag. Now by the Gods she loves me; Peace, Blasphemers.

Conceptions may like Oracles be dark
To human Search, till by Events explain'd.
Oh! I have faith, for every word she speaks,
And when I leave her, may the Furies seize me.

Enter Chalcas.

Chal. Hear *Agamemnon*, all ye Princes hear.
Thus to the Gods, in sacred Synod met
Has *Jove* pronounc'd———Let not one God be seen
Henceforth to help the *Greeks*: Our self to Day
Will lead the *Trojans* on, to vengeful Fight:
Juno and *Pallas*, and the Friends of *Greece*
In vain implore: But chidden stand aloof,
Nor dare reply. Yet e're the Doom be Seal'd,
Or writ by Fate irrevocable down,
If possible, atone this Wrath of Heaven,
Appease the Gods, and send *Chryseis* back,
The Cause, the cursed Cause of all our Plagues.

Ag. Phophet, be dumb.

I read thy Purpose, and I know thee well,
Thy fatal Voice, ne'er boded good to me:
Brib'd by *Achilles* still with popular Lies,
Devising Prophecies to cross my Will.
Think not that I forget, Seditious Priest,
'Twas thy curst Tongue, pronounc'd my Daughter's
Death:

The Gods are Just, and Merciful, and Mild,
Nor make such harsh Demands. 'Twas Priestcraft all.

Chal. From Heaven these Warnings come——O hear
me, King!
Be yet advis'd ——

Ag. Not Fate's more fixt: Whate'er the Gods have
purpos'd,

My

My Purpose is immutable as theirs.
 Nor think me rash, or obstinate in this;
 Debated and Deliberate's my Resolve,
 Whatever Eloquence can urge or frame
 I have fore-thought: And shall I part with Love
 More precious than my Life, to save my Life?
 What Fool would barter Blessings for a Curse?
 And Life without *Chryseis*, is the worst
 That Fate can find.

Chal. But Millions are concern'd.

Ag. And can they better die than for *Chryseis*?
 The World's a worthless Sacrifice for her,
 More worth than thousand Worlds. Let Chaos come,
 Confusion seize on all, whene'er we part;
 Int'rest, Ambition, Piety, Renown,
 Pity and Reason, I have weigh'd 'em all,
 But O how light, when Love is in the Scale!

Chal. If Love with every Breath can drive it thus,
 No more let Glory lodge in human Breast.

Ag. The Gods that with unnumber'd Eyes look down
 From their high Firmament, all stuck with Lights,
 See nothing half so Glorious or so bright.
 Glory, that common Mistress of Mankind,
 Courted by all, but by so few possess'd,
 For which so many Rivals hourly fall,
 Early I saw, was tempted, and enjoy'd.
 But Love has led me to new Realms of Bliss,
 Where Pleasures blossom with eternal Spring,
 Enjoyments made immortal by Desire,
 And Joys flow in on Joys, and Rapture streams:
 All other Sweets are visionary Bliss,
 Nothing but Love substantial Extasy.

Nest. Oh! that a Face should thus confound our Reason!
 This is meer Wildness, Frenzy, Raving.——
 Lunaticks talk better Sense.—— If this be Love,
 Why then, to Love, is to be Mad, stark Mad.

Chal. Not for thy self, for thou seem'st pleas'd with Ruin,
 But for the Lives and Honours of all Greece
 Do I implore.——*Nestor, Ulysses*, join,

F

Intreat

Intreat him all. ———

Weep Princes, for your Glories are at stake,
Weep all ye Soldiers for your Lives condemn'd,
Melt, melt this stubborn King. — O *Agamemnon*!
To thee I kneel, thus hanging on thy Robe,
Who never wept or knelt but to the Gods;
Let Pity and let Piety prevail:
Behold in me, their Representative,
The Gods of *Greece* all prostrate at thy Feet,
To save their Altars that e'er Night are doom'd
A Prey to *Trojan* Rage.

Uly. Not for my self, or that I fear to die,
Would I avert these Fates ———

Aga. Gods, 'tis too much! why am I hunted thus?
Let loose my Robe ———
O Love! how hard a Fate is thine!
Obtain'd with Trouble, and with Pain preserv'd,
Never at rest.

Re-enter Chruſeis:

Haste to my Rescue, my *Chruſeis* come,
O hide me from these Tyrants, in thy Arms,
Thou only bring'st me Peace.

Chal. She only brings you Ruin.

Nest. Infamy.

Uly. Inevitable Fate.

Chry. I fear'd th' Advantage that my Absence gave;
Forgive my Doubts that bring me back again,
By Gods abandon'd, and Mankind pursued;
All, all are Foes to your *Chruſeis* now,
Nothing but Love pleads for me.

Ag. And Love's enough: What Argument so strong?
Absent and present, thou art still the same,
My Faith's the same. — What tho' the Hunter flies,
The stricken Stag bleeds on?
Th' Impression that thou leav'st upon my Soul
Lies there so deep, so lively, and so full,
That Memory recalls no other Thought

But

But only Love ; and only Love of thee.

Chal. Chryses will have a better Answer,——

Ag. No other will I give — So tell him, Prophet:
O there is wondrous Eloquence in Eyes!

Let him complain, and arm all Heaven against me:

Yet stay, — Our-self will hear what he demands.

Fain would I reconcile my Love and Fame;

Judge me, ye Powers ! I would be justified

In all I do.—— But come what will——

Gods ye may make us perish ; but not part.

Give me thy Hand.

Tho' the Winds beat, and loud the Billows roar,

Firm stands the Rock, unshaken from the Shoar:

Against my Love, tho' Heaven and Earth combine,

So will I cleave to thee, for ever thine.



ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter on one side of the Theatre Agamemnon,
attended : From the other Chryses, follow'd
by Priests. Trumpets sounding.*

Ag. **A**R T thou that Holy Man, so near the Gods,
Admitted to their Synods, to encline
Their Hearts to Men, to represent our Grievs,
And move redress for the afflicted World,
Yet art thy self, obdurate to our Prayers,
Can'st with dry Eyes behold a Monarch weep,
And preaching Mercy, yet thy self have none?

Chry. Art thou that King renoun'd for pious Deeds,
Who from far *Argos*, to the *Dardan Coast*

Hast led so many Kings to punish Rages,
Yet art thy self, a Ravisher?

Ag. Thy Daughter was a Captive of the War,
My liberal Stars made me the precious Gift :
Thy Right is lost ; by Conquest she is mine.

Chry. Then as a Captive, I demand her back,
Paying her Ransom, which by right of War
None can refuse.

Ag. Keep, keep thy fordid Pelf,
The Gleanings of thy Trade by holy Taxes ;
Should that bright God, whose Minister thou art,
Who, in his spacious round, from Pole to Pole,
Surveys the hidden Treasures of the Deep,
Then lifting up his prying Eyes to Land,
Searches the secret Bowels of the Earth ;
O should he bid me for my lov'd *Chryseis*
All that his Eye beholds, his Beams create
In that vast Circle of the girded Globe,
By *Mars*, it were too little.— Priest, I tell thee
She is above all Ransom.

Chry. Then ransomless restore her.

Ag. Ungrateful Man, are these, are these my thanks?
When by the right of War I might have sold,
As others did, thy Daughter for a Slave,
A Household-Drudge to some far distant Land,
I kept her for my self, to be my Queen,
To raise her, as in Beauty, in degree
Superior to all others of her Sex :
What would thy Pride have more?

Chr. Consent is free.

I tell thee, King, thou shalt not force her from me.

Ag. Have I us'd Force? What have I left unsaid?
What have I left unbid to tempt thy Pride,
Or glut thy Sacerdotal Avarice?
Will Pow'r and Riches bend thy stubborn Soul?
Take *Argos*, and *Micene*, all I have ——
Will Pray'rs and Tears prevail? Behold me Weep.
Will Adoration touch thee? See me Kneel
Thus prostrate at thy Feet, as to the Gods.

Chry.

Chry. Were *Clytemnestra* dead——

Ag. Were *Clytemnestra* dead! Her doom is seal'd;
Yes, she shall die, she has deserv'd it long.
Whilst I pursue my Brother's Wrongs at *Troy*,
My Brother's Fate has caught me:——
Whilst I besiege a vile Adulterer here,
Adultery is got to my own Bed.

Chry. How fatal still to thee, and to thy Blood,
Has Beauty ever been! *Æropé* first
With foulest Incest stain'd thy Father's Bed;
Thence follow'd Rapine, and avenging Wars,
Murders, at which th' astonish'd Sun went back,
And turn'd aside, and veil'd his Head in Clouds.
Thy Brother was the next; and thou the Third;
Heirs of Adultery: From Sire to Son,
Pollution, like Inheritance, descends
On thy whole Race; nor wilt thou yet be warn'd.
Curse, Curse the Sex; hate Women and be wise.

Ag. *Chryseis* is a Star, without a spot;
With all her Sex's Charms, without their Faults.
Tho' there are Seas that Rocks and Quicksands hide,
And with impetuous Rage tofs every Bark,
Are there not Streams that we may safely trust?
Tho' from each Soil spring forth the deadliest Roots,
Are there not fragrant Flow'rs and wholesome Plants?

Chry. I came not here to argue, but demand,
Nor am I to be mov'd.

Ag. Nor I, proud Priest.——

Oh! give me Patience. Heav'n! 'Tis well, 'tis well
Chryseis is thy Daughter, or thy Life
Should pay thy Arrogance.—Hence, hence, be gone,
Lest I recal my Mercy.—If again
Thou'rt seen returning to my Camp, thou diest;
Neither thy Office, nor thy Gods shall save thee.

Chry. Hear me, *Apollo*! with thy Silver Bow
Shoot these proud *Greeks*, and double all their Plagues;
And thou, O *Jove*, when their Battalions face
The *Trojan* Hosts, prepar'd to join the Battle,
With Lightning and with Thunder singe their Ranks,

Drive 'em before their Foes ; Burn, burn their Ships,
Nor let a Man be seen returning back
To tell the News in *Argos*.

Ag. Hence, *Scriech-Owl*.

My Mortals are a Match for thy best Gods.
Twice has strong *Diomed*, in single Fight,
Dip'd in Immortal *Nichor* his huge Spear,
And driven the God of Combat from the Field.
I dare thy worst, insulting Prophet.

Chr. The Curse of Curles ; May Domestic Broils
Never forsake thy House ; May that Lewd Couple
Who now pollute thy Bed, contrive thy Death,
And perish by the Hands that most have wrong'd thee.
Next, may thy Son *Orestes*, to revenge
Thy Fate, Murder his Mother, then run mad,
By Furies haunted. And as thou hast Rob'd
Me of a Daughter, so may thine be forc'd
Into some Land unknown, to serve a Priest.
I pray the Gods, that this may be the Fate
Of thee and thine ; and so I leave thee to it.

Exit Chryses.

Ag. Come all these Plagues.— Yet trust me I am mov'd,
And somewhat whispers to my Soul,— Thus it shall be.
The Prophet's Voice is but the Voice of Fate ;
Thus perish *Agamemnon* and his Race.
My Children too ! In what have they offended ?
From Son to Son shall Vengeances descend,
Guilty and Innocent alike involv'd !
Can this be Justice, Gods ? Why am I curst
But for my Father's Crimes ? *Thyestes* Incest ;
Thy Blasphemies, Oh *Atreus* ! cry aloud
For Judgment still, and bloody Expiation.
Command our Priests do present Sacrifice ;
By Prayers the Gods are mov'd.
Forward *Eurybates*.——

[*Exit Agamemnon and Train.*

Enter

Enter Nestor and Ulysses.

Nest. 'Tis better be a Dog, than be a Man;
Instinct of Nature is the only Guide
Unerring. Vain Light of Reason! Ah how frail!
How hard to be kept in, by steadiest Bearers,
Put out by every accidental Breath
That Passion blows! I say again *Ulysses*,
What Fool would be a Man, who had the Choice
Of his own Being? The best, most perfect,
Are so allay'd; the Good so mix'd with Bad;
Like counterfeited Coin of mingled Metal,
The Noble Part's not currant for the Base.

Uly. What pity 'tis, a Man so Brave, so Just,
Bate but this failing, this one fault of Love;
A Man resembling more the Gods than Men,
Should so be lost. —

Nest. What hinders us to loose
The Fury of the Soldiers on this Woman?
Why tear they not this Author of their Woes
Piccemeal, and hew the Enchantress Limb from Limb?

Uly. There *Nestor*, there's the wonder: As at *Troy*
When *Hellen* passes through the crowded Streets,
Who curs'd her out of sight, strait blest aloud,
And cry, She's worth the War; who would not fight,
Tho' sure to die, to serve such wondrous Beauty?
So when the fair *Chryseis* comes in view,
Her Beauty reconciles the most enrag'd;
The Sick, who know they perish for her sake,
Crawl from their Tents, to gaze upon her Face,
And looking on her, feel returns of Strength.
Soldiers and Captains throng in Crowds about her,
And with loud Cries, approve their General's Love,
And with one Voice, consent to their own Ruin.
To lose the Sight of her, seems what they fear
More than the Loss of Life or Victory.
Thus desperate are our Ills. —

But we will yet retrieve him —

If Human Wit or Artifice can find
A Remedy, spite of himself he shall be safe.

Nest. Vain Boaster of thy Wit! O Flatterer!
Is there in Art a Remedy for Love?
For Love thus obstinate!

Uly. Nestor, there is.

Himself has furnish'd us the Means, the Ground
Whereon to build.—'Tis Jealousy shall do't:
Th' Arrival of *Briseis* shall effect it,
And with this little Spark I'll light a Flame
Shall purge our Air of all this Love-Infection.
Already have I urg'd our fair Destroyer,
And vex'd her Mind with sharp Anxieties:
I left her pond'ring, doubtful, and perplex'd,
And see, she comes,—How thoughtful!
Let us retire,—when this has work'd,
The Dose shall be repeated.

Nest. I guess which way thou driv'st: Succeed it Gods!
'Tis our last Throw of Fortune.

Exeunt.

Enter Chruceis, Artemis, and other Women Attendants.

Chru. Said you so hot and passionate!

Art. Worse, Madam, worse than I can tell you.

Chru. And so they parted!

Art. On such ill Terms, better they'd never met.

Chru. Then farewell all my Hopes; and all ye Joys
Of Love, for ever,—Ah! farewell.—

Love, what is Love? State me that Question right,

Let me consider—Is it to quench Desire,

To follow Nature roving after Sense?

This is Self-love, unquiet to possess

For its own ease; the brutal Love of Beasts.

Then what is Love? Stay,—let me think again.

Is it to fix our Wishes on one Object?

Pleas'd only when the thing we love is pleas'd;

Partaking of its Sorrows, seeking its Good;

Desirous more to give than to receive;

Willing to part with all, with Fortune, Life;

Choosing

Chusing all Miseries, satisty'd, rejoic'd
With any Ruin that's the means of Safety
To the Man belov'd. — Ay, — this is Love,
True Love, Heroic Love.

Say, *Artemis*; thinkest thou no Woman yet
Lov'd thus?

Art. None, Madam, — that I e'er heard of.

Chru. I tell thee then, there will be one e'er Night,
Thanks to your Kindness, Gods, — But that's a Secret.
Why, why am I pick'd out to be the first?
The first, — perhaps, and last. — The Custom is,
From Man to Man to wander with our Wishes,
Meeting, and parting, as it seems convenient:
These are call'd Happy; these enjoy the Goods
Of Life and Fortune; all the World's their own;
Pleasure's their Mate; their Hearts are still at ease.
But have these Virtue? No. — Is Virtue then
Given to make us wretched? Ah! sad Portion,
Fatal to all that have thee! shun'd on Earth,
Depress'd, and shown but in severest Trials,
Condemn'd to Solitude, then shining most
When black Obscurity surrounds — Poor, poor,
But ever Beautiful.

Art. Your Thoughts are much disturb'd; you think
too much.

Chru. Could I not think, I were most happy.
But to the Purpose —
Something I must resolve, quickly resolve,
For Fate comes on apace, and treads us near.
To stay is to undo the Man I love;
Shall I, Shall I do that?

Art. *Ulysses*, Madam.

Ulysses Entering.

Chru. Ha! thou hast rous'd a Thought! no, 'tis im-
possible:
To doubt's an Injury; to suspect a Friend
Is Breach of Friendship: Jealousy's a Seed

Sown but in vicious Minds; Prone to mistrust,
 Because apt to deceive.—I'll think no more on't.
 Draw near, *Ulysses*, let me view thee well:
 Look up, look on my Face, erect and bold,
 That humble Cringe, and that malicious Smile,
 Those downcast Eyes betray thy treacherous Soul:
 I tell thee, *Greek*, thou hast a lying look;
 My Love's above thy Malice.

Uly. Far be all Malice from my honest Meaning;
 But thus unwelcome Truths are still receiv'd:
 No Secret have I told, nor idle Rumour,
 But public Certainties.—*Briseis'* Rape
 Is now the common Talk of every Tongue;
 But for what end, what purpose,—far be it from me
 T' interpret;—such Violence indeed
 Looks strange, exceeding strange, to have no meaning.
 And thus much may I add, without Offence;
 When Ladies can foresee approaching Change,
 'Tis good to be before-hand with a Lover;
 Better to leave than to be left. But you know best;
 I advise nothing.—He has sworn, say you,
 Not to forsake; and having rais'd your Hopes
 To that degree, 'twere cruel to delude:
 Yet have I known many an eager Lover
 Protesting Love to Death, defying Ruin,
 When Reason and all Remedies have fail'd,
 Cur'd by another Love. Nothing so common
 As Love excluding Love. For just as Poison
 Is expel'd by Poison, so one Woman
 Drives another out. Frown not, nor be displeas'd;
 What I suggest, is meant but to forewarn.

Chru. What you suggest, is false; is false, *Ulysses*.
 Beware the Vengeance of an injur'd Lover!
 Not Blasphemy's more hateful to the Gods,
 Than to a Lover is his Faith traduc'd.

Uly. It may be false, and it may not. 'Tis wise to arm
 'Gainst every Ill that's barely possible.
 You have his Word; the Gods his Oath: He loves you,
 And loves he not the Gods? Both ways engag'd,

To

To part, and not to part. But now we saw him
 Doubting and unresolv'd, perplex'd to chuse:
 Who once has doubted, may do so again.
 And why this other Woman? Why *Briſeis*
 Juſt at this time, juſt now, the very moment
 When Fate pronounc'd your parting? Implies it not
 Deſign of Change? Intention to ſupply
 The ſpace in Love, that Deſtiny has doom'd?
 And ſeems it not to ſay,—Take her, take her, Gods,
 But let me firſt provide a Succeſſor.
 Love, like an eager Gameſter, overlooks;
 But Reaſon, an impartial Stander-by,
 Sees this and more.

Chru. Reaſon ſeems Malice when it comes from thee;
 This might have weight from any other Mouth.
 From Men profeſſing Treachery and Deceit,
 Even Truth itſelf's ſuſpected.——
 I know you falſe, inſinuating, fly;
 I know *Atrides* juſt, and full of Honour,
 Nor will I doubt his Truth.

Uly. The King is juſt, and you are juſt to think it:
 Oh 'tis a wondrous Proof of ſtrong Esteem,
 Not to miſtruſt a Friend, tho' there were ground:
 And here are Grounds, weighty Appearances;
 I ſay, in any other Man 'twould look ſuſpicious;
 That's all.—But ſure the King is full of Honour.
 Oaths indeed in Love differ from other Caſes;
 They bind, that's true. But as in vanquiſh'd Towns,
 The Conquer'd to the Conqueror takes an Oath;
 Yet if another comes, of greater Power,
 And drives him out, that former Oath is null'd:
 Nor is it Perjury to ſwear a-new,
 For who can help his Fate: Juſt ſo in Love,
 Men ſwear.—And ſo obſerv'd,—'tis Conſtancy.

Chru. Who would be wicked, and yet fear the Name;
 Excuse their yielding ſtill by pleading Force.
 But ſpeak *Ulyſſes*, truly if thou canſt;
 For I would know my Danger. You have ſeen
 This Miracle. Report ſtill adds,——

And

And smallest things are magnify'd by Fame.
Is she indeed so dangerous?

Uly. What Images shall Eloquence prepare
To paint a Form so perfect and divine?
Others by slow degrees advance in Love,
And step by step, and leisurely get ground;
We Article with Judgment e'er we yield,
Reason rejecting oft, where Fancy's fond
She seizes Hearts, not waiting for Consent;
Like sudden Death, that snatches unprepar'd;
Like Fire from Heaven, scarce seen so soon as felt.
All other Beauties seem inferior Stars,
At her Appearance, vanishing a-pace;
Whene'er she mounts, they set.

Chru. 'Tis worth my Pride to brave a Foe so Fair;
Cease, cease my Eyes to weep, resume your Pow'r,
Your Glory in this Battle is concern'd:
Approach thou Rival of my Monarch's Heart;
I'll face thy Beauties, with as many more,
With Eyes oppos'd to Eyes, and Charms to Charms,
I'll fight it out, and combat for his Love;
And let him be inconstant if he can.

Uly. None who have Eyes but must allow your Pow'r;
If she has any Equal, it is you.
But Fortune holds the Scale for all Events;
Light is the Ballance where Desert is weigh'd,
If but a Grain of better Luck's against it.
How many Beauties, scarce regarded pass,
While Thousands with worse Faces gather Crowds?
Beauty itself owes many Slaves to Luck.
In Dangers imminent, Retreats are wise;
And a new Face has strange prevailing Charms.

Chru. From Cowardice, not Prudence, springs despair.
Who doubt their Fortune, are not Wise, but Fear.

Uly. Her's are the Odds, by being unenjoy'd;
Were there but that, O 'tis a powerful Charm!

Chru. I see your Snare: The *Greeks* would have me
gone;

The King resists, and you would bait his Eyes

With

With a new Beatuy, to supplant my Pow'r :
 You council Flight, lest I should stay and Conquer :
 Therefore I'll stay, to add this Triumph more.
 Thou plott'st against thy self, Vain, vain, Projector !
 My Honour needs no Lessons you can give;
 I see my way, and will consult my Fame.

Enter Briseis Guarded and led in Struggling.

Bri. Let go, ye Slaves, how dare you disobey ?
Achilles will not leave me unreveng'd.
 How dare you touch with Impious Hands what's his?
 If not his Wrath that keeps the World in Terror,
 Then fear my Frown that makes *Achilles* tremble.

Uly. to *Chru*seis.] I must acquaint the King with her
 arrival;
 Forgive the Office, Madam.——

[*Exit Ulysses.*

Bri. Loose me, I say——

Chru. Stand off, ye Ravishers—— And let my Eye
 Take a just view of this Imperious Beauty.
 Let go your Impious hold——'tis my Command.

[*They leave her at Liberty, and stand at distance. She comes forward.*

Bri. Whose Voice is this that has more Pow'r than
 mine ?

With shame this Freedom I receive, that's ow'd
 To any other Frown but to my own.

Chru. If you'd be absolute, you should have staid
 Where you were so——but here 'tis I Command.

Bri. If here you Reign, thank Fortune for your Pow'r,
 That never brought *Briseis* here till now.

Chru. Survey me well, and as you look grow Humbler.

Bri. I have survey'd, and I confels you fair,
 I like you well——but like my self much better.

Chru. Nature this Comfort has to none deny'd,
 That all are Wits and Beauties to themselves.

Re-enter

Re-enter Ulysses.

Uly. Thus *Agamemnon* greets the fair *Bryseis*:
 Brightest of Beauties, Hail, Welcome, as once
Chryseis was, e'er yet the Curse of Heav'n
 Made her and Ruin one—Welcome as *Venus*,
 Would she abandon *Troy* to side with *Greece*:
 Forgotten be this Day, all Sorrow's past,
 For here are endless Joys—unmark the Sun
 Now shrowds his Beams—for here are brighter Rays.
 Sound, found our Trumpets, and our Timbals, sound
 Triumph thro' all our Camp—for Victory
 Not shows a Form so Fair.

Chr. Thou do'st bely him, basely thou bely'st him,
 These Words are thine, this Welcome is thy own.
 It is the fate of Kings to be so serv'd,
 Ill Ministers prophaning thus their Names
 With Acts unknown to them.
 Think not to practice Treason and escape:
 Offended Majesty and injur'd Love
 Shall find thee out, and thunder on thy Head:
 Traytor they shall.

Bri. I easily believe his Homage true,
 Nor thank him for't—but take it as my due.

Chr. Foolish Self-flatterer! how my *Agamemnon*
 Will turn to scorn thy senseless Vanity!

Bri. How I shall triumph to behold thy Rage
 For a lost Love! not Conquerors delight
 In winning Towns and Kingdoms from each other,
 More than we Women to take Lovers—
 Though Fancy may be nice and ty'd to one,
 Pride is insatiate and demands a Crowd.
 My Beauty, like *Achilles*, fights at all.
 Oh, 'tis a glorious Sight! to see the Men
 Gazing with Eyes, that glow with Rapture on us,
 To here them cry aloud, Oh Gods how charming!
 To have a Train attending up and down,
 Watching at every turn to catch a Glance,

Breathing

Breathing their Wishes after us in sighs :
 Oh how we triumph ! and with scornful Toss
 We tread along in State, and look Disdain !

Uly. aside.] O sympathy of Mind ! well-suited Pair !
 Happy *Achilles* ! happy *Briseis* ! two so like,
 So much the same ; how blest were they to meet !
 How firm and lasting must their Passion be !
 Strong as Self-love ! In them 'tis nothing else :
 As in a Glass each their own Image sees,
 And loving, in each other they enjoy,
 And hug their own Reflection —

Chru. Proportion thy endeavours to thy Strength :
 To such vain things, no Grief of Heart's like this,
 To labour to be lik'd, to sue for Praise
 With greedy Eyes, and still to be deceiv'd :
 Go somewhere else to practise thy Designs ;
 Here like a common thing thou'lt pass along,
 And unregarded, scarce attract one Eye,

Uly. to Briseis.] Forgive the Anguish of a rival'd
 Beauty ;

When Ladies rail, tis Envy, not Dislike.
 'Tis plain she fears, by counselling to go,
 Nor dares to stand the Tryal with your Eyes :
 Stay and assert your Empire over Man,
 Which Heaven design'd, creating you so Fair.

Bri. Wise, wise *Ulysses* — I remember well,
 Oft I have seen you in *Achilles*'s Tent :
 Fornice Discernment, and deep Wisdom fam'd.
 Yes, she would have me go, I see her Cunning ;
 But I will stay to get her Lovers from her,
 And then I'll leave you all, to break your Hearts,
 I come not like a Conqueror to remain,
 I have a better Country of my own ;
 But mean to show the Terror of mine Eyes,
 To burn, consume, to ravage and away.

To the Guards.] Come show me to this King, who
 waits to die,
 I long to let the killing Arrow fly.

To

To *Chruſeis*.] Follow, and witneſs to thy own Diſgrace;
I challenge thee—to meet me on the Place.

[*Exit Brifeis with the Guard.*

Uly. to *Chruſeis*.] Judge better now of my Advice.

Chru. Traytor avoid me; from my ſight be gone;
The King ſhall know thy Malice, and revenge it.
Avoid my Sight——

Glory that bid me go, now bids me ſtay,
To clear my King; that you and all may ſee,
Rather than live with her, he'll die with me.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Scene changes to the Tents of Achilles.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Ach. **T**HE Gods have taken Vengeance from our
Hands,

And ſeem reſolv'd to do our Work alone;
Like ſprightly Steeds broke from their Mangers looſe,
That toſs in Air their Necks, and neigh aloud;
So march the *Trojans* from behind their Walls:
They claſh their Armour, and they ſhake their Spears,
And with loud Cries provoke the *Greeks* to Battle.

Pat. Oh *Achilles*!

Ach. Why weeps *Patroclus* in this Hour of Joy?
Vengeance is ſure; his Foes upon his Foes
Shall do *Achilles* right. Rejoyce, Rejoyce:
O give me Muſick; ſound aloud, Rejoyce,
Till every Valley ecchoes back, Rejoyce.

Let

Let all our *Myrmidons* be seen to Day,
 With Garlands crown'd, as at a Feast of Triumph;
 Let Songs of Joy be heard in every Tent;
 And like the *Corybantes* crush the Ground.
 Each drumming in his Hand a Brazen Cymbal.
 Now by the Gods, the *Myrmidon* that weeps
 To Day's a Traytor, and shall die.

Pat. That Traytor is *Patroclus*: ——— Death's my
 Choice,

Rather than live to see my Friends destroy'd.

Ach. Has then *Patroclus* any other Friend,
 More lov'd than his *Achilles*? Wouldst thou die,
 Rather than live to see my Wrongs reveng'd?

Pat. No, by the Gods I'd die to bring thee Vengeance:
 Thy Foes are mine: But let our Wrath be just,
 Not brutal. What Wrongs hast thou receiv'd
 From any other *Greek*, but *Agamemnon*?
 And must all perish for the Crimes of one?

Ach. Perish like Dogs; I laugh to see 'em bleed;
 Their dying Groans are Musick to my Ears!
 My Rage makes no Distinction: All are Foes,
 That to my Foes are Friends.—— Away *Patroclus*,
 How canst thou pity them, and yet love me?

Pat. O Gods! Let never Rage like this possess
Patroclus. O hard hearted, cruel Prince,
 Thou surely wer't not of a Goddess born,
 Nor was the good *Æacides* thy Sire:
 Sprang from the Sea thou seem'st, begot by Storms,
 And thy impenetrable Heart's a Rock.

Ach. Take heed, *Patroclus*, lest thy ill-tim'd Pity
 Provoke me too; and I forget our Friendship.

Pat. Forget it, do; and bury in my Breast
 Thy bloody Blade: I'll not out live the Day
 That brings such foul Dishonour to my Country.
 Think not that I'll stand by, a tame Spectator.
 If *Greece* must fall, then fall *Patroclus* too.
 I'll to the Fight.

Ach. Now by the Gods thou shalt not;
 With my drawn Sword I'll bar the Passage up,

And

And see what *Myrmidon* dares help the *Greeks*.

Pat. That *Myrmidon* am I.— Dishonour brand me,
If I not go? or falling on the Point
Of mine own Sword, give freedom to my Soul,
That does disdain to live beyond its Honour.

Ach. Is this thy Love, *Patroclus*?

Pat. That I do love thee, well thou know'st *Achilles*;
Command me to cut off a Limb, I'll do't.
Let but this Day be past, on which depends
The Safety and the Glory of all *Greece*;
This Day of such Importance to the Publick,
And then thy private Grudge shall be my own.
To single Fight I'll challenge *Agamemnon*;
Let us preserve him for our own Revenge.
'Tis base to see a Foe oppress'd with odds;
Make Vengeance sure, but let it then be brave.

Ach. Thou hast o'come me; and my Heart, like Wax,
Melts at thy Tears, and can deny thee nothing.
Go then, *Patroclus*, where thy Glory calls:
And thou alone of all the *Greeks* be safe.
What mean my Eyes by these unusual Drops?
No: Thou must stay. Oh! think again, *Patroclus*.
The good *Menetius*, when at *Pisia* last
We parted, gave thee, weeping, to my Charge;
Take here, said he, all that my Soul holds dear,
And safe return him, to support my Age.
Well have I kept my Word; behind my Shield
I plac'd thee still; my Body was thy Armour;
Still side by side we fought, and never parted.
My Friend, my dearest Friend, why wilt thou leave me?

Pat. At Night I'll come all glorious back again,
And fill your Tents with Spoils of slaughter'd Foes.
The *Greeks* and *Trojans* that beheld me fight
Beneath your Buckler, shelter'd by your Sword;
And think *Patroclus* is too weak alone;
Shall see that I can fight without a Guard.

Ach. Oh cruel Honour! that obliges thee
To go, and me to stay. My Soul till now

Ne'er

Ne'er felt such Strife; not when I lost *Briseis*.
Then wilt thou go?

Pat. O melt me not with so much Tenderness:
My Heart that beat but now with Manly Virtue,
Is soften'd like a Woman's.

Ach. Go then, whilst all thy Courage is upon thee,
But go attended like *Achilles* Friend;
Take all my Troops, and put my Armour on;
Look like *Achilles*, like *Achilles* fight;
Be thou Victorious, perish all the rest;
Let *Agamemnon*, like a beaten Slave,
Fly to his Ships, and there be burnt or drown'd;
Let Fire and Sword all other *Greeks* destroy,
Till thou and I, alone, are left to Conquer *Troy*.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

The Scene returns to Agamemnon's Pavilion.

*Enter Nestor and Ulysses, seeming in Discourse
with Chruſeis.*

Nes. Let but some modest Matron come in view,
How unregarded and unmark'd she goes:
O let her pass, they cry, she's good for nothing.
But let some flanting Minx come prancing by,
All Eyes are on her, and all Necks are bow'd;
Oh how they strive and jostle to get nearest!
Hide, hide your Heads, ye Gods, from Mortal Worship,
When such as these, divide our Adorations.

Uly. It looks more like a Triumph, than a Rape:
To joyful Tunes the merry Timbrels play,
While Captive Queens like Minstrels dance and sing.
Trumpets and Tymbals sound *Olympus* high;
The Voice of Victory made a Call to Lust:
In graceful Order each Battalion's drawn;
And in the Front our Princes stand in Arms,
Shining with Gold, and nod their stately Plumes,
Saluting as she passes.—Armour that's Proof

To

To Swords and Spears, and to the Javelins Thrust,
 Gives easy Passage to one Glance of hers ;
 Whilst with disdainful State she treads along,
 And looks regardless of such petty Conquest ;
 None but their King, their General.——But hark !
 Again the Trumpets——This way bends the Sound ;
 Sure she approaches——Madam, will you meet
 The Show——It may be worth your Curiosity.

Chr. D'ye mock me, Greek? Am I become your scorn?
 I thank ye, Gods, tho' Love is mine no more,
 Yet Vengeance is.——Ungrateful Man!
 And was I kept with so much Form of Truth,
 To be but left with greater Infamy !
 Forsaken ! Oh the disgraceful Word ! False !
 Is he false? No, let him if he dares ——
 I'll stay, that he may perish.

[*Exit Chrusseis.*]

Nes. Nay, then we are again outwitted.

Uly. Is't not in Art to tempt a Woman once
 To stray from Wickedness? Or to beguile her
 Into good? Are then their Stars so strong,
 That they are fated to be mischievous

Enter Agamemnon attended.

Ag. Bid *Diomed* with his *Ætolian* Horse,
 Observe 'em from yon Hill ——
 To live and conquer is the Noblest Fate,
 But the next Glory is a Gallant Death.
 Success, O *Fove*, and Victory are thine,
 Fortune is thine ; my Honour is my own:
 Facing my Doom, with my drawn Sword I'll stand,
 Nor turn my Back upon thy wrathful Bolt.

Uly. Yet might I advise ——

Ag. Still the same Argument?
 Thou know'st my Answer.——I am fixt.
 I see my Fate, ye Gods, and I accept it ;
 Life is not worth the Price you ask——To live

With

With her I love, was my first Wish—My next,
Is to die with her.

Uly. But this word more, and I have done.—

Ag. Spare thy self the pains—Thy words, like Winds
Against an Oak, regardless whistle by ;
The Leaves are troubled, but the Root is fix'd.
I say thou may'st displease, but canst not move.
I am not to be mov'd.

Uly. Then hear me as an Advocate for Love,
The Friend of Love :—For what so sweet in Love
As Change ? If you must love, then love
Like other Men : Love, like th' Immortal Gods,
Variety, the Luxury of Love.

Ag. I understand thee not. Trust me, *Ulysses*,
I fear thy Brain is troubled.

Uly. Thus I unfold the Riddle.—*Briseis* Rape
I neither counsell'd nor approv'd ; you know it :
Much urg'd, and much provok'd, against your Nature,
Unwilling to all Violence, you did it.
Make the best use of what is past recall ;
Take her, and give *Chryseis* to the Gods :
So shall you love, and be victorious still,
Live and enjoy. Exchanges like to this,
Love does allow and practise every hour.
She's handsome, and a Woman, a kind Woman,
What would you more ? And what does Love require,
But beautiful and kind ?

Ag. Far be such wicked Counsellors from Kings :
How dar'st thou, Traytor, tempt my honest Heart
To such vile Purposes ? When I am false,
Forsake me all that's true. What ! parcel Love
Like common Dole, by Scraps, to every Eye
That hungers after Lust ! shall I do this ?
No ; My frank Soul gives largely, all at once,
Nothing by halves. True Love has no Reserves.
Yes, my *Chryseis*, I am only thine ;
Only and all. The Soul that's snatch'd by Death,
Returns no more : Nor will her Eyes give back
The Heart she keeps in her eternal Chain.

Uly.

Uly. Behold *Briseis* entring ——— Timely she comes
To end this Argument: Her Eyes will plead
More strongly than my Tongue: To them I leave it.
[Exit *Ulysses*,

Enter Officers and Attendants, Then Briseis.

Agamemnon approaches her, bowing respectfully.

Ag. Forgive me, Madam ———

Bri. Ere thou speak'st, here me: Thy vain Intent
I easily divine. 'Tis Love thou'dst mention. ———

Ag. With needless Fears ———

Bri. Approach me not ———

Perhaps you thought, because I lov'd *Achilles*,
'Twas possible some other might succeed.
If once some Man, more charming than the rest,
Has found the way to melt a Woman's Heart,
Strait every Fool presumes to be as welcome.

Ag. Give me but leave ———

Bri. No; you shall never have my leave to Love.
Or did you think, because your Empire's wider
In Power and Wealth, exceeding my *Achilles*,
With higher Offers to corrupt my Faith?
Tho' Hearts for Hearts, uncertainly prevail,
Riches and Power are Baits that never fail:
He makes most progress in a Woman's Breast,
Who Proffers highest, not who Loves her best.
These are the Insolent Remarks of Men,
With which we know you all arraign our Sex;
But learn to the Confusion of thy hopes,
I would not change for *Mars*, ——— much less for thee.

Ag. Think not that I mean ———

Bri. I care not what you mean ——— Thou dar'st not
Greek,

Not for thy life offend Divine *Achilles*.
When he withdraws his Arm, your Glory sinks,
Achilles is the Pillar of your Cause,

The Prop of *Greece*, and Terror of the *Trojans*,
And thou, without him, Nothing.

Enter Chruseis.

Chr. Think not I come to interrupt your Joys,
Ungrateful King, I know I am unwelcome:
As willingly as thou hast made this Choice.
So willingly, *Chruseis* do's confirm it,
Take, take her, Traytor, Take her to your Arms,
Fallest of *Greeks*, who are of Men the falsest:
I quit you of all Vows, of all Engagements,
Give her my Oaths that you repent you made,
And I repent, that ever I received.
To *Briſeis*.] Nor triumph thou; for were he worth my
keeping,
Thou should'st not have him yet: The Gift I make
Is of a thing I scorn.

Bri. I scorn as much to take it.

Ag. What means *Chruseis*?

Chr. Oh *Agememnon*! hadst thou but been true,
Hadst thou been constant but a little longer,
Couldst thou have persever'd, but yet one Hour,
My Virtue had prepar'd, for Thee, for Me,
Such Proofs of Love, so passionate and noble,
Such Scene of Glory, delicate and nice,
As had amaz'd Mankind—— But thou hast ruin'd all;
O squanderer of Fame! Thy Honour, Mine,
'Tis lost, 'tis gone, for ever past recal:
A perjur'd Lover, and forsaken Mistress,
Is all the Name, that's left for both ——

Ag. Who's perjur'd? Who forsaken?

Chru. Seek not to hide what I have heard and seen,
Nor be so Vain, to think thy Falshood grieves:
My only Grief is that I lov'd,
To cease to do it, is a Pleasure to me.
Had'st thou been true, I had been great, but wretched:
But thou art false, and what I lose in Glory,
Will be made up in Ease, for Falshood cures;

A ge-

A generous Love disdains to harbour Traytors:
 My Heart deceiv'd, for want of knowing thee,
 Receiv'd thee in, a Robber, not a Guest,
 But on discovery, thus turns thee out,
 Unworthy to be there:
 Unworthy of good Usage.

Ag. Have I been false? — By the immortal Gods—

Chru. Yes, thou canst swear, and swear, I know it well:

But swear not by the Gods whom thou hast mock'd,
 Nor yet to me, who can believe no more:
 But swear to Her, for she is yet to learn
 How well thou canst deceive. — O what are Men!
 How impiously they play with Perjury!
 Traytor! I know the Value of your Oaths,
Ulysses told me——

Ag. What has *Ulysses* told you?

Chru. What I have seen.

Ag. *Ulysses* is a Traytor. — Speak *Briseis*,
 Be thou my Witness, — Have I mention'd Love?

Bri. I would not give you leave.

Chru. Thou art condemn'd, — thy Witness has condemn'd thee;

Thou'rt perjur'd doubly, — Perjur'd to us both —
 Thou would'st have sworn, would she have heard thee swear,

And now thou would'st recant, because she scorns thee.

Bri. Tho' I commanded Silence to my self,
 And my nice Ear disdain'd to hear thy Love,
 Who bids thee make a Secret of thy Passion?
 My scorn were lost, were not thy Love proclaim'd;
 To me be silent, to the World be loud;
 Begin by telling her; I give thee leave.

Ag. To her alone——

Chru. I'll spare thee the Confession.

'Tis a stale Story, and I know enough.
 Would'st thou then own it? Brave me to my Face?
 Thou dar'st not, — No, — thou art not yet so harden'd.
 Why dost thou tremble when I look upon thee?

When

When thou would'st speak, upon thy fault'ring Tongue
 The Accents die; All Arguments of Guilt!
 Thy Colour goes and comes upon thy Face,
 And thy young Treason blushes to be seen.
 The Murder'd Body, at the Murd'rer's Touch
 Will bleed afresh: Nor can Betrayers bear
 The sight of one betray'd, without Confusion.
 Thou fear'st me still, I read it in thy Eyes,
 And in thy Limbs, that scarce support thy Body,
 Oh! that I could look thee dead.——

Ag. My wounded Soul is on its flight.——

Bri. Die quickly then, for I'm in haste to go;
 Die at my Feet, that I may spurn thee dead,
 To show my Scorn.—How dar'st thou look
 When I am by, on any Face but mine?

Chru. Look on, look on,—— Gaze 'till thy Eye-Balls
 burst,

And rowling round thy Sight from Charm to Charm,
 Survey me all, and then repent thy Change.
 Gaze 'till thou'rt mine again; 'till falling down
 Low at my Feet, thou dost expire with shame.
 There is a secret Struggle in thy Soul,
 I see thou would'st return, but 'tis too late;
 For know, *Atrides*, thou behold'st thy last.
He kneels. Sink lower, lower, hide thee under ground,
 Thou'rt odious to my Eyes, and I can bear
 Thy sight no longer.

Ag. Hear me *Chruſeis*.

Rises. Would either hear, both might be satisfy'd.
 Ye both have dream'd, and each of ye believes
 The Visions of her Sleep——would you but hear——

Chru. Oh that I ne'er had heard, nor ever seen;
 'Tis past, 'tis past, *Atrides*, Love's no more;
 My Heart is harder now, than once 'twas soft;
 Farewell for ever.—Yet forgive him, Gods!
 Not on his Head, but on his faithless Sex
 Revenge the Cause of poor abandon'd Truth:
 Nor let it be by Famine, or Disease;
 Nor yet by Thunder, or tempestuous Blast;

G

Nor

Nor Fire, nor Sword, nor by consuming Wars;
 Let us revenge our selves; commit to us
 This mighty Charge,—No Vengeance like a Woman's.
 Let Falshood punish Falshood; Let Deceit
 And Treachery be only Women's Arts.
 Henceforth, thro' rowling Ages let there be
 Not one Example of a Woman Faithful,
 Let all be *Hellens*, perjur'd Devils all.
 Let every Husband be a noted Cuckold,
 Give 'em not Wives to comfort, but to plague:
 Let Love be all a Trick, and a Pretence,
 And every Woman be a Bosom Serpent.
 The Gods have granted,—And methinks I read
 The Page of Fate, and find it fix'd for ever,
 That not a Woman shall be born hereafter
 But shall deceive some Man.—Debates arise,
 Dissentions reign, Pollution be triumphant,
 And Jealousies and Jars confound the World.

[Exit Chruséis.

Bri. My Conquest is complete: She flies, she flies.
 And has avow'd the Triumph of my Eyes.
 So may all thrive, who dare my Empire brave,
 Like her despair, and be Mankind my Slave.
 How pleas'd will be *Achilles*, when he knows
 My Beauty has reveng'd him of his Foes:
 I go to tell him, nor will be delay'd,
 Stir not to stop me,—For I'll look thee dead.

[Exit Briseis.

Ag. Go where I never may behold thee more,
 Thou Imp of thy *Achilles*.—Like a Child
 I struck, and hit my self; I rais'd a storm,
 And perish in't: The means of my Revenge
 Has turn'd to my own Ruin: And the Load
 I cast, has weigh'd me after it, and sunk me.
 'Tis just, ye Gods, your Providence has caught
 My foolish Wrath, and my own act of Vengeance
 Becomes revenge for him, 'gainst whom 'twas meant.

[Sees Ulysses entering.

Art thou there Traytor? Com'st thou then to watch

The

The Workings of thy Poyson on our Loves?

Safer thou'd'st met a Tygres hunting out

The Thief that rob'd her Young.——

Uly. What I have done——

Ag. What thou hast done——Undo——or thou shalt die.

[*Seizes hold of him.*]

Thou shalt be torn by Horses, rack'd alive,

Bury'd quick.——I'll have thee hew'd to pieces——

Prometheus' Vulture, and *Ixion's* Wheel,

The Stone, the Sieve; the Tortures of the Damn'd

Are but slight Pains.——Thou shalt be more than
damn'd——

Find out *Chryseis* strait——

[*Thrusts him away.*]

Confess thy Fraud, unravel her Mistake,

Convince her of my Love and Innocence:

I fear her Wrath, more than the Wrath of Heaven,

Appease her well,——And let me find her gentle.——

[*Seizes him again:*]

See this be done——look to't——Away——

[*Thrusts him towards the Door.*]

Why send I him?

On Wings of Love the Lover's self should fly;

Love has a thousand ways, and all I'll try,

And at her Feet, be justify'd, or die.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]





ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Tent of Achilles.**Achilles and Briseis meeting.*

Bri. JOY to *Achilles*,—fly to my Embrace
 My Hero and my God.
 Henceforth no more let any sound of War
 Awake thy Rage—My Eyes shall conquer for thee.
 Joy to *Achilles*—*Agamemnon* dies,
Chryseis in despair has left the Camp,
Briseis is return'd triumphant back,
 Thy Foes are perishing, thy Mistress safe,
 I bring thee Glory, and Revenge, and Love;
 Joy to *Achilles*, everlasting Joy!

Ach. And is it giv'n me thus again to hold thee
 Thus to devour thee with a thousand Kisses,
 With clasping Arms, embracing and embrac'd,
 To taste a thousand Joys—O 'tis Illusion all!
 The Dream and Vision of distracted thought!
 Speak, shining Creature, every Sense awakes
 To find thee out—Art thou indeed *Briseis*?

Bri. I am, I am *Briseis*—Believe thy Eyes,
 Believe thy Touch—No Vision nor a Dream,
 But thy *Briseis*—thine.
 I thank you Gods! tho' parting was a Pain,
 The Joy to meet, is ample Satisfaction.

Ach.

Ach. Art thou the same? in every thing the same?

Answer me that——Ah No!

The stain of Violation is upon thee,

The ruddy Spot fresh ardent on thy Face.

Curse on that thought!——

Was then the Ravisher so quickly cloy'd?

So hasty to return Pollution back?

Did'st thou resist? or did'st thou early yield?

Answer agen to that——Thus let me swear thee,

Thus holding up thy Hands erect to Heaven:

Met'st thou with willing warmth his brutal Lust?

Had'st thou thy Share of Bliss, with amorous Rage

Improving Joy with Art?——But why do I enquire?

Thy Cheeks are burning with th' Adulterer's Mark,

His Print is on thy Lips: Thy melted Eyes

Yet glow with languish'd Lustre. — *Hell and Furies!*

Bri. Curse me if I forgive thee such a Thought;

Were I like other Women, I should weep

To be thus grossly question'd——But my Soul

Is form'd of Sparks, as fiery as thy own.

Thus I confront thy Jealousy with Rage,

And meet thy Insolence with Wrath as loud.

Thou know'st me, and hast read my inmost Mind,

It after this, thou yet can'st have a doubt,

If thou can'st tell thy self——I can be false,

Thou art not worth my Answer.——

Ach. I knew thou would'st deny; All Women will.

What have we for your Truth, but your bare Words?

The subtle Path is trodden without Print,

Not the least Footstep to be trac'd for Proof.

But willing or unwilling, 'tis the same;

He has enjoy'd you.——

Bri. No matter if he has——I'll tell thee nothing.

Ach. O that thou wert a Man!

Bri. O that I were! by *Venus* I'd chastise thee——

Why was I not a Man? A greater far

Had then been born, and fiercer than *Achilles*.

Ach. Answer directly,——or by *Mars*——

Bri. By *Mars* I swear, and by as many Gods
 That nothing will I answer—not 'till I see thee
 Crouch'd on the Ground, and crawling on thy Knees
 Implore Forgiveness, for thy vile Suspicion.
 Guess at the past; I'll tell thee what's to come,
 If he has not enjoy'd, be sure, he shall:
 Who without Reason doubts, deserves that Vengeance,
 No Woman is without it. — I go, to reap
 This Fruit of thy Offence, — And so farewell. [*going.*]
Ach. Be true or false; — thou art too much to lose,
 Nor shalt thou go — [*Holds her.*]
 Thy fiery Rage has spread around my Soul,
 And Love has caught the Flame. —
 Be what thou wilt — Art thou not heavenly Fair?
 Thy Beauty, in this Moment's, all my care;
 Nothing is certain, but the Joy alone,
 Whilst I possess, I'm sure thou art my own. [*Exeunt.*]

The Scene changes to Agamemnon's Pavilion.

[*Trumpets sound without.*]

Enter Agamemnon leading Chruiseis. Nestor and Ulysses enter from the opposite Part of the Stage.

Nest. to Ag. O Stain of Honour! Oh inglorious Prince!
 Unworthy Leader of so many Kings,
 Have then thy Crimes dispirited thy Soul,
 That here aloof, thou hid'st thee in thy Tent
 When the rang'd Battle calls thee forth to Fight?
 But Guilt makes Cowards: Who with such a Load
 Of impious Lust, and wilful Perjury
 Can face a Foe, or venture into Danger?

Ag. If I am guilty, 'tis the Fault of Heaven,
 That by exacting more than Man can do
 Becomes itself unjust — My Deeds to Day
 Shall shame thy Words, when thou behold'st me fight.
 'Tis Peace at Home, my anger'd Love's appeas'd,
 And I am ready now for War — The stoutest Hearts
 Shall

Shall trembling beat, to follow where I lead.

Nest. Appease the Gods, no matter who beside
Is angry, or displeas'd.

Ag. *Chruſeis* is appeas'd, nor cares *Atrides*
Who frowns, when ſhe is kind.—One Kiſs my Love;
The Trumpets call, the Soldier muſt obey:
Theſe *Trojans* ſhall repent e'er Night, who force
Thy *Agamemnon* from thy gentle Arms,
And vex our Loves with ſuch unquiet Partings.

Chru. Yet e'er you go, hear your *Chruſeis* ſpeak:
The Gods alone can tell, who ſhall return
Of thoſe that go to Battle: Hear me then;
And I am glad to have ſuch Witneſſes.

[To *Nestor* and *Ulyſſes*]

Ag. What would *Chruſeis* ſay?

Chru. The Danger's terrible that calls you forth,
Who knows but this may be our laſt Farewel!
Thus then upon my Knees, I thank my Lord
For his paſt Goodneſs — Oh! inſpire me Heaven
How to be grateful, and inſtruct my Soul
How I may give my King ſome mark of Love
Equal to his to me.

Ag. Riſe, Riſe *Chruſeis*.

This needs not, Love; for I am much thy Debtor.

Chru. No, I will tell, that ſumming up th' Account
My grateful Heart may reckon its vaſt Debt.
All that I am, my Honour and my Life,
I hold but from your Bounty.

In a ſack'd Town, when the licentious Soldier
Spareſ neither Age nor Sex; When Slaughter's blind,
And rages thro' the Streets without Diſtinction;
When Rape is priviledg'd, and Murder free,
You ſav'd me from the Fury of the Sword,
You ſav'd me from Pollution, rais'd me trembling,
Bad me not fear, and bore me ſafe from danger.
Nor was this all. —

Ag. Enough, enough *Chruſeis*.

You ow'd your Preſervation to your ſelf,
Your Beauty was your Guard—what barbarous Heart,
G 4 O what

O what inhuman Hand could hurt ſuch Brightneſs?

Chru. My Fears renew'd, when Captives ſet to Sale,
I heard the loud Laments of weeping Virgins,
Expos'd to Price, and ſold to Slavery.
No Royalty nor Beauty was exempt,
But only ſerv'd to raiſe the Purchase higher:
Then did my King a ſecond time preſerve me,
And ſet me above Price.

Ag. And well thou did'ſt deſerve it, my *Chruſeis*;
Not *Jove*, who has the Power of either Globe,
Can ſay what thou art worth.

Chru. Beyond my Hopes, unask'd, and unexpected
Life, Liberty and Honour you preſerv'd;
And undeſerving added to my Wiſhes
What more than Life or Liberty I prize,
Your Love: And tho' you had the Pow'r to force
Your Captive's Will with ſureſt Violence,
You left me free, t'accept or to reſuſe,
But who could have reſuſ'd?

Ag. Thou never wer't my Captive: I was thine
From the firſt Moment that my Eye beheld thee:
I overcame thy Country, but thou me:
What I have done, I did but as a Slave,
The Service of the Conquer'd to the Conqueror,
Mercy was thine, and only thine: My part
Was but the Duty of a Lover.

Chru. With patience hear, for nothing will I add,
Nor take from Truth; but ſtate a juſt Account.
My Country loſt, when by the Right of War
Nothing was left that we could call our own,
You profer'd Crowns, would raiſe me to your Empire:
Your generous Love, agreeing with my Virtue,
Offer'd no Terms, that I could bluſh to hear.

Ag. How ſhall I thank thy Goodneſs
Who would'ſt accept? Oh! could I give the World,
One Kiſs of thine, but thus to touch thy Lips,
I were a gainer, by the vaſt Exchange.

Chru. The Kiſs you take, is paid by that you give,
The Joy is mutual, and I'm ſtill in debt.

O there's

O there's a mighty Sum that's yet untold :
 To shorten then, and pass a thousand Proofs,
 All precious, but too numberless to name ;
 Now when the Gods, grown envious of our Joys,
 The Gods that will admit in human Life
 No Raptures like their own, and such were ours
 Now when they turn our Blessings to a Curse,
 When every Kiss you take must lose a Battle,
 And thousands are condemn'd for each Embrace,
 When Empire, Victory, and O perhaps
 Your precious Life, must all be sacrific'd,
 Or your *Chryseis* left ; Then, then my King
 When his Friends weep, and unrelenting Gods
 Threaten aloud, when Earth and Heaven combine
 To part our Loves, and sunder us for ever,
 Then *Agamemnon* constant to thy Vows
 Renounces Glory, to be true to Love,
 And Death and Shame prefers with his *Chryseis*,
 To Life, to Conquest and Renown, without her.
 O what amends, Ah ! how shall I repay
 Thy wondrous Truth ?

Ag. Thus my *Chryseis*, thus——

Embrace me close, and join thy Lips to mine :
 There's no Security in other Joys,
 Here Happiness is riveted alone,
 Here nothing fades, nothing decays ; the Sweets
 Immortal are, and never cease to spring.

Chry. So loving, and so lov'd, why must we part ?

Ag. Part my *Chryseis* ! 'Tis unkindly fear'd :
 I thought thou had'st been satisfy'd, my Love,
 No, I can die, but we will never part.

Chry. And yet we must : Oh ! we must part, *Atrides*.
 There's no defence against the Will of *Jove*,
 No Force can turn, -or Policy evade
 What Destiny decrees immutable :
 Nothing can be, that Fate has doom'd shall not.

Ag. What means my Love by these mysterious Words ?

Chry. As one who fears to die, but is condemn'd,
 Still strives to trifle time with idle Talk,

And seeks Pretences to put off the Hour,
 So I, — But what am I resolving?
 As I approach the Precipice's Brink,
 So steep, so terrible appears the Depth,
 I fear, — and yet I must, — Who says I must?
 Not *Agamemnon*, — He had rather die,
 So had *Chryseis*: Parting is worse than Death
 To both, — and will to both bring Death —
 If he must die, then let him die embrac'd,
 As he desires Now shoot your Lightning Gods!
 Whilst thus I hide him, hit him if you can;
 Thus clinging with my Body close to his,
 Thus will I cover him. — Kill me, kill me,
 I'll die to keep him safe, — Oh *Agamemnon*!

Ag. There's a strange Disorder in thy Thoughts,
 Something thou would'st unfold, and know'st not how:
 My Soul has caught thy Fears, I tremble too
 I know not why — 'Tis the first time that e'er
 My Courage fail'd me in thy Arms.
 Some mighty Ill, and sudden sure is coming,
 And let it come — Spare but my Love ye Gods,
 All other Ills are nothing.

Chru. My Head grows giddy, — Oh that I were
 mad!

Madness brings Ease; Reason, Reason alone
 Feels Sorrow: Folly and Madness are exempt.
 No State of human Life is to be envy'd,
 But Lunacy and Folly: None can be happy
 Who can feel Pain: To want the Sense to grieve,
 Is the best Measure of Felicity;
 So much are we the Slaves of human Chance,
 And from the Moment of our Births expos'd
 To the malignant influence of Stars!

[*She sits weeping.*]

Nest. This is meer Foolery — Sir will you go?

Enter

Enter Talthibius and Eurybates.

Eury. Where, where's the King?

Ag. What would thy haste portend?

Eury. To Arms, to Arms: The *Trojans* led by *Mars*
With *Hector* by his side, surround our Camp,
Who never durst beyond the *Scean* Gate
Till now advance, enclose our Trenches round:
We who Besieg'd, are now our selves Besieg'd.

Ag. Be short; Speak to the Purpose: What has past?

Talth. Divine *Sarpedon*, Son of Thundering *Jove*
Began th' Attack: *Patroclus* stood the Charge,
And slew him with his Spear, *Jove* looking on.

Eury. Then fell *Patroclus*, Slain by *Hector's* Hand—

Uly. *Patroclus* Slain?

Ag. He has not left

'Mong all the *Greeks*, a braver Man behind him.

Nest. How just is Providence in all its Works!

How swift to overtake us in our Crimes!

Achilles who alone of all the *Greeks*

Rejoyc'd to Day, becomes the deepest Mourner:

None are so hateful to the Gods as those

Who with hard Hearts delight in other's Grief.

Uly. 'Twere fit his Body were convey'd with speed
To stern *Achilles*, who sits laughing now,
Waiting the *Greeks* Distrets; the sight may move
Revenge, and bring him to the Field.

Ag. I scorn his little Aid——*Talthibius* say
What's now a doing?

Talth. The *Trojans* are agen drawn off, pausing
Upon their Loss; but seem to meditate
Some new Attempt; And all expect
A bloody Day.

Ag. Thou shalt not die, *Patroclus*, unreveng'd.
Bid our Battalions draw upon the Plain;
We'll Fight 'em Hand to Hand, upon the Square,
Let Cowards skulk in Trenches, Face to Face
I meet my Foe——Thus I invoke you, Gods,

Asking

Asking but this, no more—*Stand Neuter.*

'Tis time that we were gone——Haste with our Orders.
[*Exeunt* Talthybius and Eurybates.

To Chruſeis.] It ſhakes my very Soul, my poor dear Love,
To leave thee thus—I go, but to return
Victorious back.

Thus we have parted oft, and met agen,
Much thou would'ſt grieve; but in this manner never.

Chru. Yes we have parted, and agen we met,

[*Riſes.*

When next we part, 'tis never to meet more.
I am your Murderer by my fatal ſtay,
For me, the ſullen Sun with-holds his Beams,
And ſhoots theſe Shafts, and heads 'em all with Plagues:
For me, the Gods withdraw their wonted Aids,
For me, they lead the *Trojans* to the Field,
Shall I conſent? And ſhall I help the Foes
Of *Agamemnon*? I obſtrict the means
Of his Deliverance? Will then my Love
Do nothing for my Lord, who would do all
For me? No *Agamemnon*, no——
For me you muſt not die, nor be diſgrac'd;
Live *Agamemnon*, live: Be Great, be Glorious,
While by a voluntary Exile, I
Appeaſe my cruel Father, and his Gods,
And doom my ſelf to ſave thy Life and Honour.
Uly. Oh unexpected turn! O wondrous Virtue!
Glorious Reſolution! henceforth be ſti'd
The Saviour of the *Greeks*.

Ag. Peace Sycophant, nor dare to ſooth her Phrenſy;
Theſe Thoughts are but the Vapours of a Mind
Diſturb'd: Reaſon ſhall ſoon diſpel the Fume,
And diſappoint your curſt malicious Joy.

To Chruſeis.] I know thou can'ſt not mean, what thou
haſt ſaid

Yet my Heart pants, and every Nerve is ſhaken.
Upon my Forehead ſits a damp like Death,
My Blood runs cold, I feel the Channel freeze,
Scarce will my trembling Limbs ſupport my Weight,

But

But shake like Cowards on a Day of Battle.
Is this well done *Chruſeis*?

Chru. Your generous Love has ſhew'd the way to mine,
Fearing to part, you firmly chuſe your Ruin,
Fearing your Ruin, I conſent to part:
To part, of every Evil is the worſt,
All other Ills you chuſe, but I chuſe that,
Love prompting you, to periſh for my ſake,
Prompts me to keep you ſafe, whate'er it coſt;
Empire and Life, and Glory, are your Victims,
The Joys of Life, and Love it ſelf are mine.

Neſt. Well argu'd ſtill: Pray Heaven ſhe be in earneſt.

Ag. Thy Love is grown a wondrous Sophiſter:
Such Arguments but ill become thy Faith:
Can'ſt thou pretend to love me, and yet leave?
No, 'tis impoſſible in Love to part
With what we love: Confeſs, confeſs the Truth,
And ſay thou doſt not Love; own, own thy Falſhood,
Recant thy Vows, or yet reſolve to ſtay.

Chru. Yes I would ſtay, were I the only threaten'd,
Were the Doom mine, and did the Thunder rowl,
And the blue Lightning ſhoot alone at me,
I'd chuſe to die like thee, and not to part,
In theſe dear Arms, I'd wait the Stroke of *Jove*
And periſh pleas'd; like thine ſhould be my Choice.
For thee, for thee, this Ruin is prepar'd,
Not on my Head, but thine, the Vengeance falls,
And for my ſake, my Preſence is the Cauſe,
Chruſeis is the Murderer of *Atrides*,
The Cup of Pleaſure, is the Bowl of Death,
The Gods have mix'd it with the deadlieſt Poiſon
Nor dare I give thee more.

Ag. O give it on;
There is ſuch pleaſure in the killing Draught
'Tis worth the dying for.

Chru. Be calm, be calm *Atrides*, think agen,
Conſult your Reaſon, and be then convinc'd,
Were your Caſe mine, you would reſolve like me,

You

You would, you would, you could not see me perish;
And know your self the Cause.

Ag. O Chryseis.

Chru. Is there a Proof in Love that you would give
And shall not I? Oh! 'tis a cruel Proof,
But it must be, 'tis past, 'tis past recal.
Come back, come back Renown that turn'd away,
Return ye Lawrels, to my Monarch's Brow,
Love like a scorching Sun has dry'd ye up,
And burnt your Growth, and kifs'd away your Sweets,
But Love is now self-banish'd for your sakes,
With his own Hand he cuts his Root away,
And leaves you room to spread.

Ag. O curst Estate of Kings! O fatal Glory!
O Victories dear-bought! Pernicious Greatness!
What must I loose to purchase the vain Breath
Of Fools and Sycophants, the Voice of Fame!

Chru. The Gods have for themselves alone reserv'd
A quiet State: Kings are their Stewards here
Entrusted with the Conduct of the World:
And like good careful Servants, must submit
Their single Profit, to the general welfare.
Had *Agamemnon* been a private Man,
Some Shepherd, or an humble Villager,
Our Loves had then been happy.

Ag. Take back your Office, Gods, your Royal Thral-
dom;

I'll be your Slave, no longer on these Terms:
Here I discharge my self of Kingly Burthen,
Divest my self of Power and Dignities,
Of Crowns and Scepters, your Imperial Loads.
Be constant to thy Word——Thy *Agamemnon*
Will make himself the Thing that thou hast wish'd,
A Shepard, or an humble Villager:
In some far Cave, remote from interruption,
We'll love away our Lives; not the least Dream
Of Glory, shall invade our lone Recess.
These Arms shall be the Circle of my Wishes,
Thy Eyes, the only Lights that I'll adore:

Morning

Morning and Night, I'll sacrifice to them,
Be they propitious, let them shine upon me,
I'll own no other Gods.

Chru. My Virtue shrinks within the close Embrace,
O let me flie, I cannot stand the Combat,
Another such, and we are lost for ever.

[*Trumpets within.*

Hark ! hark ! the Trumpets found, the Clash of Swords
Draws near, the Gods have given me Notice,
The Slaughter is renew'd, and every Man
That falls, *Chru* is his Murderer.

Have patience Gods, but yet a little while,
I come, I come, your Will shall be fulfill'd,
Give me but time to take one last Embrace,
Let me thus rush upon him ———

Once more, for my whole Life, and then come Death,
Come Madness, any thing but Life or Sense
My dearest, dearest *Agamemnon*.

Ag. Thus will I clasp thee fast, thus, thus for ever.
In vain, in vain thou'lt struggle to get loose,
Not Men nor Gods shall cut thee from my Arms,
I'll die, but I will never quit my hold.

Chru. Thus let us kneel: Thus lock'd in my Embrace,
Whilst I implore the Gods, with this last Prayer.

Oh all ye Powers ! that unrelenting see
These Griefs, and have deny'd our Loves your Mercy,
Accept the Sacrifice that here I make,
The noblest Love, the truest ; Undeild
With the least Stain. If ought is due to Virtue
Let the Reward of what I do be his,
And let not me out-live this fatal Day.

Depriv'd of Love, upon his precious Head
Double all other Blessings: Crown his Life
With Honours equal to his noble Mind,
Let him not pass a Day without some triumph ;
Let him not have a Foe in Earth or Heaven,
Or if he must have Foes, make 'em his means
Only to come at Glory.——Please his Nights and Days
With something new, and every Hour be blest,

That

That the Remembrance of his lost *Chruſeis*
 May ſit more light upon his Heart — One Kiſs,
 And then no more, Oh *Agamemnon* 'tis the laſt,
 Farewell for ever — His Lips are cold,
 Speechleſs and Pale! And on my Boſom droops
 His Head like a dead Weight — Help Princes help
 And raiſe him gently —

[*They raiſe him: He ſtands ſupported between 'em:
 They weeping over him.*

O can I ſee him thus —
 And leave him — Yes I muſt, for ſhould he ſpeak
 I could not ſtir, his Words would root me here.
 My Brain is touch'd — I feel it — here it is —
 At this dead-liſt, thou'rt welcome honeſt Frenzy;
 The King ſhall conquer now, he ſhall, he ſhall,
 Right ſhall triumph, the Ravisher ſhall bleed,
 I'll be the Champion, and begin the Charge;
 Thus at one Stroke, I cut off all the Gods,
 And leave the *Trojans*, helpleſs to themſelves,
 They run, they run — O cruel Reason, worſt of
 Foes,

Why art thou come agen?
 O *Neflor*! Oh *Ulyſſes*! Pity me,
 Forgive the Ills that have already happen'd,
 All will be well, the Gods are now appeas'd.
 Fight for the King, and when the Battles join,
 Do you your Duty, as I have done mine.

[*Exit Chruſeis.*

Uly. Scarce was my aking Heart, more pierc'd with
 Grief
 When from my *Penelope* I parted.

[*Ag. coming to himſelf.*
 The Gods have doom'd in vain, they ſhall not have her.
 Where is *Chruſeis*?

Uly. Her noble Virtue has obey'd
 The cruel call of ſtrong Neceſſity,
 And ſhe who would have dy'd to ſtay, is gone
 That you may live.

Ag.

Ag. Thou hast done this *Ulysses*, 'twas thy Plot,
Thou hast been working long against our Loves,
Thy Life shall answer it ———

Uly. O rob her not of Glories all her own,
Be hers the Praise entire, as was the Deed.
I hate my self for that I injur'd once
So good, such noble Nature——O she is
And to all Ages shall remain
The brightest Pattern of Heroick Love
And perfect Virtue, that the World e're knew.

Nest. Trust me *Atrides*, much I grieve your Loss,
But Glory waits, to make you full amends.

Ag. Thus then I draw — Blood shall be shed for Tears:
Where Death is to be found, there let me go,
Who gives it, is my Friend, and not my Foe,
Unite, unite ye Dardans and ye Gods,
Despair's undaunted, and defies all Odds,
At me let every Spear and Javelin flie,
I Fight not now to conquer, but to dye.

[Exit Agamemnon.

[Flourish of Trumpets.

Nest. Mark, mark *Ulysses*, how the Gods preserve
The Men they love, even in their own despight ;
They guide us, and we Travel in the Dark,
But when we most despair to hit the way
And least expect, we find our selves arriv'd.

Uly. Fate holds the Strings, and Men like Children,
move
But as they'r led : Success is from above.





EPILOGUE.

By Bevill Higgons, Esq.

WHat will the Galleries, nay Boxes say ?
There's not one Man destroy'd in all our Play.
Murder and Blood have long possess'd the Stage,
And pleas'd the Genius of a barbarous Age ;
But since the Poet's Task's the Soul to move,
And with his Objects, make you Grieve or Love,
Surviving Wretches should more pity find
Than they who die, and leave their Woes behind.

On Athen's Stage, when Greece the World gave Law,
Her sprightly Dames our Agamemnon saw ;
They shar'd his Sorrows, did his Fate bemoan,
And always made the Hero's Wrongs their own.
But then the World was Gay, and Nature Young,
Mens Passions were more high, and Fancy strong ;
Poets could either raise, or make so sad,
That going Home, whole Audiences ran Mad.
In vain we would your colder Hearts inspire,
And blow up Flames, without the Seeds of Fire.

Three thousand Years ago, illustrious Dames
Attended Camps, and gave the Hero's Flames ;
Now every Wench, when Batter'd and Decay'd,
To Flanders fled, where strait the Rampant Jade
At once the Colonel serv'd, and the Brigade.

}
If

EPILOGUE.

*If Poets have the Privilege of Laws
To challenge Furies, who must try their Cause.
To judge of Wit, the Critick be debarr'd,
Who often damns, what he ne'er saw nor heard ;]
Besides, he still to Poets bears a spite,
For never yet was Critick, who could write.*

*For You, the Viler Rabble of the Pit,
Who want good Nature, tho' you have no Wit,
Maliciously you imitate the Times,
Like Judges try the Men, and not their Crimes ;
With Noise and Nonsense whom you hate decry,
And if demanded, give no reason why ;
But when no pity can the Torrent stem,
Attain: the Poet, whom you can't condemn.
'Tis on that shining Circle we depend, [To the Ladies.
For You —————*

*Our Poet writes, in gratitude defend :
Of Love and Honour, he a Pattern meant,
And took the bright Ideas, that you lent :
Your Picture drawn, show then the Painter Grace,
Who fails, in an inimitable Face.*



10 JY 57

10 JY 57



Jew of Venice.

THE
JEW *of* VENICE:
A
COMEDY,
As it is Acted at the
THEATRE
IN
Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,
BY
His Majesty's Servants.

L O N D O N :

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, and for B. MOTTE,
at the Middle-Temple-Gate; and sold by HENRY
LINTOT, over against St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleet-*
street; and W. FEALS, at *Row's* Head over against
Clement's Inn Gate. 1732.





Advertisement

To the READER.

THE Foundation of the following Comedy being liable to some Objections, it may be wonder'd that any one should make Choice of it to bestow so much Labour upon : But the judicious Reader will observe so many Manly and Moral Graces in the Characters and Sentiments, that he may excuse the Story, for the Sake of the Ornamental Parts. Undertakings of this kind are justify'd by the Examples of those Great Men who have employ'd their Endeavours the same way : The only Dramatick Attempt of Mr. *Waller* was of this Nature, in his Alterations of the *Maid's Tragedy* : To the Earl of *Rochester* we owe *Valentinian* : To the Duke

Advertisement to the Reader.

Duke of *Buckingham*, *The Chance* :
Sir *William Davenant* and Mr. *Dry-*
den united in restoring the *Tempest* :
Troilus and *Cressida*, *Timon*, and King
Lear, were the Works of three succeeding Laureats : Besides many others, too many to mention. The Reader may please moreover to take Notice, (that nothing may be imputed to *Shakespear* which may seem unworthy of him) that such Lines as appear to be mark'd, are Lines added, to make good the Connexion where there was a Necessity to leave out ; in which all imaginable Care has been taken to imitate the same Fashion of Period, and Turn of Stile and Thought with the Original. What other Alterations have been requisite as to the Change of Words, or single Lines, the Conduct of Incidents, and Method of Action throughout the whole Piece, to bring it into the Form and Compass of a Play, would be superfluous to examine, every Reader being able to satisfy himself, if he thinks fit, by comparing.



PROLOGUE.

The Ghosts of SHAKESPEARE
and DRYDEN arise Crown'd
with Lawrel.

Written by *Bevill Higgons, Esq;*

DRYDEN.

THIS radiant Circle, Reverend Shakespeare, view;
An Audience only to thy Buskin due.

SHAKESPEARE.

*A Scene so noble, ancient Greece ne'er saw,
Nor Pompey's Dome, when Rome the World gave Law.
I feel at once both Wonder and Delight,
By Beauty warm'd, transcendently so bright,
Well, Dryden, might'st thou sing; well may these Heroes
fight.*

}

H

DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

DRYDEN.

*With all the outward Lustre, which you find,
They want the nobler Beauties of the Mind.
Their sickly Judgments, what is just, refuse,
And French Grimace, Buffoons, and Mimics choose.
Our Scenes desert, some wretched Farce to see;
They know not Nature, for they taste not Thee.*

SHAKESPEARE.

*Whose stupid Souls thy Passion cannot move,
Are deaf indeed to Nature and to Love.
When thy Egyptian weeps, what Eyes are dry?
Or who can live to see thy Roman die?*

DRYDEN.

*Thro' Perspectives revers'd they Nature view,
Which gives the Passions Images, not true.
Strephon for Strephon sighs; and Sapho dies,
Shot to the Soul by brighter Sapho's Eyes:
No wonder then their wand'ring Passions roam,
And feel not Nature, whom they've overcome.
For shame! let genial Love prevail agen,
You Beaus love Ladies, and you Ladies Men.*

SHAKESPEARE.

*These Crimes unknown, in our less polish'd Age,
Now seem above Correction of the Stage;
Less heinous Faults our Justice does pursue;
To day we punish a Stock-jobbing Jew:
A piece of Justice, terrible and strange;
Which, if pursued, would make a thin Exchange.*

The

PROLOGUE.

*The Law's Defect, the juster Muse supplies,
'Tis only we can make you Good and Wise,
Whom Heav'n spares, the Poet will chastise.
These Scenes in their rough Native Dress were mine,
But now improv'd, with nobler Lustre shine;
The first rude Sketches Shakespeare's Pencil drew,
But all the shining Master-Stroaks are new.
This Play, ye Critics, shall your Fury stand,
Adorn'd and rescu'd by a faultless Hand.*

DRYDEN.

*I long endeavour'd to support thy Stage;
With the faint Copies of thy Nobler Rage,
But toyl'd in vain for an Ungenerous Age.
They starv'd me living; nay, deny'd me Fame,
And scarce now dead, do Justice to my Name.
Wou'd you repent? Be to my Ashes kind,*
Indulge the Pledges I have left behind.*

* The Profits of this Play were given to Mr. Dryden's Son.





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Bassania,</i>	} Gentlemen of <i>Ve-</i>	} <i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
<i>Antonio,</i>		
<i>Gratiano,</i>	Their Companion,	<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
<i>Lorenzo,</i>	In Love with <i>Jessica,</i>	<i>Mr. Baily.</i>
<i>Shylock,</i>	The Jew,	<i>Mr. Dogget.</i>
Duke of <i>Venice,</i>		<i>Mr. Harris.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Portia,</i>	A Rich Heiress,	<i>Mrs. Bracegirdle</i>
<i>Nerissa,</i>	Her Friend,	<i>Mrs. Bowman,</i>
<i>Jessica,</i>	Daughter to the Jew,	<i>Mrs. Porter.</i>

Officers belonging to the Court of Justice,
Servants and Attendants, Men and
Women.

S C E N E *Venice.*

T H E



THE
JEW of Venice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and Lorenzo.

Ant.



HOLD the World, but as a Stage, *Gratiano*,
' Where every Man must play some cer-
tain Part,

And mine's a serious one.

Grat. Laughter and Mirth be mine,

Why should a Man, whose Blood is warm and young,
Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Alabaster !
Sleep, when he wakes, and creep into the Jaundice,
By being peevish ! I tell thee what, *Antonio*,
I love thee, and it is my Love that speaks ;
There are a sort of Men, whose Visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing Pond ;
And do a wilful Stillness entertain,

H 3

' Skrewing

175 *The J E W of Venice.*

* Skrewing their Faces in a Politic Form
 * To cheat Observers with a false Opinion
 Of Wildom, Gravity, profound Conceit;
 As who should say, I am, Sir, an Oracle.
 Oh my *Antonio*, I do know of these,
 Who therefore only are reputed Wise,
 For saying nothing; But more of this
 Another time. * Let you and I, *Lorenzo*,
 * Take a short turn: Once more, my Friends, be merry.
 * All have their Follies, merry Fools are best.
 * *Lorenzo* come, Sir Gravities, farewell,
 I'll end my Exhortation after Dinner.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*]

Bassa. *Gratiano* speaks an infinite deal of nothing;
 More than any Man in all *Venice*. His Reasons
 Are two Grains of Wheat, hid in two Bushels of Chaff,
 You may seek all day e'er you find 'em, and when
 You have 'em, they are not worth the Search.

Anto. Well, tell me now, what Lady is the same
 To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage,
 That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Bassa. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,
 How much I have disabled my Estate
 By something showing a more swelling Port
 Than my faint Means would grant continuance;
 Nor would I now make suit to be abridg'd
 From such a noble Rate; but my chief Care
 Is to come fairly off, from the great Debts
 Wherein my Time, something too prodigal,
 Has left me bound. To you, *Antonio*,
 I owe the most in Money and in Love.

Anto. * My Friend can owe me nothing; we are one,
 * The Treasures I possess, are but in Truſt,
 * For him I love. Speak freely your Demand,
 And if it stand, as you your self still do,
 Within the Eye of Honour, be assur'd,
 My Purſe, my Perſon, my extreameſt Means,
 * Are all my Friend's.

Bassa.

Bassa. In my School-days, when I had lost one Shaft,
I shot his Fellow of the self-same Flight,
The self-same way, with more advis'd Regard,
And by advent'ring both, I oft found both.
I owe you much, and like a Prodigal,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another Arrow, that self-same way
Which you did shoot the first: I do not doubt,
As I will watch the Aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter Hazard back again,
And thankfully rest Debtor for the first.

Anto. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my Love with Circumstance.
' Believe me, my *Bassanio*, 'tis more wrong
' Thus to delay the Service of your Friend,
Than if you had made waste of all I have;
' Is this to be a Friend? With blushing Cheek,
' With down-cast Eyes, and with a fault'ring Tongue,
' We sue to those we doubt: Friendship is plain,
' Artless, familiar, confident and free.
' Ask then as you would grant, were your's the Pow'r,
' Were your's the Pow'r, so would I ask of you;
' No longer hesitate. Give me to know
' What you would have me do, and think it done.

Bass. ' Then briefly thus. In *Belmont* is a Lady
Immensely rich, and yet more fair than rich,
' And virtuous as she's fair; sometimes from her Eyes
I have receiv'd kind speechless Messages.
Her Name is *Portia*: You have heard her Fame,
From the four Corners of the World; the Winds
Blow in from every Coast adoring Crowds;
The watry Kingdom, whose ambitious Head
Spits in the Face of Heaven, is no Bar
' To æmulous Love, as o'er a Brook they come
' To Anchor at her Heart: Her Sunny Locks
Hang on her Temples, like a golden Fleece,
For which these many *Jasons* sail in Quest.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the Means
To hold a Rival-Place with one of 'em!

Anto. 'The Means be thine, if I can find the Means;
 My present Fortunes are, thou know'st, at Sea.
 No Money, nor Commodity is left me
 'To raise immediate Sums. Therefore go forth,
 Try what my Credit can in *Venice* do;
 It shall be rack'd even to the uttermost
 'To furnish thy Desires: 'Nay, no set Speech
 'Of formal Thanks, which I must blush to hear.
 Go, presently enquire: and so will I,
 Where Money is: 'In Friendship, who receives,
 'Obliges, by Acceptance, him that gives. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to *Belmont.*

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Port. In short, *Nerissa*, my little Body is weary of this Great World.

Neriss. It might indeed, if your Wants were as great as your

Plenty. For ought I see, they are as sick, who surfeit With too much, as those who starve with too little;
 'From whence I conclude, That Happiness is seated in
 'The Mean: Superfluity brings Care, Care both
 'Robs us of our Time, and shortens our Days;
 But Competency is the easiest and the longest Liver.

'*Port.* Good Sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Neriss. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Port. It is a good Divine, who follows his own Teaching;

I could easier instruct Twenty, what were good to do,
 Than be One of the Twenty, to follow my own Instruction.

The Brain may devise Laws for the Blood; 'but the Hot
 'Part will be sure to get the better of the Cold; but what
 Is all this to my choosing a Husband? Ah me! the Word
 Choose: I am neither to choose whom I like, nor

Refuse

Refuse whom I dislike; so is the Pleasure of a
Living Daughter, restrain'd by the Will of a dead
Father. Was ever Woman ty'd to such hard Laws,
' *Nerissa*, neither to choose, nor refuse?

Neriff. Your Father was ever virtuous, and holy Men at
Their Deaths have often good Inspirations; wherefore
In this Lottery, which he dying devis'd, in these three
Caskets of Gold, Silver and Lead, whereof who
Chooses his Meaning, chooses you; I have Superstition
' Enough to believe the Benefit Lot is destin'd for
' The best Deserver.

' Love is at best but a Lottery to all,
' Your Case looks different, but is in Effect the same
' With the rest of the World: For it is Fortune that
' Always decides——

And now pray discover to whom of this Retinue of
Suitors

Stand your Affections most inclin'd,

' Never was Woman so surrounded as you are.

Port. ' *Penelope* was but a poor Princess to *Portia*;
But come, out with your List; Read me the Names,
And according as I describe, guess at my Inclinations.

Neriff. ' What a long List is here! Alas for poor Men;
' that

' Among so many, but one can be happy!

Port. ' Alas for poor Women, that when she might
' have so

' Many, she must have but one! But come, a Truce

' To moral Reflections: Read, read.

Neriff. *Imprimis*, here in the Front, stands Monsieur
Le Comte,

Your French Lover.

Port. ' Of himself thou mean'st: He has more Tricks
' than

' A Baboon: If my Bird sings, he strait falls a capering;
He will fence with his own Shadow; ' nor is his Tongue

' Less nimble than his Heels; I would as soon marry
' My Squirrel, or my Monkey.

Neriff. What think you then of your *Englishman*, he comes next.

Port. ' *The Frenchman's Ape* : No, give me an Original,
Whatever he be. The Ape of an Ape must needs be a strange Monster.

Neriff. ' *Myn Heer van Gutts*, the *Dutchman*, how like you him?

Port. Very vilely in the Morning, when he is sober; and
More vilely in the Afternoon, when he is drunk;
At best, he is worse than a Man; and at worst, no better

Than a Beast: I will do any thing, *Neriffa*, e'er I'll Be marry'd to a Sponge.

Neriff. For any thing I find, this Lottery is not like to be
Fair drawn: For if he should choose the right Casket, You'll refuse to perform your Father's Will.

Port. Therefore, I prithee, set a Bumper of Rhenish On the contrary Casket; for if the Devil be within, And the Temptation without, I know he will Choose it.

' *La Signora Gutts* ! oh hideous ! what

' A Sound will there be in the Mouth of an

' *Italian* !

Enter Servant.

Serv. Some of the Strangers, Madam, desire to take Their leaves; and there are others just arriv'd, and Alighting at the Gate.

Port. Would some one would come, to whom I could bid

Welcome, as heartily, as I can bid all these Farewel.

' There is a Man, *Neriffa*, such a Man! but what we wish,

' Either never arrives, or is always longest in coming:

Fellow

Fellow, go before: *Nerissa*, come; while we shut
Out one Lover, another knocks at the Gate.

Neriff. This Lottery will certainly be drawn full.

[*Exeunt*.]

Scene returns to *Venice*.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock the Jew.

Shyl. Three thousand Ducats. Well.

Bassa. Ay Sir, for three Months.

Shyl. For three Months. Well.

Bassa. And as I told you, *Antonio* will be bound.

Shyl. *Antonio* bound. Well.

Bassa. Will you oblige me, shall I know your Answer?

Shyl. Three thousand Ducats for three Months, and
Antonio bound!

Bassa. Your Answer to that?

Shyl. *Antonio* is a good Man.

Bassa. Have you heard any Imputation to the contrary?

Shyl. No, no, no; my Meaning in saying he is a good
Man, is to have you understand that I think him
A sufficient Man. 'When a Man is rich, we say
'He is a good Man,

'As on the contrary, when he has nothing, we say,

'A poor Rascal: 'Tis the Phrase, 'tis the Phrase. Let me

'Consider, one Argosy from *Tripoli*, another to the *Indies*,

A third a *Mexico*; I understand moreover a fourth

For *England*. And other Ventures he has, scatter'd

Abroad; but Ventures are but Ventures, Ships are

But Plants, Sailors but Men: There are Land-Rats

And Water-Rats, Water-Thieves and Land-Thieves;

And then there is the Peril of Waters, Winds and Rocks.

The Man notwithstanding is a sufficient Man. Three
thousand

Ducats—humph—I think I may venture to take his
Bond.

Bassa. Be assur'd you may.

H 6

Shyl.

Shyl. I will be assur'd; and that I may be assur'd, I will bethink

Me: Where may I speak with *Antonio*?

Bassa. If you will please to dine with us.

Shyl. Yes, to smell Pork, to eat of the Habitation which Your Prophet conjur'd the Devil into. I will buy With you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, And so forth,—but I will neither eat with you, drink With you, nor pray with you, that's flat.

Enter Antonio.

Bassa. Here is Seignior *Antonio*.

Shyl. aside.] How like a fawning Publican he looks! I hate him, for he is a Christian. But more, for that in low Simplicity He lends out Money *Gratis*, and brings down The Rate of Usance, here with us in *Venice*. If I could catch him once upon the Hip, I would feed fat the antient Grudge I bear him. He hates our Sacred Nation; and he rails Even there, where Merchants most do congregate, On me, my Bargains, and my well-worn Thrift, Which he calls Interest: Curst be my Tribe, If I forgive him. ———

Bassa. *Shylock*, do you hear?

Shyl. I was debating of my private Stock: And if my Computation's right, I cannot instantly raise up the Gross Of full three thousand Ducats, what of that? *Tubal*, a wealthy Hebrew of our Tribe Shall furnish me; but soft! How many Months Is't you desire?

Rest you fair, good Seignior,
You were the last Man in our Mouths.

Anto. *Shylock*, altho' I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking or by giving of Excess,
Yet to supply my Friend, I'll break a Custom:
Is he yet resolv'd, how much will serve?

Shyl.

Shyl. Ay, ay, Three thousand Ducats.

Anto. And for three Months.

Shyl. I had forgot, three Months, he told me so ;
Well then, your Bond. But soft a little, methoughts
You said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon Advantage.

Anto. I do never use it.

Shyl. When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Laban's* Sheep,
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was,
As his wife Mother wrought on his behalf,
The third Possessor, ay ——— he was the Third.

Anto. And what of him ? Did he take Interest ?

Shyl. No, not as you would say, directly Interest —
' You know the Story. 'Twas a way to thrive.
' And he was blest : For Gain is Blessing,
So Men steal it not.

Anto. Was this inserted to make Interest good ?

Shyl. Note, my good Seignior !

Anto. Mark you this, *Bassanio*.

The Devil can cite Scripture for a Turn,
An evil Soul producing holy Witness
Is like a Villain, with a smiling Cheek.
Oh, what a goodly Outside Falshood wears !

Shyl. Seignior *Antonio*, many a time and oft
On the *Ryalto* have you rated me,
About my Monies and my Usances ;
Still have I born it with a patient Shrug,
For Sufferance is the Badge of all our Tribe.

You call me Misbeliever, Cut-throat Dog,
And spit upon my Jewish Gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help :

Go to then, — you come to me, and you say
Shylock, we would have Monies ;
You that did void your Rheum upon my Beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger Cur
Over your Threshold : Money is your Suit,
What should I answer ? Should I not say,
Has a Dog Money ? Can a Cur

Lend

Lend three thousand Ducats? Or shall I bend down low,
 And in a Bondman's Key, with softned Voice,
 And whispering Humbleness,—— Say thus!
 Fair Sir, on *Wednesday* last, you spit on me,
 You spurn'd me such a Day, another time
 You call'd me Dog, and for these Courtesies
 I'll lend you so much Monies.

Anto. I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this Money, lend it not
 As to thy Friend; for when did Friendship take
 A breed of sordid Mettal of his Friend!
 But lend it rather as to thy Enemy,
 Who, if he fails, thou may'st with better Face,
 Exact the Penalty.

Shyl. Why, look you, how you storm,
 I would be Friends with you, and have your Love
 Forget the Shames that you have stain'd me with,
 Supply your present Wants, and take no Debt
 Of Usance for my Monies——And you'll
 Not hear me,——' Were this Offer kind?

Bassa. This were Kindness.

Shyl. This Kindness will I shew; nay more, I'll take
Antonio's single Bond: And that we may henceforth

' Be Friends, no Penalty will I exact

' But this, meerly for Mirth——

If you repay me not on such a Day, in such a Place,
 Such Sum or Sums as are express'd——Be this
 The Forfeiture.

' Let me see, What think you of your Nose,

' Or of an Eye——or of ——a pound of Flesh

' To be cut off, and taken from what Part

Of your Body——I shall think fit to name.

' Thou art too portly, Christian!

' Too much pamper'd——What say you then

' To such a merry Bond?

Anto. The Jew grows witty; I'll seal to such a Bond,
 And say there is much Kindness in the Jew.

Bassa.

Bassa You shall not seal to such a Bond——
 ' There is some Trick, some farther Fetch in this ;
 You shall not seal to such a Bond for me.

Anto. Fear not, my Friend, within two Months, that is
 A Month before the Bond expires, I expect Returns
 Of thrice three times the Value of this Bond.

Shyl. O Father *Abraham*, what these Christians are !
 Whose own hard Dealings teach 'em to suspect
 The Truth of others. Pray tell me should he fail
 His Day,—what should I get by the Exaction
 Of the Penalty? A pound of Man's Flesh ?
 Nor to be sold nor eaten.——

To buy his Favour, I propose these Terms,
 Such as I thought could bear no wrong
 Construction; but since you're so suspicious,
 Fare you well.

[*Going.*

Anto. Stay *Shylock*, I will seal as you propose.

Shyl. Then meet me at the Notary's, [*Returning.*
 Give him Directions to prepare the Bond,
 In the mean time, I'll fetch the Ducats ;
 See to my House, lest some unthrifty Knave
 Be on the Guard ! Christian, thy Hand,
 I'll presently be with you. [*Exit Jew.*

Anto. Thou'rt now a very gentle Jew.
 This Hebrew will turn Christian, he grows kind.

Bassa. I like not yet the Terms,
 ' A Villain, when he most seems kind,
 ' Is most to be suspected.

Anto. There is not the least Danger, nor can be,
 ' Or if there were, what is a pound of Flesh,
 ' What my whole Body, every Drop of Blood,
 ' To purchase my Friend's Quiet ! Heav'n still is good
 ' To those who seek the Good of others : Come

Bassanio,
 ' Be chearful, for 'tis lucky Gold we borrow :
 ' Of all the Joys that generous Minds receive,
 ' The noblest is, the God-like Power to give.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Shylock and Jessica.

Shyl. **I** Am bid forth to Supper, *Jessica*,
 There are my Keys; but wherefore should I go?
 I am not bid for Love: They flatter me,
 But then I'll go in Hate to feed upon
 The Prodigal Christian.
 I am right loath to go, there is some ill
 A brewing towards me! I dreamt last Night
 Of Money-bags. *Jessica*! my Girl, look to my House,
 They say, there will be Masques: Hear you me, *Jessica*,
 Lock up my Doors—And when you hear the Drum,
 Or the vile Squealing of the wry-neck'd Fyfe,
 Clamber not you up to the Casement then,
 Nor thrust your Head into the publick Streets,
 To gaze on Christian Fools, with varnish'd Faces;
 But stop the Windows close; nor look, nor listen,
 Let not the Sound of shallow Foppery enter
 My sober House. By *Jacob's* Staff I swear,
 I have no mind of feasting forth to Night:
 Well, *Jessica*,—go in,—perhaps I will return
 Immediately. Do as I bid you, shut Doors after
 You. Fast bind, fast find. [*Exit Shylock.*

Jess. Alas! what Sin is it in me
 To be asham'd to be my Father's Child?
 ' But how can he be said to have given me Life;
 ' Who never suffer'd me to know,
 ' What 'tis to live. O *Lorenzo*!

Keep

The JEW of Venice.

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' Keep but thy Word to Night, and thou shalt be
' A Father, and a Husband, both to me.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lorenzo and Gratiano.

Loren. Here she directs

How I shall take her from her Father's House.
What Gold and Jewels she is furnish'd with,
And how she'll be disguis'd ; Oh 'tis the kindest
Creature : If e'er the Jew her Father comes to Heav'n,
It must be for his gentle Daughter's sake.
Oh never may Misfortune cross her Foot,
For that she is the Issue of a Jew.

' *Grat.* Young, handsome, willing, with Gold and
' Jewels to Boot !
' Plague on't, when shall I have such Luck ?

Enter Jessica, in the Balcony.

Jess. Who are you ? Tell me for more Certainty,
Albeit I swear that I do know your Voice,
I love the Repetition of your Name.

Lor. Lorenzo and thy Love.

Jess. Lorenzo certain, and my Love indeed ;
For who love I so much ? But ah, who knows
But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

Lor. Heav'n and thy Thoughts are Witness that thou
art.

Jess. Here, catch this Casket, it is worth the Pains,
I'm glad 'tis Night ; you look, but cannot see me,
For I am much ashamed of what I am,
' But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot see
' The Follies that themselves commit.

Lor. Come down, my Love !

Jess. I will make fast the Doors, and gild my self
With some few Ducats more, and then be with you.

[*Exit.*]

Grat. Now, by my Soul, a Gentile, and no Jew,
' She robs her Father with a Christian's Grace.

Lor.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her from my Soul!
 For she is Fair, or else my Eyes are false;
 And true she is. What Proofs could she give more?
 ' And Oh she's kind; she loves me, and I love.
 ' A greater Bliss, scarce Heav'n it self can boast,
 ' Than mutual Love.

Enter Jessica, shutting the Door after her.

' *Jess.* Shut Doors after you; fast bind, fast find,
 ' These were his last Words: Thus I avoid the
 ' Curse of Disobedience; Be thou shut till I
 ' Open thee.

' *Lor.* So whilst old *Laban* snor'd in Bed,
 ' *Jacob* with sprightly *Rachel* fled.
 ' *Jess.* His Gold, and Gems of Price they took,
 ' And eke the Flower of every Flock.

[*Holds up a Bag.*

' *Lor.* But not one precious Thing was there
 ' That could with *Jessica* compare.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Fye, fye, my Friends, why do you loyter thus!
Gratiano and *Lorenzo*, for Shame make haste:
Bassanio frets, that you are wanting,
 He has sent twenty times to look you out.

' *Grat.* Matters of State, *Antonio*, Matters of State,
 ' A Rape and a Robbery: Matters of State,
 ' Matters of State, *Antonio*.

Ant. Away, away, for Shame.

[*Exit.*

Lor. Farewel *Gratiano*: Excuse me to *Bassanio*.
 Come *Jessica*, this must be your way and mine.

[*Exeunt.*

' *Grat.* Jew, Turk and Christian, differ but in Creed;
 ' In way of Wickedness, they're all agreed:
 None upward clears the Road. They part and cavil,
 But all jog on—unnerring, to the Devil.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene opens, and discovers Bassanio, Antonio, Shylock, and others, sitting, as at an Entertainment. Musick playing: During the Musick, Gratiano enters, and takes his Place.

‘ *Anto.* This to immortal Friendship; fill it up —
 ‘ Be thou to me, and I to my *Bassanio*,
 ‘ Like *Venice* and her *Adriatick* Bride,
 ‘ For ever link’d in Love.

‘ *Bassa.* Thou joyn’st us well : And rightly hast compar’d;
 ‘ Like *Venice* on a Rock, my Friendship stands
 ‘ Constant and fix’d; but ’tis a barren Spot;
 ‘ Whilst like the liberal *Adriatick*, thou
 ‘ With Plenty bath’st my Shoars —
 ‘ My Fortunes are the Bounty of my Friend.

‘ *Anto.* My Friend’s the noblest Bounty of my Fortune.
 ‘ Sound every Instrument of Musick there,
 ‘ To our immortal Friendship.

[*All drink. Loud Musick.*

‘ *Bassa.* Let Love be next, what else should
 ‘ Follow Friendship?
 ‘ To Love, and to Love’s Queen; my charming *Portia*,
 ‘ Fill; till the rosy Brim reflects her Lips;
 ‘ Then Kiss the Symbol round:
 ‘ Oh, in this Lottery of Love, where Chance
 ‘ Not Choice presides: Give, give, ye Powers, the Lot,
 ‘ Where she her self would place it: Crown her wish,
 ‘ Tho’ Ruin and Perdition catch *Bassanio*:
 ‘ Let me be wretched, but let her be blest.

[*Drink, and Musick again.*

‘ *Grat.* Mine’s a short Health: Here’s to the Sex in
 ‘ general;
 ‘ To Woman; be she Black, or Brown, or Fair;
 ‘ Plump, Slender, Tall, or Middle-statur’d —
 ‘ Let it be Woman; and ’tis all I ask.

[*Drink again, Musick as before.*

‘ *Shyl.*

* *Shyl.* I have a Miltrefs, that out-shines 'em all—
 ' Commanding yours——and yours tho' the whole Sex:
 ' O may her Charms encrease and multiply?
 ' My Money is my Miltrefs! Here's to
 ' Interest upon Interest. [Drinks.]

* *Anto.* Let Birds and Beasts of Pray howl to such Vows,

' All generous Notes be hush'd: Pledge thy self, Jew:
 ' None here will stir the Glas—— [All rise.]
 ' Nor shall the Musick sound: O *Bassanio*!
 ' There sits a Heaviness upon my Heart
 ' Which Wine cannot remove: I know not
 But Musick ever makes me thus.

Bassa. The Reason is, your Spirits are attentive:
 For do but note, a wild and wanton Herd
 Or Race of skittish and unhandled Colts
 Fetching mad Bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
 If they but hear by Chance some Trumpet sound,
 Or any Air of Musick touch their Ears,
 You strait perceive 'em make a mutual stand,
 Their savage Eyes turn'd to attentive Gaze,
 By the soft Power of Musick: Therefore the Poet
 Did feign, that *Orpheus* melted Stones and Rocks:
 For what so hard, so stubborn, or so fierce,
 But Musick for the Time will change its Nature.
 The Man, who has not Musick in his Soul,
 Or is not touch'd with Concord of sweet Sounds,
 Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems and Spoils.
 The Motions of his Mind are dull as Night,
 And his Affections dark as *Erebus*,
 Let no such Man be trusted.—Mark the Musick.





Peleus and Thetis.

A MASQUE, Set to MUSICK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Peleus, in Love with Thetis, by the Assistance of Proteus obtains her Favour; but Jupiter interposing, Peleus in Despair consults Prometheus, famous for his Skill in Astrology; upon whose Prophecy, that the Son born of Thetis should prove greater than his Father, Jupiter desists. The Prophecy was afterward verif'd in the Birth of Achilles, the Son of Thetis by Peleus.

PERSONS in the MASQUE.

Jupiter. Prometheus. Peleus. Thetis.

Prometheus appears upon Mount Caucasus chain'd to a Rock, with the Vulture at his Breast. Peleus enters, addressing himself to Prometheus.

Pel. **C** Ondemn'd on Caucasus to lie,
Still to be dying, not to die,
With certain Pain, uncertain of Relief,
True Emblem of a wretched Lover's Grief!
To whose inspecting Eye 'tis given
To view the Planetary Way,
To penetrate Eternal Day,
And to revolve the Starry Heav'n.

To

To thee, *Prometheus*, I complain,
And bring a Heart as full of Pain.

Prom. From *Jupiter* spring all our Woes,
 Thetis is *Jove's*, who once was thine ;
'Tis vain, O *Peleus*, to oppose
 Thy Torturer—and mine.
Contented with Despair,
 O wretched Man ! resign
Whom you adore, or else prepare
 For change of Torments, great as mine,
'Tis vain, O *Peleus*, to oppose
 Thy Torturer and mine.

Pel. In change of Torment wou'd be Ease;
 Cou'd you divine what Lovers bear,
Even you, *Prometheus*, wou'd confess
 There is no Vulture like Despair.

Prom. Cease, cruel Vulture, to devour.

Pel. Cease, cruel *Thetis*, to disdain.

Thetis enters.

The. *Peleus*, unjustly you complain.

Prom. Cease, cruel Vulture, to devour.

Pel. Cease, cruel *Thetis*, to disdain.

The. *Peleus*, unjustly you complain,

 The Gods, alas ! no Refuge find
From Ills resistless Fates ordain :

 I still am true—And wou'd be kind.

Pel. To love and to languish,

 To sigh and complain,

How killing's the Anguish,

 How tormenting the Pain!

Suing,

Suing,
Pursuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the Curse of Disdain,
How tormenting the Pain!
To Love, &c.

The. Accursed Jealousy!
Thou Jaundice in the Lover's Eye,
Thro' which all Objects false we see,
Accursed Jealousy!
Thy Rival, *Peless*, rules the Sky,
Yet so I prize thy Love,
With *Peless* I would chuse to die,
Rather than live with *Jove*.

[*Jupiter appears descending.*]

But see, the mighty Thunderer's here;
Tremble, *Peless*, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, *Peless*, tremble, fly.

A full CHORUS of all the Voices and Instruments while Jupiter is descending.

CHORUS.

But see, the mighty Thunderer's here;
Tremble, *Peless*, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, *Peless*, tremble, fly.

[*Jupiter*

[*Jupiter being descended.*]

Jup. Presumptuous Slave, Rival to *Jove*,
How dar'st thou, Mortal, thus defy
A Goddess with audacious Love,
And irritate a God with Jealousy?
Presumptuous Mortal, hence ——
Tremble at Omnipotence.

Pel. Arm'd with Love, and *Thetis* by,
I fear no Odds
Of Men or Gods,
But *Jove* himself defy.
Jove, lay thy Thunder down,
Arm'd with Love, and *Thetis* by,
There is more Terror in her Frown,
And fiercer Lightning in her Eye:
I fear no Odds
Of Men or Gods,
But *Jove* himself defy.

Jup. Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder;
Haste, ye *Cyclops*, with your forked Rods,
This Rebel Love braves all the Gods
And every Hour by Love is made
Some Heav'n-defying Encelade.
[Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.
Pel. and The. *Jove* may kill, but ne'er shall funder.
Jup. Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.
Pel. and The. *Jove* may kill, but ne'er shall funder.

The. Thy Love still arm'd with Fate
Is dreadful as thy Hate :

O might it prove to me,
So gentle *Peleus* were but free,
O might it prove to me
As fatal as to lost consuming *Semile* !
Thy Love still arm'd with Fate
Is dreadful as thy Hate.

Prom. Son of *Saturn*, take Advice
From one, whom thy severe Decree
Has furnish'd Leisure to grow wise :
Thou rul'st the Gods, but Fate rules thee.
Whoe'er th' immortal Maid compressing
Shall taste the Joy, and reap the Blessing,
Thus th' unerring Stars advise :
From that auspicious Night an Heir shall rise
Paternal Glories to outshine,
And be the greatest of his Line.

Jup. Shall then the Son of *Saturn* be undone,
Like *Saturn*, by an impious Son !
Justly th' impartial Fates conspire,
Dooming that Son to be the Sire
Of such another Son.
Conscious of Ills that I have done,
My Fears to Prudence shall advise,
And Guilt that made me Great, shall make me Wise.
The fatal Blessing I resign ; [*Giving her to Peleus.*
Peleus, take the Maid divine :
Jove consenting, she is thine ;
The fatal Blessing I resign.

Pel. Heav'n had been lost, had I been *Jove*;
There is no Heav'n like mutual Love.

Jup. to Prom. And thou, the Stars Interpreter,
'Tis just I set thee free
Who giv'st me Liberty :
Arise and be thy self a Star.
'Tis just I set thee Free,
Who giv'st me Liberty.

[The Vulture drops dead at the Feet of Prometheus, his Chains fall off, and he is born up to Heaven with Jupiter, to a loud Flourish of all the Music.]

Pel. Fly, fly to my Arms, to my Arms,
Goddess of Immortal Charms !
To my Arms, to my Arms, fly, fly,
Goddess of transporting Joy !
But to gaze
On thy Face,
Thy gentle Hand thus pressing,
Is heav'nly, heav'nly Blessing.
O my Soul !
Whither, whither art thou flying,
Lost in sweet tumultuous dying ?
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my Soul !

The. You tremble, *Peleus*—So do I :
'Ah stay, and we'll together die.
Immortal, and of Race Divine,
My Soul shall take her Flight with thine :
Life dissolving in Delight,
Heaving Breasts, and swimming Sight,
Falt'ring Speech, and gasping Breath,
Symptoms of delicious Death ;

Life

Life dissolving in Delight,
My Soul is ready for the Flight.

O my Soul !

Whither, whither art thou flying,
Lost in sweet tumultuous dying ?

Whither, whither art thou flying,

O my Soul !

Pel. and Thetis } O my Soul, &c.
repeat together,

CHORUS of all the Instruments and Voices
Singing and Dancing.

When the Storm is blown over,
How blest is the Swain,
Who begins to discover
An end of his Pain ?

When the Storm, &c.

' *Anto*, With such an Air of true Magnificence,
' My noble-minded Brother treats his Friends :
' As hardly has been known to *Italy*,
' Since *Pompey* and *Lucullus* entertain'd.
' To frame thy Fortunes ample as thy Mind,
' New Worlds should be created.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The Master of the Ship sends word the Wind is
Come about : And he desires you would haste Aboard.

Bassa, turning to Ant. ' Oh my lov'd Friend ! 'till now
' I never knew

' The Pangs of parting Friendship.
' At distance I have tasted of the Pain,
' When the rude Morn has sunder'd us away

- To our Repose : But, by my Soul, I swear
- Even then my Eyes would drop a silent Tear,
- Repugnant still to close, and shut out thee.
- *Anto.* You go for your Advantage, and that Thought
- Shall keep *Antonio* comforted.
- *Bassa.* The Traject is from hence to *Belmont* short,
- And Letters may come daily : Such Intercourse
- Is all the Cordial absent Friends enjoy :
- Fail not in that. Your Trouble shall be short,
- I will return with the best speed I can.
- *Anto.* Be not too hasty, my *Bassanio*, neither ;
- Slubber not Business for my sake, my Friend,
- But stay the very ripening of thy Love.
- Be gay, assiduous, and employ such Arts
- As best incline the Fair : Love is not seiz'd, but won ;
- Hard is the Labour ; you must plant and prune,
- And watch occasion just : This Fruit is nice,
- 'Twill promise Wonders, and grow fairly up ;
- Seem hopeful to the Eye, look ripe, and then
- A sudden Blast spoils all.

Enter another Servant.

- *Serv.* The Master of the Ship has sent again.
- *Bassa.* One more Embrace : To those who know,
- not Friendship
- This may appear unmanly Tendernefs ;
- But 'tis the Frailty of the bravest Minds.
- *Anto.* I ask but this, *Bassanio* ;
- Give not your Heart so far away,
- As to forget your Friend.
- Come, all is ready ; I must hasten you.
- *Grat.* If you were ready to part,
- 'Tis all we stay for now.
- *Bassa.* *Shylock*, thy Hand, be gentle to my Friend,
- Fear not thy Bond, it shall be justly paid,
- We soon shall meet again,
- Always, I hope, good Friends.
- Oh my *Antonio* ! 'tis hard, tho' for a Moment,

To

- ‘ To lose the sight of what we love.
 ‘ *Shyl. aside.*] These two Christian Fools put me in
 ‘ mind
 ‘ Of my Money: Just so loath am I to part with that.
 ‘ *Bassa.* Gratiano, lead the way: *Shylock*, once more
 ‘ farewell.
 ‘ We must not part, but at the Ship, *Antonio*:
 ‘ Lovers and Friends, should they for Ages stay,
 ‘ Would still find something left, that they would say.
 [Exit.



ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Portia, Bassanio, Nerissa, Gratiano, and
 their Train. Nerissa and Gratiano discourse
 apart.*

Bassa. **W**HY if two Gods should play some
 Heav'nly Match,
 And on the Wager lay two earthly Beauties,
 And *Portia* one, there must be something more
 Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude World
 Has not her equal: but alas, the while
 Should *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at Dice,
 Who were the better Man? The greater Throw
 Might turn by Fortune from the weaker Hand:
 So were a Giant worsted by a Dwarf;
 And so may I, having no Guide but Chance,
 ‘ Miss that, which one unworthier may obtain,
 ‘ And die with the Despair.

Port. Therefore forbear to chuse, pause for a while,
 Before you hazard; for in chusing wrong
 You lose for ever: Therefore, I pray forbear;
 For something tells me, but it is not Love,
 I would not lose you: I could teach you
 How to chuse right: but then I am forsworn,
 So will I never be.

‘ Yet should you miss me,
 ‘ I should repent that I was not forsworn;
 ‘ For oh, what heavier Curse for Perjury
 ‘ Could Heav’n provide, than losing all my Hope?
 I speak too much; tho’ Thought will have no bound,
 ‘ A Virgin’s Tongue should shame to hint a Thought,
 ‘ At which a Virgin’s Cheek should blush.
 Think it not Love, yet think it what you please,
 So you defer a Month or two,
 ‘ For feign I would detain you as a Friend,
 ‘ Whom as a Lover I might lose,
 ‘ Should you persist to venture the rash throw.
 ‘ ’Tis better still to doubt, and still to hope,
 ‘ Than knowing of our Fates, to know
 ‘ That we have lost for ever.

‘ *Bassa.* Doubt is the worst Estate: ’Tis better once
 ‘ To die, than still to live in Pain.
 ‘ Desire is fierce, nor brooks the least delay.
 ‘ Fortune and Love befriend me: I’m resolv’d;
 My Life, and all my Earthly Happiness
 Sits on the Chance: Where may I find the Casket!

‘ *Port.* Yet, let me persuade you: If for your self
 ‘ You cannot fear, tremble for her——
 ‘ For her, to whom you have so often sworn,
 ‘ More than your self, you love her: Think! oh think!
 ‘ On *Portia*’s Fate: Who may not only lose
 ‘ The Man, by whom she wishes to be won,
 ‘ But being lost to him, remain expos’d
 ‘ To some new Choice; another must possess,
 ‘ What Chance denies to you. O fatal Law!
 ‘ Lost to each other were a cruel Doom,
 ‘ But ’tis our least Misfortune; I may live

‘ To be enjoy’d by one I hate. And you

‘ May live to see it.

‘ *Bassa*. To love, and to be lov’d, yet not possess,

‘ No greater Curse could be, but what thou fear’st,

‘ Yet I will on: With double Flames I burn,

‘ Knowing that *Portia* loves me; all my fear

‘ Was for her Love: Secure of that I go

‘ Secure of the Reward: Lead me to the Caskets.

Port. Away then, and find out where *Portia*’s lock’d:

‘ Thy Courage is an Omen of Success,

‘ If Love be just, he’ll teach thee where to chuse.

Nerissa, show him, since he is resolv’d,

The rest stand all aloft, whilst Musick plays

That if he lose, like Swans we may expire

In softer Harmony: But if he win

Ah what is Musick then? Then Musick is

Even as the Flourish, when true Subjects bow

To a new crown’d Monarch: Such it is,

As are those Dulcet Sounds at break of Day

That steal into the dreaming Bridegroom’s Ear

And summon him to Joy: See where he goes

With no less Presence, but with much more Love

Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem

The Virgin Tribute paid by weeping *Troy*,

To the Sea-Monster: I like the Victim stand,

The rest aloof, like the *Dardanian* Wives,

With blotted Visages come forth to view

The Issue of the Exploit. Go *Hercules*

‘ Love that inflames thy Heart inspire thy Eyes,

‘ To chuse aright where *Portia* is the Prize.

[*Portia and the rest stand at a distance observing soft*

Musick. Till re-enter Bassanio in each Hand a Casket.

Bassa. Who chuses me, shall get what he deserves,

The like Inscription bears this Silver Casket.

Shall get what he deserves; who chuse by outward show,

Entic’d by gilded Baits and flattering Forms,

Who look not to th’ Interiour: But like the Martlet,

Build in the Weather on the outward Wall,

Even in the force and road of Casualty,

What may their Merit be? Again let me consider.

[Walking about thinking.]

Grat. Take the Gold Man, or the Silver : Plague on't, Would I were to chuse for him.

Bassa. Shall get what he deserves : Let none presume Without the Stamp of Merit to obtain.
Oh that Estates, Degrees and Offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly ; and that clear Honour
Were purchas'd by the Merit of the Wearer,
How many than would cover who stand bare!
How many be commanded, who command!
How much low Peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true Seed of Honour ! And how much Honour
Pick'd from the Chaff and ruin of the Times,
To be new varnish'd : Let me not be rash,
There yet remains a Third : Well will I weigh
E're I resolve. *[Exit.]*

Grat. Take the Gold, I say ; pox on Lead ; what is
it good

For, but to make Bullets, 'tis the Image of
Death and Destruction.

Re-enter Bassanio with a Casket of Lead.

Bassa. The World is still deceiv'd with Ornament :
In Law, what Plea so tainted or corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious Voice,
And cover'd with fair specious Subtleties,
Obscures the show of Reason. ' In Religion
What damn'd Error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a Text.
There is no Vice so artless, but assumes
Some Mark of Virtue on its outward Parts,
Hiding the Grossness with fair Ornament.
How many Cowards with Livers white as Milk,
Have Backs of Brawn, and wear upon their Chins
The Beard of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*.
Look even on Beauty : What are those crisped Locks
That make such wanton Gambols with the Wind?
What but the Dowry of a second Head :

The

The Skull that bred 'em in the Sepulchre.

' Thus Ornament is as a beauteous Scarf

' Veiling Deformity. Therefore thou gaudy Gold,

Hard Food for *Midas*, I will have none of thee;

Nor none of thee, Silver, thou common Drudge;

' Twixt Man and Man. But thou, thou Meager Lead,

' Which rather threaten'st, than dost promise ought,

' Thy Sullenness moves more than Eloquence,

And here I fix: Joy be the Consequence.

' *Grat.* Undone, undone: I'll not stand to't, *Nerissa*. I'll

' Chuse for my self;

Port. aside] How all the other Passions fleet to Air,

As doubtful Thoughts, and rash, embrac'd Despair,

Tormenting Fears, and Green-ey'd Jealousy.

O Love! be moderate; allay this Extasy.

In measure pour thy Joy, stint this Excess;

I feel too much thy Blessing, make it less,

For fear I surfeit.

Bassa. What find I here?

[*Opening the Casket.*

The Portraiture of *Portia*.

What Demi-God has come so near Creation, move
these Eyes!

Or whether riding on the Balls of mine,

Seem they in Motion? Here are sever'd Lips,

Parted with sweetest Breath: ' The very odour

' Seems there express'd, and thus invites the Taste!

[*Kissing the Picture.*

And here again, here in her lovely Hair,

The Painter plays the Spider, and has woven

A Golden Snare, to catch the Hearts of Men:

' But then her Eyes!

' How could he gaze undazzled upon them,

' And see to imitate? Let me peruse the Motto.

' *Reads.*] Who chuses me; let him whose Fate it is,

' Turn to the Fair, and claim her with a Kiss.

A gentle Schrole: Fair Lady, by your leave,

I come by Note, to give and to receive,

Like one of two contending for a Prize,

Who thinks he has done well, looks round to mark

(Hearing Applause, and universal Shout)

Whether those Peals of Praise are meant to him :

So stands *Bassanio*, full of Hopes and Fears,

• Still anxious what to trust, and what believe,

• Till you confirm his Hopes.

• *Port.* Had Choice decided, and not only Chance.

• As Fortune has dispos'd me, so had I.

My self, and what is mine, to you and yours

Is now converted. But now I was the Lady

Of this fair Mansion, Mistress of these Servants,

Queen o'er my self, even now, and in a Moment

This House, these Servants, and my self their Queen,

Are yours, my Lord. I plight 'em with this Ring,

Which when you part from, lose or give away,

Let it preface the Ruin of your Love,

• And stand, as a Record, that you were false,

• A follower of my Fortunes not of me,

• And never meant me fair.

• *Bassa.* Die first, *Bassanio*. My Mistress, and my Queen,

• As absolute as ever shall you reign,

• Not as the Lord, but Vassal of your Charms,

• Not as a Conqueror, but Acquisition.

• Not one to lessen, but enlarge your Power,

• No more but this, the Creature of your Pleasure,

• As such receive the passionate *Bassanio*.

Oh there is that Confusion in my Powers,

As Words cannot express: But when this Ring

Parts from this Finger, then part Life from thence;

Then say, and be assur'd, *Bassanio's* dead.

[*Gratiano and Nerissa seem in earnest dispute.*

• *Grat.* I say, a Bargain's a Bargain, and I will have
• Justice.

• *Neriff.* I say, we drew Stakes.

• *Grat.* That was only in Case I had lost, Child.

Port. A Dispute between our Friends! what's the
matter, Cozen?

Grat. I'll tell you, Madam, the Matter in short, and you
shall be Judge;

' I happen'd to say to this Lady, that it was her De-
' stiny to

' Have me ; she consented to put it to Tryal, and agreed
' To be determin'd by the Choice, my Friend should
' make

' If he had you——I should have her ; and here

' Stand I to claim her Promise.

Port. Is this true *Nerissa* ?

' *Neriss.* Ay ! but he recanted, and said afterwards, he
' Would chuse for himself.

' *Grat.* Why sure so I can, now I know the right
' Casket.

' What sort of a Tramontane, do you take me to

' Be ? You are gone that way too, as I take it.

' *Neriss.* Then Madam, all my Hope is, that you
' won't let

' Me keep my Word.

' *Grat.* 'Tis false, to my certain Knowledge she hopes
Otherwise——*Nerissa* ! we'll play with 'em the first
Boy for a thousand Ducats.

' *Neriss.* Methinks this looks like the last Act of a
' Play.

' All Parties are agreed ; there remains nothing but

' To draw the Curtain, and put out the Lights.

' *Grat.* A good hint, my Love: Let you and I make
' our *Exit*

' About that same last Act, as you call it.

' *Bassa.* I rejoice, *Gratiano*, that my good Fortune

' Thus included yours.

' Oh that *Antonio* knew of our Success,

' It would o're-joy him. Prithee *Gratiano*,

' Send a special Messenger to *Venice*,

' To inform him of our Fortunes——

' *Shylock* shall now be paid, my Friend is safe,

' And Happiness, on every side surrounds us.

[*Gratiano* going out, meets *Lorenzo*, *Jessica*, and a
Servant from *Antonio* entering.]

Grat. *Lorenzo*, and his pretty Infidel,
Salerio too, *Antonio's* Servant: If I mistake him not,

' Look

* Look here, *Bassanio*; here is News from *Venice*.

Bassa. *Lorenzo*, Welcome! *Salerio* too! what News

* From my *Antonio*? Oh, 'tis the best of Friends!

Y'are welcome hither. By your Leave, my Love,
Tho' my Interest here be yet but young, I

Take upon me to bid my Friends most welcome.

Port. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.

Loren. We thank you, Madam: For my part, my Lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He needs would have me come.

Saler. I did my Lord desire it, and had a Reason for it:
Seignior *Antonio* commends him to you.

* *Bassa*. How does my Friend?

* *Saler*. This Letter will inform you.

[*Bassanio* reads to himself and seems concern'd.

Grat. *Nerissa*, bid this pretty Stranger welcome;
Your Hand, *Lorenzo*; and yours, *Salerio*.

What's the News from *Venice*? We are the *Fasors*
Who have won the Fleece: *Antonio* will rejoyce
At our Success.

Sal. Would you had won the Fleece which he has lost.

Port. There are some shrewd Contents in that same
Paper,

Which steal the Colour from *Bassanio*'s Cheek:

* Some great Misfortune sure: No common Cause

* Could thus disturb him at this time. Still worse and
worse.

With leave, *Bassanio*, I am half your self,

And freely must have half of any thing

That this same Letter brings you.

Bassa. O my *Portia*! here are a few of the most fatal
Words

That ever blotted Paper—

When I did first impart my Love, I told you

That all the Wealth I had ran in my Veins.

* When I said nothing, I should then have said

That I was worse than nothing: For indeed

I have engag'd my self to my best Friend;

Engag'd my Friend to his worst Enemy,

To

To feed my Fortunes. But is it true, *Salerio*?
Have all his Ventures fail'd? What! not one hit!
From *Tripoli*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Vessel scape!

Sal. Not one, my Lord.

Port. Is it your Friend who is thus troubled?

Bassa. The dearest Friend to me! the kindest Man!
The best condition'd, most unwearied Spirit
In doing Good; and one in whom
The ancient Roman Honour more appears.
' For liberal love and bounteous Courtesy,
' Than any that hath breath'd in *Italy*
' Since *Antony* and *Brutus*.

Port. What is the Sum?

Bassa. For me three thousand Ducats,
' Rais'd to transport me hither.

Port. What! no more!

' And rais'd on my Account. 'Tis then my Debt;
Pay him six thousand, double six thousand.
And then treble that, before a Friend should suffer,
Or lose a Hair thro' my *Bassanio's* Fault:
You shall away to *Venice* to your Friend;
For never shall you lie by *Portia's* side
With an unquiet Soul. You shall have Gold
To pay the petty Debt twenty times over.
Nerissa and my self mean while will live
As Maids and Widows. Let none reply,
' For I will have it thus.

' *Bassa.* O Love! O Friendship!

' Was ever Man thus tortur'd!

' *Grat.* What, not one quarter of an hour to pack up
' My Baggage?

' *Ner.* Whereabouts is the last Act now *Gratiano*?

' *Grat.* Faith Child, I have the Part ready,
' If I might have leave to play it.

' *Port.* Away ye Triflers.

Nay then *Bassanio* I must thrust you from me:

'Tis hard for both to be divided thus

' Upon

' Upon our Wedding-day. But Honour calls,
 ' And Love must wait. Honour, that still delights
 ' To tyrannize o'er Love. Farewel, my Lord,
 ' Be chearful in this Tryal: As you prove,
 ' Your Faith in Friendship, I shall trust your Love.

[She conducts him to the Door. Exit. Bassa. Grat.]

Loren. Madam, if you knew to whom you show this Honour,

How true a Lover of your Lord!

Port. I never did repent of doing good;
 Nor shall I now: But we have much to do
 In other things: Therefore to you, *Lorenzo*,
 And to this Lady, whose Pardon I should crave,
 For having stood so much unnoted by me,
 I will commit, as to my Lord's best Friends,
 The Husbandry and Conduct of my House
 Until my Lords Return: For my own part
 I have to Heav'n breath'd a secret Vow,
 To live in Prayer and Contemplation,
 Only attended by *Nerissa* here,
 Until her Husband and my Lord come back.
 There is a Monastery two Miles off,
 And there we will abide. I do desire you
 Not to deny this Impcission, which
 My Love and some Necessity
 Now lays upon you.

Loren. Madam, with all our Hearts;
 We will observe your Pleasure.

Port. Come on, *Nerissa*; I have Work in Hand
 That thou yet knowest not of. *Balthazar*,
 Thou art honest; so let me find thee still.
 Follow me in: I have some short Directions
 For you all.

[Exeunt.]

Scene

Scene changes to a Prison in Venice.

Enter Shylock and Jailor with Antonio in Shackles.

Shyl. Jailor, look to him. Tell not me of Mercy;
This is the Fool, who lent out Money gratis:
Jailor, I say, look to him.

Anto. Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.

Shyl. I'll have my Bond: I have sworn an Oath, that
I will have my Bond: Thou call'st me Dog,
Before thou hadst a Cause: But since I am a
Dog, beware my Phangs.

Anto. I prithee hear me speak.

Shyl. I'll have my Bond. I will not hear thee speak:
I'll not be made a soft relenting Fool,
To shake the Head, and sigh, and yield, and melt
To Christian Intercessors: I'll have no speaking,
I will have my Bond.

Anto. Thou wilt not take my Flesh; what's that
good for?

Shyl. To bait Fish withal? if it will feed nothing else, it
will feed my Revenge: Thou hast disgrac'd me,
Hindered me half a Million; laugh'd at my Losses;
Repin'd at my Gains, scorn'd my Nation;
Thwarted my Bargains; cool'd my Friends;
Enflam'd my Enemies; and what's the Reason?
I am a Jew——Has not a Jew Eyes? Has not
A Jew Hands? Organs, Dimensions, Senses, Affections,
Passions? Fed with the same Food, hurt with
The same Weapons, subject to the same Diseases,
Heal'd by the same Means, warm'd and cool'd,
By the same Winter and Summer as a Christian?
If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you
Tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us,
Do we not dye? And if you wrong us, shall
We not Revenge? If we are like you in the rest,
We will resemble you in that: For if a Jew

Wrong

Wrong a Christian, what is his Humility,
 Revenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what
 Should his Sufferance be by a Christian Example?
 Why, Revenge. The Charity you practise, I will
 Imitate: And it shall go hard, but I will improve
 By the Instruction.

Anto. Thou art the most impenetrable Cur
 That ever kept with Men.

Shyl. My Daughter too! None knew so well as you
 of my

Daughter's Flight. Why there, there, there is a
 Diamond gone, cost me two thousand Ducats in *Frank-*
fort.

A Ring too, it was my Turkis; I had it of *Leah*,
 When I was a Batchelor; besides Gold, and many other
 Precious Jewels. Would my Daughter were dead
 At my Foot, so the Jewels were in her Ears;
 Would she were Hears'd, so the Ducats were in the
 Coffin. No News, and I know not how much
 Spent in the Search: Loss upon Loss. The Thief gone
 With so much, and so much to find the Thief;
 And no Satisfaction, no Revenge: But thou art
 Caught, and thou shalt pay the whole Thief's Bill.
 Thou who wast wont to lend out Money for a Christian
 Courtesy: Thou Christian Fool, pay thy Debts:
 Jailor, I say, look to him.

[Thrusts him after the Jailor and Exeunt.]



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Court of Justice. The Duke and Nobles seated, Officers of the Court attending Antonio as a Prisoner, Bassanio and Gratiano.

Duke. **W**HAT is Antonio here?

Anto. Ready to please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A Stony Adversary; an Inhuman Wretch
Incapable of Pity. Go one and call the Jew
Into the Court.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our Face.

Shylock, the World does think, and so do I,
That thou but lead'st this Fashion of thy Malice
To the last Hour of Act, and then 'tis hop'd
Thou'lt show thy Mercy, and Remorse, as strange
As is thy strange apparent Cruelty,
Glancing an Eye of Pity on his Losses,
That have of late so huddled on his Back,
Enough to press a Royal Merchant down,
And pluck Commiseration of his State
From stubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
' To Offices of tender Courtesy.

We all expect a gentle Answer, Jew.

Shyl. I have possess'd your Grace, of what I propose,
And by our Holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the Due, and Forfeit of my Bond:

If

If you deny it, let the Danger light
 Upon your Charter and the City's Freedom:
 You'll ask me why I rather chuse to have
 A weight of Carrion-flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand Ducats. I reply to that,
 It is my Humour: Is that Question answer'd?
 What if my House be troubled with a Rat,
 And I am pleas'd to give ten thousand Ducats
 To have it ban'd; What, are you answer'd yet?
 My Humour is my Reason. Are you answer'd?

Bassa. This is no Answer; thou hard-hearted Man.

Anto. I pray you think you question with a Jew;
 You may as well expostulate with Wolves;
 You may as well go stand upon the Beach,
 And bid the Waves be still, the Winds be hush'd;
 You may as well forbid the Mountain-Pines
 To wag their Tops, and dance about their Leaves,
 When the rude Gusts of Heav'n are whistling round.
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that, than which what harder?
 His Jewish Heart: Therefore I do beseech you
 Make no more Offers, use no farther Means,
 But with all Brief, and plain Conveniency,
 Let me have Judgment, and the Jew his Will.

Bassa. For thy Three thousand Ducats here are Six.

Shyl. If every Ducat in Six thousand Ducats,
 Were in six Parts, and every Part a Ducat
 I would not have 'em: I will have my Bond.

Duke. How may'st thou hope for Mercy, rend'ring
 none?

Shyl. What Judgments shall I dread, doing no wrong?
 You have among you many a purchas'd Slave,
 Whom, like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish part,
 Because you bought 'em: Shall I say to you
 Let 'em be free: Marry 'em to your Heirs
 Why sweat they under Burdens? Let their Beds
 Be made as soft as yours; and let their Pallats
 Be season'd with such Dainties. You will answer,

The

The Slaves are ours ; so do I answer you ;
The Penalty which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it :
If you deny me, shame upon your Laws,
There is no force in the Decrees of *Venice* ;
I stand for Judgment. Answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke. The Court will first advise. Here is a Letter
From fam'd *Bellario*, which does much commend
A young and learned Doctor in our Court,
Whose Wisdom shall direct us. Where is he ?
Call in the Council.

Bassa. Fear not, *Antonio* : This greedy Dog
Shall have my Flesh, Blood, Sinews, Bones, and all,
E're thou shalt lose one drop of Blood for me.
To *Shylock*,] Why dost thou whet thy Knife so earnestly ?

Shyl. To cut the Forfeit from that Bankrupt there.

Bassa. Can no Prayers pierce thee ?

Shyl. None that thou hast Wit enough to make.

Bassa. Oh be thou damn'd, inexorable Jew,
And that thou liv'st, let Justice be accus'd,
' And Heaven accus'd that such a Wretch was born,
Thou almost makest me waver in my Faith ;
To hold Opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That Souls of Animals infuse themselves
Into the Trunks of Men : Thy Curriish Spirit
Govern'd a Wolf, who hang'd for Humane Slaughter,
Even from the Gallows, did his fell-soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed Dam,
Infus'd it self in Thee.

Shyl. Till thou can'st rail the Seal from off my Bond,
Thou but offends thy Lungs to speak so loud ;
' Thy Curses fall on thy own Head, for thus
' Ensnaring thy best Friend, thou didst it, and not I.
' I stand for Law : Thy Prodigality brought him
To this.

' *Bassa.* Inhuman Dog !

Offic. Room for the Council there.

Enter

Enter Portia disguised like a Lawyer, Nerissa like her Clerk with a Bag and Papers.

Duke. Take your Place.

Are you acquainted with the Difference
Which holds the present Question in the Court?

Port. I am instructed fully in the Case.

Which is *Antonio*, and which the Jew?

Duke. *Antonio* and old *Shylock* both stand forth.

Port. Is your Name *Shylock*?

Shyl. *Shylock* is my Name.

Port. Of a strange Nature is the Suit you follow.
Is the Bond prov'd? or does he confess it?

Anto. I do confess it.

Port. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shyl. On what Compulsion? Must I? Tell me that.

Port. The Quality of Mercy is not strain'd;
It drops as does the gentle Dew from Heav'n
Upon the Place beneath: It is twice blest,
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest, in the mightiest: It becomes
The Crown'd Monarch, better than his Crown;
'Tis the first of Sacred Attributes,
And Earthly Power does then seem most divine,
When Mercy seasons Justice. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the Rigour of thy Plea;
For if thou follow'st this strict Course of Law,
Then must *Antonio* stand condemn'd.

Shyl. My Deed's upon my Head. I crave the Law,
The Penalty and Forfeit of the Bond.

Port. Is he not able to discharge the Bond?

Bassa. Yes, here I tender't for him in the Court;
Twice, thrice the Sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times over,
On forfeit of my Hands, my Head, my Heart:
If this will not prevail, it must appear
That Malice bears down Truth.

Port.

Port. There is no Power in Venice
Can alter a Decree establish'd ;
'Twill be recorded for a Precedent,
And many an Error by the same Example
May rush into the State. It cannot be.

Shyl. A *Daniel*, a *Daniel*; so ripe in Wisdom,
And so young in Years! A second *Solomon*.

Port. I pray you let me see the Bond.

Shyl. Here 'tis, most reverend Doctor. Here it is.

Port. *Shylock*, there's thrice the Money offer'd thee.

Shyl. An Oath, an Oath; I have an Oath in Heaven:
Shall I lay Perjury upon my Soul?
No, not for *Venice*.

Port. Be merciful, take thrice thy Money:
Bid me tear the Bond.

Shyl. It has appear'd you are an upright Judge;
You know the Law; your Exposition
Has been most sound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving Pillar,
Proceed to Judgment. By my Soul, I swear,
There is no Power in the Tongue of Man
To alter me. I do insist upon the Bond;
The Time's expir'd; I claim the Penalty.

Anto. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To pass the Sentence.

Port. Why then thus it is:
You must prepare your Bosom for the Knife;
For the intent and purpose of the Law
Has full relation to the Penalty,
Which plainly appears due upon the Bond.

Shyl. 'Tis very true, O wise and upright Judge!

Port. Prepare, *Antonio*, Officers be ready
To lay bare his Bosom.

Shyl. Ay, his Breast; so says the Bond:
Does it not, noble Doctor: Nearest his Heart;
Those are his Words.

Port. Have by some Surgeon, *Shylock*, at your Charge,
To stop the Wound, lest he should bleed to death.

Shyl. It is not nominated in the Bond.

Port.

Port. Not so express'd in Words: But what of that?
 'Twere good to allow so much for Charity.

Shyl. I cannot find it: 'Tis not in the Bond.

Port. Then do your Office.

' *Duke.* Hold a while, *Antonio*:

Have you any thing to say to hinder Sentence?

Anto. But little, I am arm'd and well prepar'd:

Give me your Hand, *Bassanio*: Fare you well:

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you,

For herein, Fortune shews her self more kind

Than is her Custom: It is still her Use

To let the wretched Man outlive his Wealth,

To view with hollow Eye, and wrinkled Brow

An Age of Poverty, from which lingring Penance

' She kindly cuts me off: Once more farewell:

' Grieve not, my Friend, that you thus lose a Friend,

' For I repent not thus to pay your Debt

' Even with my Blood and Life: 'Now, do your Office,

' Cut deep enough be sure, and whet thy Knife

' With keenest Malice; for I would have my Heart

' Seen by my Friend.

Shyl. Doubt it not, Christian; thus far I will be courteous.

Duke. *Antonio*, is this all thou hast to say?

Anto. 'Tis all.

' *Bassa.* Stand off. I have a word in his behalf,

' Since even more than in his Avarice,

' In Cruelty, this Jew's insatiable;

' Here stand I for my Friend; Body for Body,

' To endure the Torture: But one pound of Flesh

' Is due from him: Take every piece of mine,

' And tear it off with Pincers: Whatever way

' Invention can contrive to torture Man,

' Practice on me: Let but my Friend go safe,

' Thy Cruelty is limited on him;

' Unbounded let it loose on me: Say, Jew,

' Here's Interest upon Interest in Flesh;

' Will that content you?

' *Anto.* It may him, not me.

' *Bassa.* Cruel *Antonio*!

Anto.

' *Anto.* Unjust *Bassanio*!

[*Jew laughs.*]

' *Bassa.* Why grins the Dog?

' *Shyl.* To hear a Fool propose: Thou shallow Christian!
' To think that I'd consent: I know thee well.
' When he has paid the forfeit of his Bond,
' Thou can'st not chuse but hang thy self for being
' The Cause: and so my Ends are serv'd on both.
' Proceed to Execution.

Bassa. Then thus I interpose.

[*Draws and stands before Antonio: The Jew starts back. Antonio interposes.*]

' *Anto.* Forbear *Bassanio*, this is certain Death
' To both.

' *Bassa.* In one, both die: Since it must be,
' No matter how.

' *Duke.* Before our Face this Insolence! And in a
' Court

' Of Justice. Disarm and seize him.

' *Port.* Spare him, my Lord; I have a way to tame
' him.

' Hear me one word.

' *Shyl.* Hear, hear the Doctor: Now for a Sentence
' To sweep these Christian Vermin, coupled
' To the Shambles. O 'tis a *Solomon*!

Port. Hark you, *Shylock*, I have view'd this Bond,
And find it gives thee not one drop of Blood.
The Words expressly are, *A Pound of Flesh*.
No more. Take thou that Flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian Blood, thy Lands and Goods
Are, by the Laws of *Venice*, mark you me,
Confiscate to the State.

[*Shylock starts surpriz'd.*]

Shyl. Humph.

Bassa. O, upright Judge! Mark, Jew. O learned Judge!

' Forgive, most potent Duke, and reverend Seigniors,
' That thus enforc'd by my Despair——

' *Duke.* We do forgive thee, and admire thy Virtue
' More than we blame thy Passion, But proceed.

Port.

Port. *Shylock*, thy self shall see the Act,
And Letter of the Law: For as thou urgest Justice,
Be sure thou shalt have Justice.

Shyl. I take this Offer then; pay the Bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bassa. Here is the Money.

Port. Soft! The Jew shall have all Justice: Soft, no
haste!

He shall have nothing but the Penalty.

* *Grat.* A *Daniel!* A *Daniel!* Now Infidel,
We have thee on the Hip.

Port. Why does the Jew pause? Take thy Forfeiture.

Shyl. Give me my Principal, and let me go.

Port. He has refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall have meerly Justice and his Bond.

Shyl. Shall I not have barely my Principal?

Port. Thou shalt have barely thy Forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy Peril, Jew.

Shyl. Why then the Devil give you good of it;
I'll stay no longer question——

Port. Tarry Jew.

The Law has yet another hold of you:
It is enacted in the Laws of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd against an Alien,
That by direct or indirect Attempt,
He seek the Life of any Citizen,
The Party against whom he shall contrive
Shall seize on half his Goods: The other half
Comes to the privy Coffers of the State,
And the Offender's Life lies in the Mercy
Of the Duke only, against all other Voice;
In which Predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too
Thou had'st contriv'd against the very Life
Of the Defendant; and therefore hast incur'd
These several Penalties of Life and Goods.

Duke

Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our Spirits,
I pardon thee thy Life, before thou ask it;
But half thy Wealth shall be *Antonio's*,
The other half the States.

Shyl. Nay, take my Life and all; pardon not that:
You take my House, when you do take the Prop
That does sustain my House: You take my Life,
When you do take the means by which I live.

Duke. What Mercy can you render him, *Antonio*?

Anto. So please my Lord the Duke
To quit the Fine of one half of his Goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it upon
His Death to young *Lorenzo*,
Who lately has espous'd his Daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The Pardon of his Life.

Port. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

Shyl. Pray give me leave to go hence;
I am not well: Send after me your Deeds,
And I will sign 'em.

Duke. Get thee gone; but do it. [Exit Shylock.]

Port. Clerk, draw a Deed of Gift.

[The Duke and Court rise.]

' *Duke.* *Antonio*, I rejoyce at this Conclusion;
' And I congratulate with you *Bassanio*,
' Your Friends escape: You will do well
To gratify that learned Counsellor,
For in my Mind you both are in his Debt.

[Exit Duke with his Train, the Court breaking up.]

' *Bassa.* Let me embrace the Man, by whom my
' Friend

' Has Life: For in that Life I live——
Three thousand Ducats due on *Shylock's* Bond
I freely offer to requite your Pain.

Anto. And stand indebted over and above
In Love and Gratitude for evermore.

Port. He is well paid, who is well satisfied,
My Mind was never yet more Mercenary:

I pray you, know me, when we meet again:
I wish you well, and take my leave.

‘ *Bassa*. Not as a Fee, but as a small Remembrance;
‘ A Token of our Loves and Gratitude.

Port. Give me your Gloves: I’ll wear ’em for your sake,
Or else that Ring——

Bassa. This Ring! alas it is a Trifle;
‘ Not fit for me to give, or you to take.

Port. I see Sir, you are liberal in Offers:
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a Beggar should be answer’d.

Bassa. There’s more depends on this than on the Value;
The dearest Ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out, by Proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you pardon me.

‘ *Port*. Such slight Excuses well I understand.
Well——Peace be with you both.

[*Exit Portia and Nerissa.*

Anto. My Lord *Bassanio*, let him have the Ring;
Let his Deservings, and my Love withal,
‘ Be valu’d against every other Scruple.

Bassa. Prithee *Gratiano*, run and overtake him:
Give him the Ring; and bring him if thou can’st,
To my *Antonio’s* House——away, make haste.

[*Exit Gratiano.*

‘ Once more, let me embrace my Friend, welcome to Life,
‘ And welcome to my Arms, thou best of Men:
‘ Thus of my Love and of my Friend possess’d,
‘ With such a double Shield upon my Breast,
‘ Fate cannot pierce me now, securely blest. }

[*As they go off, Re-enter Portia and Nerissa, Gratiano following.*

Grat. Sir, Sir, you are well overtaken;
My Lord *Bassanio*, upon more Advice,
Has sent you here the Ring; and does entreat
Your Company at Dinner.

Port. For that he must excuse me: His Ring
I do accept with Thanks; and so, pray tell him:

And

And further more oblige my Clerk to show him
Shylock's House——These Writings he must Sign.

Grat. That I will do: 'Tis a pert pretty Youth,
I had much talk with him, during the Trial.

Nerissa aside.] Now will I see if I can get a Ring
I gave him too at parting, which he swore
As much never to part from.

Port. Thou may'st, I warrant: We shall have old
Swearing, that they gave these Rings to Men,
But we'll out-face 'em, and out-swear 'em too.

Aloud.] Make haste, I pray: Thou know'st where I will
tarry.

' *Grat.* Come on, Sir: The first Cause I have to split,
' You shall have all my Practice.

' *Neriss.* That may be sooner than you dream of,
' Sir, I follow you.

' So many Shapes have Women for Deceit,

' That every Man's a Fool, when we think fit.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Loren. **T**HE Moon shines bright. In such a Night
as this

Did pensive *Troilus* mount the *Trojan* Wall,
Sighing his Soul towards the *Grecian* Tents,
Where beauteous *Cressid* lay——

Jess. In such a Night——
Sad *Dido* with a Willow in her Hand
Stood on the wild Sea-Beach, and waft her Love
To come again to *Carthage*——

Loren. In such a Night *Medea* gather'd the enchanted
Herbs that did renew old *Æson*.

Jess. In such a Night,
Did young *Lorenzo* swear to *Jessica*
He lov'd her well, and stole away her Soul
With many a Vow, and ne'er a true one.

Loren. In such a Night.

Jess. In such a Night.

} *Both together.*

I would out-Night you. But hark!
I hear a footing.

Enter Portia and Jessica.

Port. That Light we see is burning in my Hall.

Loren. 'Tis sure the Voice of *Portia*.

Port. He knows me as the blind Man does the Cuckow,
By the bad Voice. *Lorenzo*, is it you?

Loren. Madam, you are most welcome.

Port. We have been praying for my Lord's Success,
Who fares, we hope, the better for our Pray'rs;
Is he return'd?

Loren. Madam, not yet. But here are the Letters
from him,

Which give a good Account of his Proceeding,
And that he will be here to Night;
We were walk'd out to wait his coming.

Port. Give Order to my Servants, that they take
No Note at all of our being absent hence;
And let our Musick play, and every thing
So direct as we were here in formal Expectation
Of his return——

This Night methinks is but the Day-light sick;
It looks a little paler. 'Tis a Day,
Such as the Day is when the Sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and Followers.

Bassa. We should hold Day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in Absence of the Sun?
My *Portia*, this was kind to meet me thus.

Port.

The J E W of Venice.

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Port. O never more let any Cause of Grief
Divide my Lord and me.

[*Gratiano runs to Nerissa, who discourse apart.*]

Bassa. Nothing can: Here Madam is my Friend,
Let me present him to you: This is *Antonio*,
Whom, if you love *Bassanio*, you must Love.

Port. I should behold him with a Jealous Eye,
Who has so large a Share in my Lord's Heart.
[*To Anto.*] Having his Leave, you'll not deny me yours,
To make a third in Friendship: I doubly joy
That you are safe and here.

Anto. I thank you, Madam.

Port. Play all your Instruments of Musick there,
Let nothing now be heard but sounds of Joy,
And let those glorious Orbs that we behold,
Who in their Motions, all like Angels sing,
Still Quiring to the blue-ey'd Cherubims,
Join in the Chorus; that in Heav'n and Earth
One universal Tune may celebrate
This Harmony of Hearts. Soft Stilness, and the Night
Become the Touches of sweet Harmony.

Musick.

Grat. By yonder Moon and Stars, I swear you
wrong me,
By Heav'n, I gave it to the Lawyer's Clerk.

Port. A quarrel! what, already? What's the matter?

Grat. About a Hoop of Gold, a paltry Ring she gave
me,

Whose Poesy was, for all the World, like Cutlers
Poetry upon a Knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Neriss. No matter for the Poesy, or the Value.
When I gave it, you swore never to part with it:
If not for Love of me, yet for your Conscience sake,
For your Oath's sake, such vehement Oaths, you
Should have kept it. A Lawyer's Clerk! who had it
Will ne'er have Hair upon his Face.

Grat. He will, if he but live to be a Man.

Neriss. If! If a Woman live to be a Man!

Grat. Now by this Hand, I gave it to a Youth, a kind
Of Boy; a little scrubbed Boy, no higher
Than thy self; the Judge's Clerk; a prating
Boy, that beg'd it for a Fee.

Port. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To make so slight of the first Gift of Love;
A thing stuck on with Oaths upon your Fingers,
' And rivited with solemn Protestations
' Of mutual Faith: A Pledge of Truth between you:
' Indeed you were to blame.

I gave my Lord a Ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it: and here he stands,
I dare be sworn for him, he would not give it,
Or pluck it from his Finger, for the Wealth
That the whole World contains.

Bassa. aside.] Now were I best to cut my Left-hand off,
And swear I lost the Ring defending it.

Grat. My Lord *Bassanio* gave his Ring away
To the young Smock-fac'd Lawyer, who beg'd it,
' And deserv'd it too: And then the Boy his Clerk,
' A little importunate Urchin, who took some pains
In Writing, would needs beg mine; and neither
Man nor Master would take any thing but the two Rings.

Port. What Ring gave you, my Lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd from me?

Bassa. If I could add a Lye to hide a Fault,
I would deny it: But you see my Finger
Has not the Ring upon it; it is gone.

Port. And even as void is your false Heart of Truth.
By Heav'n! I'll never come within your Bed
Till I have seen this Ring.

Neriss. Nor I in yours, till I see mine.

Bassa. If you but knew to whom I gave this Ring,
' For what I gave it, and for whom I gave it;
' How much compell'd, and how unwillingly,
' When nothing else would be accepted——

Port. If you but knew the Virtue of this Ring,
' If you had valu'd her, who gave this Ring,
Or your own Honour, bound by solemn Oath,
' To keep this Ring, you would have dy'd, *Bassanio,*
E'er

E'er you had parted from it :
 What Man is there so much unreasonable,
 If you had pleas'd to have defended it
 With any shew of Zeal, wanted the Modesty
 To urge a thing, held as a Ceremony
 ' Sacred to Truth, and to Connubial Love.
Nerissa teaches me what to believe ;
 I'll dye for't ; but a Woman had this Ring.

Bassa. No, by my Honour, Madam, by my Soul,
 No Woman had it ; but a generous Friend,
 Even he, who had held up the very Life
 Of my best Friend. What shall I say, my *Portia* ?
 I was beset with Shame and Courtely.
 Had you been there, you would your self have begg'd
 ' This Ring, to be dispos'd as I dispos'd it.

Port. Let not that Man, whoe'er he is, come near me :
 Since he has got the Jewel that I priz'd,
 I shall become as liberal as you,
 And nothing can deny the Man that has it.
 ' A Ring it was of wondrous Mystery,
 ' And sanctify'd by Charms to rivit Love :
 ' Whoever has it, has the sure Command
 ' Of me, my Person, and of all that's mine :
 ' The dire Enchantment was so strongly wrought ;
 ' One Mind direct us, and one Bed must hold us :
 Know him I shall, I must ; nay, I will know him ;
 ' I feel the Effects already. Watch me like *Argos*,
 If you do not, if I be left alone,
 Now by my Honour, which is yet entire,
 ' That Man and I are one.

' *Neriss*. Just such a Ring was mine :
 ' Methinks I love that Lawyer's Clerk already,
 ' Just as I love my self.

' *Bassa*. Forgive me this first Fault ;
 ' I'll trust thy Honour above any Charms :
 ' My Love is built upon Esteem so strong,
 ' As cannot doubt your Virtue.

' *Grat*. I am not quite so liberal of good Thoughts ;
 ' But this I'll say, if I can catch this Clerk,
 ' His Pen shall split for't.

Anto.

Anto. I am the unhappy Subject of this Quarrel
By my Perswasion——

Port. Sir, grieve not you;
You're welcome notwithstanding.

[Walks about as in a Passion.

• *Bassa.* But hear me, *Portia*;
• Pardon this Error; by my Soul, I swear,
• By what is dearer to me than my Soul,
• Your precious self——

• *Anto.* I dare be bound for him;
• My Life upon the Forfeit, that your Lord
• Shall never more break Faith.

• *Port.* You have been oft his Surety, and
• Have paid for't dearly.

• *Anto.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

• *Port.* Then be his Surety still: Here is a Ring,
• Of the same Virtue, and so qualified
• With equal Spells. This only can retrieve
• With Counter-Magick what the other lost.

Antonio, give him this: But make him swear
To keep it better.

Anto. Here, Lord *Bassanio*: Swear to keep this Ring.

Bassa. By heav'n!

[Starts.

This is the same I gave the Lawyer.

Port. Why so it is; I had it from him: ' You see
• How quick an Operation is in Magick.
• We have met already.

Bassa. Met! how have you met!

Neriss. Met—why by Art Magick, to lie together:

• Ask that same scrubbed Boy, the Lawyer's Clerk.

• *Grat.* Why this is worse and worse.

• *Bassa.* *Antonio*! this was your doing.

[Angrily.

• *Anto.* Take your Revenge, and kill me.

• *Bassa.* I am answer'd—Is it then true?

• And can it be? That by the secret Workings
• Of Mystick Words, and Spells, and dire Compounds,
• Potions and Invocations horrible,
• Nature can be so led? What then is Virtue?
• And what Security has Love or Reason,
• Thus subjected to every Hell-born Hagg.

• Who,

' Who, by such Conjurations can dis-join
' United Hearts ? Uniting the Averse !
' How, wretched Man ! how can'st thou boast free Will ?
' If this in very deed be true. I'll not suppos't—
' But then that Ring ! How could she have it : 'Tis
' Witchcraft !

' Damn'd, damn'd Witchcraft : And I will fathom Hell,
' But I will find a Fiend shall Counter-work
' The Devil that has done this.

[Portia and Nerissa laugh.

Port. }
Neriss. } Ha, ha, ha.

' Grat. Is this true, *Nerissa* ! are we then two Scurvy
' Cuckolds by Art Magick !

' Port. Ha, ha, ha. Well ; since you grow so serious,
' I will be serious too : Read this *Bassanio*,
' The Adventures writ at large : Look not so sullen Lord,
' But read it. *Lorenzo* here and *Jessica*

Can witness for me : I set out almost
Asoön as you. And am but even now return'd,
' I have not yet enter'd my House : But
' For farther Proof, Clerk, give *Lorenzo*
' The Writings sign'd by *Shylock*.

Neriss. I'll give 'em without Fee : Here *Lorenzo*,
Here is a deed of Gift to you and *Jessica*,
Of all the Jew, your Father, dies possess'd of.

' *Loren.* See *Jessica*, is this his Hand ?

' *Jess.* 'Tis his own signing.

' *Loren.* What Prodigy is this ?

' *Bassa.* I am struck dumb with wonder.

' *Grat.* Was *Portia* then the little Smerking Lawyer,
' And *Nerissa* the Clerk ? I'll never forgive such a
' Trick. Art-Magick do you call it ?

' *Neriss.* Nay, but *Gratano*.

' *Grat.* Away, away.

[Dispute aside.

Port. Antonio ! Here are Letters too for you ;
Ask me not yet, by what strange Accident
They fell into my Hands—but read 'em.

' *Bassa.* Amazement has bereft me of all Words.

Anto.

Anto. Why hear I read, for certain, that my scatter'd Ships,
Are safely all arriv'd at *Rhodes*,
With their whole Cargoe.

Port. Doubt it not, *Antonio*. 'Tis most true.
' Virtue like yours; such Patience in Adversity,
' And in Prosperity such Goodness,
' Is still the Care of Providence.

' *Anto.* My Life and Fortunes have been all your Gift;
' Dispose 'em, and command 'em, Madam,
' As you please. [*Gratiano and Nerissa advance.*]

' *Neriss.* What can you bear no Jest, but of your
' Own making?

' *Grat.* You have so scar'd me with your Art-Magick,
' That I shall scarce be a true Man these two Days;
' But therein lie my Revenge: And so shake
' Hands from this Day forwards.
' As the most precious of all Gems, I swear!
' *Nerissa's* Ring shall be *Gratiano's* Care.

' *Port.* All look amaz'd, in every Face I see
' A thousand Questions: 'Tis time we should go in,
' There will I answer all: Cease your Astonishment,
' My Lord; by these small Services to you
' And to your Friends, I hope I may secure
' Your Love; which, built upon meer Fancy,
' Had else been subjected to Alteration.

' With Age and Use the Rose grow Sick and Faint,
' Thus mixt with friendly Sweets, secures its Scent.
' *Bassa* The Sweets of Love shall here for ever blow;
' I needs must Love, remembring what I owe.
' Love, like a Meteor, shows a short-liv'd Blaze,
' Or treads thro' various Skies, a wandring Maze;
' Begot by Fancy, and by Fancy led:
' Here in a Moment, in a Moment fled:
' But fixt by Obligations, it will last;
' For Gratitude's the Charm that binds it fast.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



EPILOGUE.

E *Ach in his turn, the * Poet and the † Priest,
Have view'd the Stage, but like false Prophets guess'd:
The Man of Zeal in his Religious Rage
Would silence Poets, and reduce the Stage.
The Poet rashly, to get clear, retorts
On Kings the Scandal, and bespatters Courts.
Both err; for without mincing, to be plain,
The Guilt is yours of every Odious Scene.
The present time still gives the Stage its Mode,
The Vices which you practice, we explode:
We hold the Glass, and but reflect your Shame,
Like Spartans, by exposing, to reclaim.
The Scribler, pinch'd with Hunger, writes to Dine,
And to your Genius must conform his Line;
Not lewd by Choice, but meerly to submit;
Would you encourage Sense, Sense would be writ.*

*Plain Beauties pleas'd your Sires an Age ago,
Without the Varnish and the Dawb of Show.
At vast Expence we labour to our Ruin,
And court your Favour with our own undoing.
A War of Profit mitigates the Evil,
But to be tax'd and beaten, is the Devil.*

* Mr. Dryden in his Prologue to the Pilgrim.

† Mr. Collier in his View of the Stage.

EPILOGUE.

*How was the Scene forlorn, and how despis'd,
When Tymon, without Musick, moraliz'd ?
Shakespeare's sublime in vain entic'd the Throng,
Without the Charm of Purcel's Syren Song.*

*In the same Antique Loom these Scenes were wrought,
Embellish'd with good Morals and just Thought :
True Nature in her Noblest Light you see,
E're yet debauch'd by modern Gallantry,
To trifling Jest, and fulsome Ribaldry.
What Rust remains upon the shining Mafs
Antiquity may privilege to pass.
'Tis Shakespeare's Play, and if these Scenes miscarry,
Let * Gorman take the Stage—or † Lady Mary.*

* A famous Prize-fighter.

† A famous Rope-dancer.

10 JY 57

F I N I S.



THE
British Enchanters ;
OR,
No Magick like Love.
A
DRAMATICK POEM.



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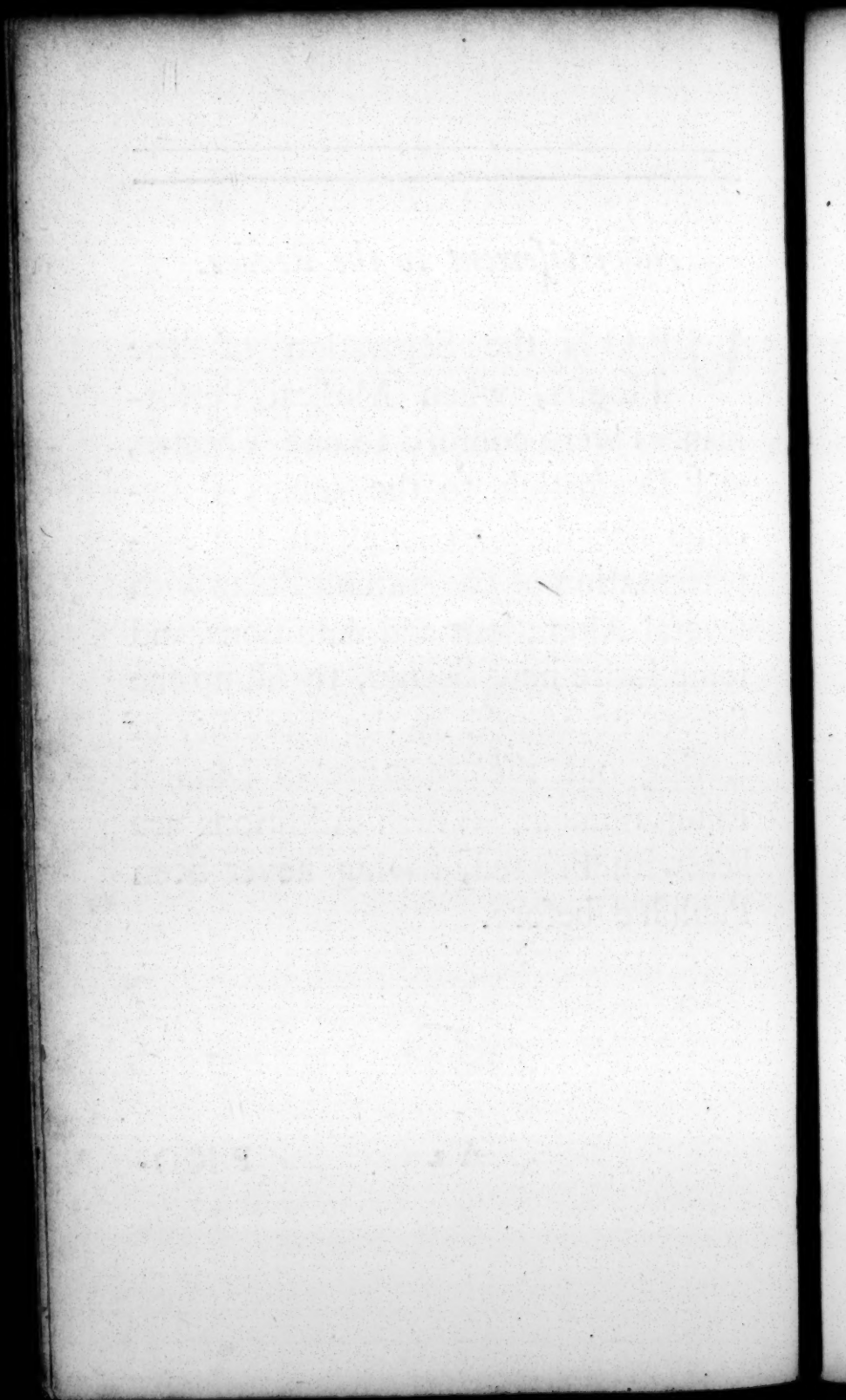
MDCCXXXII.



Advertisement to the Reader.

UPON the Separation of the Houses, when Musical Performances were confin'd to one Theatre, and Dramatick to the other, it became necessary to lengthen the Representation of the ensuing Poem with several Alterations and Additions, and some intire new Scenes, to fill up the Spaces occasion'd by the Necessity of leaving out the Mixture of Musical Entertainment. Which Additions are herewith Printed, having never been Publish'd before.







PROLOGUE.

POETS, by Observation, find it true,
'Tis harder much to please themselves, than You:
To Weave a Plot, to Work, or to Refine
A labour'd Scene, to Polish ev'ry Line,
Judgment must sweat, and feel a Mother's Pains:
Vain Fools! thus to disturb and rack their Brains:
When, more indulgent to the Writer's Ease,
You are too good to be so hard to please:
No such convulsive Pangs it will require,
To write the pretty Things that you admire.

Our Author then, to please you in your Way,
Presents you now a Bauble of a Play,
In jingling Rhime, well fortify'd and strong,
He fights entrench'd, o'er Head and Ears, in Song.
If here and there some evil-fated Line
Should chance, thro' Inadvertency, to shine,
Forgive him, Beaux, he means you no Offence,
But begs you, for the Love of Song and Dance,
To pardon all the Poetry and Sense.

}



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Celius</i> , King of Britain, Father to <i>Oriana</i> .	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Constantius</i> , Emperor of Rome, in love with <i>Oriana</i> .	Mr. Booth.
<i>Amadis</i> , a famous Knight-Adventurer, in love with <i>Oriana</i> , and beloved by her.	Mr. Verbruggen.
<i>Florestan</i> , Companion to <i>Amadis</i> , in love with <i>Corisanda</i> .	Mr. Husbands.
<i>Lucius</i> , a Roman.	
<i>Arcalaus</i> , an Enchanter, Enemy to <i>Amadis</i> .	Mr. Bowman.

W O M E N.

<i>Arcabon</i> , an Enchantress, Sister to <i>Arcalaus</i> .	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Oriana</i> .	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
<i>Corisanda</i> .	Mrs. Porter.
<i>Urganda</i> , a good Enchantress.	Mrs. Bowman.
<i>Delia</i> , her Attendant,	Mrs. Baker.

Officers and Guards attending *Celius*; Romans attending *Constantius*; Ladies attending *Oriana*; Attendants to the several Enchanters; Knights and Ladies Captives; Singers and Dancers.

The SCENE in BRITAIN.

THE



THE
British Enchanters.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Curtain rises to a Flourish of all sorts of loud Musick.
The Scene is a Grove beautify'd with Fountains, Statues, &c.
Urganda is discover'd as in the midst of some Ceremony of
Enchantment. Thunder during the Musick.*

Urganda, Delia, and Attendants.

U R G A N D A.



OUND, sound, ye Winds, the rended
Clouds divide,
Fright back the Priest; and save a trembling
Bride;

Assist an injur'd Lover's faithful Love:
An injur'd Lover's Cause is worthy *Jove*.

Del. Successful is our Charm: The Temple shakes,
The Altar nods, th' astonish'd Priest forsakes
The hallow'd Shrine, starts from the Bridegroom's Side,
Breaks off the Rites, and leaves the Knot unt'y'd.

A 4

[Thunder

8 *The British Enchanters.*

[*Thunder again and Musick. Urganda walks down the Scene, waving her enchanted Rod during the following Incantation.*

*Ye sweet Musicians of the Sky
 Hither, hither, fly, fly,
And with enchanting Notes all Magick else supply.
Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute,
Strike the Lyre, and tune the Flute;
 In Harmony,
 Celestial Harmony,
All Magick Charms are found;
 Sound the Trumpet, sound.*

A Single Voice.

*Jason thus to Orpheus said,
Take thy Harp and melt the Maid;
Vows are vain, wish Musick warm her,
Play, my Friend, and charm the Charmer;
 Hark! hark! 'tis Orpheus plays,
The Cedars dance, the Grove obeys.
 Hark! hark again!
Medea melts like Proserpine.
Lis't'ning she turns: How soft, she cries!
How sweet! ah how sweet each String replies,
 'Till on the warbling Note she dies.
Ah how sweet, and how divine!
 O! 'tis a Pleasure
 Beyond Measure,
 Take the Treasure,
Greek, 'tis thine.*

C H O-

The British Enchanters.

9

CHORUS.

*Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute,
Strike the Lyre, and tune the Flute;
In Harmony,
Celestial Harmony,
All Magick Charms are found;
Sound the Trumpet, sound.*

First Dance of Statues.

A Single Voice.

*When with adoring Looks we gaze
On bright Oriana's heav'nly Face,
In every Glance, and every Grace,
What is that we see,
But Harmony;
Celestial Harmony!*

*Our ravish'd Hearts leap up to meet
The Musick of her Eyes, and dance around her Feet.*

*Urg. This Care for Amadis, ye Gods, approve;
For what's a Soldier's Recompense but Love?
When forc'd from Britain, call'd to distant War,
His vanquish'd Heart remain'd a Captive here;
Oriana's Eyes that glorious Conquest made,
Nor was his Love ungratefully repaid.*

*Del. By Arcabon, like hostile Juno, crost,
And like Æneas driv'n from Coast to Coast,
The wand'ring Heroe wou'd return too late,
Charg'd by Oriana with the Crimes of Fate;*

A 5

Who

Who, anxious of Neglect, suspecting Change,
Consults her Pride, and meditates Revenge.

Urg. Just in the Moment, when Resentment fires,
A charming Rival tempts, a rugged King requires ;
Love yields at last, thus combated by Pride,
And she submits to be the *Roman's* Bride.

Del. Did not your Art with timely Aids, provide,
Oriana were his Wife, and not his Bride.

Urg. In ancient times, ere Chivalry was known,
The Infant World with Monsters over-grown,
Centaur's and Giants, nurs'd with human Blood,
And dire Magicians, an infernal Brood,
Vex'd Men and Gods: but most the Fair complain,
Of violated Loves, and Lovers slain.
To shelter Innocence, and injur'd Right,
The Nations all elect some Patron-Knight,
Sworn to be true to Love, and Slaves to Fame,
And many a valiant Chief enrolls his Name;
By shining Marks distinguish'd they appear,
And various Orders various Ensigns bear.
Bound by strict Oaths, to serve the brightest Eyes,
Not more they strive for Glory than the Prize;
While, to invite the Toil, the fairest Dame
Of *Britain*, is the boldest Champion's Claim.

Del. Of all who in this Race of Fame delight,
Brave *Amadis* is own'd the hardy'st Knight.
Nor *Theseus*, nor *Alcides*, ventur'd more,
Nor he so fam'd, who, bath'd in Monster's Gore,
Upon his crested Helm the trampled Dragon bore.

Urg. O mighty *Amadis*! what Thanks are due
To thy victorious Sword, that *Ardan* slew?
Ardan, that black Enchanter, whose dire Arts
Enslav'd our Knights, and broke our Virgins Hearts;
Met Spear to Spear, thy great deliv'ring Hand
Slew the Destroyer, and redeem'd the Land;
Far-from thy Breast all Care and Grief remove,
Oriana's thine, by Conquest as by Love.

Del. The haughty *Arcabon*, of *Ardan's* Blood;
And *Arcalaüs*, Foes alike to Good,
Gluttons in Murder, wanton to destroy,
Their fatal Arts as impiously employ:
Heirs to their Brother's Hatred, and sworn Foes
To *Amadis*, their Magick they oppose
Against his Love and Life.

Urg. With equal Care,
Their Vengeance to prevent, we now prepare.
Behold the Time, when tender Love shall be
Nor vext with Doubt, nor prest with Tyranny.
The Love-sick Heroe shall from Camps remove,
To reap Reward: The Heroe's Pay is Love.
The Tasks of Glory painful are and hard,
But oh! how blest, how sweet is the Reward;

Urganda retires down the Scene as continuing the Ceremony of Enchantments Musick playing, and her Attendants repeating the Chorus of the foregoing Incantation 'till out of Sight. The Scene changes to an Apartment in King Celius's Palace. Enter a numerous Train of Britons and Romans preceding Constantius and Corilanda, follow'd by other Attendants, Men and Women; the Britons in a painted Dress, after the ancient Manner,

Con-

Constantius, Oriana, Corisanda.

Con. Lovers consult not Stars, nor watch the Skies,
 But seek their Sentence in their Charmer's Eyes,
 Careless of Thunder, from the Clouds that break,
 My only Omens from your Looks I take;
 When my *Oriana* smiles, from thence I date
 My future Hope, and when she frowns, my Fate.

Ori. If from my Looks your Sentence you wou'd hear,
 Behold, and be instructed to Despair.

Con. Lost in a Labyrinth of Doubts and Joys,
 Whom now her Smiles reviv'd, her Scorn destroys;
 She will, and she will not; She grants, denies;
 Consents, retracts; advances, and then flies;
 Approving and rejecting in a Breath,
 Now proff'ring Mercy, now presenting Death:
 Thus hoping, thus despairing, never sure,
 How various are the Torments I endure!
 Cruel Estate of Doubt! ah! Princess try
 Once to resolve, or let me live or die.

Ori. Cease, Prince, the Anger of the Gods to move:
 'Tis now become a Crime to mention Love.
 Our holy Men, interpreting the Voice
 Of Heav'n in Wrath, forewarn th' ill-omen'd Choice.

Con. Strange Rules for Constancy your Priests devise,
 If Love and Hate must vary with your Skies.
 From such vile Servitude set Reason free;
 The Gods in ev'ry Circumstance agree;
 To suit our Union, pointing out to me,

}

In

In this right Hand, the Scepter that they place
For me to hold, was meant for you to grace.
Thou best and fairest of the beauteous Kind,
Accept that Empire which the Gods design'd
And be the charming Mistress of Mankind.
Ambition, Love, whatever can inspire
A mutual Flame, Glory, and young Desire,
To guide and to adorn the destin'd Choice conspire.
If Greatness then with Beauty may compare,
And sure the Great are form'd but for the Fair,
Then 'tis most plain, that all the Gods decree
That I was born for you, and you for me.

Cor. Nuptials of Form, of Int'rest, or of State,
Those Seeds of Pride, are fruitful in Debate;
Let happy Men for generous Love declare,
And choose the needy Virgin, Chaste and Fair:
Let Women to superior Fortune born,
For naked Virtue all Temptations scorn,
The Charm's immortal to a gallant Mind,
If Gratitude cement whom Love has join'd.
And Providence, not niggardly, but wise,
Here lavishly bestows, and there denies,
That by each other's Virtue we may rise:
Weak the bear Tie of Man and Wife we find;
But Friend and Benefactor always bind.

Enter King Celius with a Guard of Britons.

Cel. Our Priests recover, 'twas a holy Cheat,
Lead back the Bride, the Ceremonies wait.

Ori. What Heav'n forbids —

Cel. 'Twas Ignorance of my Will,
Our Priests have better learnt: What now is ill,
Can, when I please, be good; and none shall dare
Preach or expound, but what their King wou'd hear.
Ere they interpret let 'em mark my Nod,
My Voice their Thunder, this right Arm their God,
Prince, take your Bride.

Ori. 'Twere impious now to suffer him my Hand.

[*Refusing to Constantius, who offers to take her Hand.*

Cel. How dar'st thou disobey, when I command?
Mind, mind her not, nor be disturb'd at Tears,

[*To Constantius.*

A counterfeit'd Qualm of Bridal Fears;
All feign'd and false; while her Desires are more
A real Fire, but a dissembled Show'r:
You'd see, cou'd you her inward Motions watch,
Feigning Delay, she wishes for Dispatch
Into a Woman's Meaning wou'd you look,
Then read her backward, like a Wizard's Book.
On to the Temple lead —

Ori. Obedience is your Due, which I must pay?

But as a Lover I command you — stay.

[*Again rejecting his Hand.*

Obedying him, I'll be obey'd by you.

Con. Not Saints to Heav'n with more Submission bow:
I have no Will but what your Eyes ordain:
Destin'd to Love, as they are doom'd to reign,

Cel.

Cel. [*Aside.*] Into what Hands, ye Gods! have you resign'd
Your World? Are these the Masters of Mankind?
These supple *Romans* teach our Women Scorn.
I thank you, Gods, that I'm a *Briton* born.
Agree these Trifles in a short Debate:
Woman [*To her.*] no more of this, but follow straight:
And you [*To him*] be quick, I am not us'd to wait.

[*Exit Celius.*]

*Oriana stands silent and weeping a-while, Constantius looking
concern'd. After a short Pause, Oriana speaks.*

Ori. Your Stars and mine have chosen you, to prove
The noblest Way how gen'rous Men should love;
All boast their Flames, but yet no Woman found
A Passion, where Self-love was not the Ground,
Now we're ador'd, and the next Hour displease,
At first your Cure, and after, your Disease:
Slaves we are made, by false Pretences caught;
The *Briton* in my Soul disdains the Thought.

Con. So much, so tenderly, your Slave adores,
He has no Thought of Happiness, but yours.

Ori. Vows may be feign'd, nor shall meer Words prevail,
I must have Proofs; but Proofs that cannot fail.
By Arms, by Honour, and by all that's dear
To Heroes, or expecting Lovers, swear.

Con. Needs there an Oath? and can *Oriana* say,
Thus I command, and doubt if I'll obey?

Ori. Then to be short, and put you out of Pain,
Leave me, and never see my Face again.

Start

Start not, nor look surpriz'd, nor pausing stand,
Be your Obedience brief, as my Command.

Con. Your strange Command you give with such an Air,
Well may I pause, who tremble but to hear.
Love is a Plant of the most tender Kind,
That shrinks and shakes with ev'ry ruffling Wind;
Such Words in jest, scarce can my Heart support,
In Pity, ah! forbear such cruel Sport.

Ori. Our serious Fates no Hours for Mirth allow,
And one short Truth is all my Refuge now.
Prepare then, Prince, to hear a Secret told,
That Shame wou'd shun, and blushing I unfold,
But Dangers pressing, Cowards will grow bold,
Know then, I love —————

Con. Can you command Despair, yet Love confess;
And curse with the same Breath with which you bless?

Ori. Mistake me not, — That I do love, is true,
But flatter not your self, it is not you.

Con. Forbid it, Gods! Strike any where but there;
Let but those Frowns, and that disdainful Air,
Be the accusom'd Niceness of the Fair;
Then I might hope, that Time, assiduous Love,
Vows, Tears, and Pray'rs such Coyness might remove:
But if engag'd — Recall the fatal Breath
That spoke that Word — the Sound is instant Death.

Ori. Too late to be recall'd, or to deny,
I own the fatal Truth; if one must die,
You are the Judge; say is it you or I.

Enter

Enter hastily a Briton.

Brit. The King is much displeas'd at this Delay.

Con. And let him wait, while 'tis my Will to stay.

Ori. Bear back a gentler Answer — We'll obey.

Con. Hence ev'ry Sound that's either soft or kind;
O for a War like that within my Mind:

Yes, by the Gods! I cou'd to Atoms tear,
Confound Mankind, and all the World — but her.

Say, Flatterer, say! ah, fair Deluder, speak,

Answer me this, ere yet my Heart does break;

Since thus engag'd, you never cou'd intend

Your Love, why was I flatter'd with your Hand?

Ori. To what a Father and a King thinks fit,
A Daughter and a Subject must submit.

Think not from Tyranny that Love can grow;

I am a Slave, and you have made me so.

Those Chains that Duty have put on, remove;

Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

Con. Cruel *Oriana*, much you wrong'd my Flame;

To think that I could lay so harsh a Claim.

Love is a Subject to himself alone,

And knows no other Empire than his own;

No Ties can bind, that from Constraint arise,

Where either's forc'd, all Obligation dies:

Curst be the Man, who uses other Arg.

But only Love to captivate a Heart.

O fatal Law! requiring to resign,

The Object lov'd; or hated, keep her mine:

Ori.

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Ori. Accuse me not of Hate; with equal Eyes
 I judge your Merit, and your Virtue prize;
 Friendship, Esteem be yours: Bereft before
 Of all my Love what can I offer more!
 Your Rival's Image in your Worth I view,
 And what I lov'd in him, esteem in you;
 Had your Complaint been first, it might have mov'd;
 He then had been esteem'd, and you belov'd:
 Then blame not me, since nothing bars your Fate,
 But that you pleaded last, and came too late.

[*Constantius stands in a thoughtful Posture.*]

Cor. Thus Merit's useless; Fortune holds the Scale,
 And still throws in the Weight that must prevail;
 Your Rival is not of more Charms possess'd,
 A Grain of better Luck has made him Blest.

Coni. To love, and have the Power to possess,
 And yet resign, can Flesh and Blood do this?
 Shall Nature, erring from her first Command,
 Self-Preservation, fall by her own Hand?
 By her own Act, the Springs of Life destroy,
 The Principles and Being of her Joy?
 Sensual and base — Can Nature then approve
 Blessings obtain'd, by cursing whom we love?
 Possessing, she is lost; renouncing, I;
 Where then's the Doubt? Die, die, *Constantius*, die.
 Honour and Love, ye Tyrants, I obey,
 Where-e'er your cruel Call directs my Way.

To Shame, to Chains, or to a certain Grave
Lead on, unpitying Guides, behold your Slave.

Ori. Love's an ignoble Joy, below your Care,
Glory shall make amends with Fame in War;
Honour's the noblest Chace, pursue that Game,
And recompense the Loss of Love with Fame:
If still against such Aids your Love prevails,
Yet Absence is a Cure that seldom fails.

Con. Tyrannick Honour! what Amends canst thou
E'er make my Heart, by flattering my Brow?
Vain Race of Fame! unless the Conquest prove
In search of Beauty, to conclude in Love.
Frail Hope of Aids! for Time or Chance to give
That Love, which spite of Cruelty can live!
From your Disdain, since no Relief I find,
I must love Absent, whom I love Unkind;
Tho' Seas divide us, and tho' Mountains part,
That Fatal Form will ever haunt my Heart.
O! dire Reverse of Hope, that I endure,
From sure Possession, to Despair as sure!
Farewel, *Oriana*; yet ere I remove,
Can you refuse one Tear to bleeding Love?
Ah no, take heed, turn, turn those Eyes away;
The Charm's so strong, I shall for ever stay.
Princes rejoice, for your next News shall be.
Constantius dies to set *Oriana* free.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Thick-wooded Forest.**Enter Arcabon seeming pensive, and Arcalaus.*

Arcab. NO Warning of th' approaching Flame,
 Swiftly like sudden Death it came;
 Like Travellers by Light'ning kill'd,
 I burnt the Moment I beheld.

In whom so many Charms are plac'd,
 Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd;
 The Case so shining to behold,
 Is fill'd with richest Gems and Gold:

To what my Eyes admir'd before,
 I add a Thousand Graces more,
 And Fancy blows into a Flame
 The Spark, that from his Beauty came.

The Object thus improv'd by Thought,
 By my own Image I am caught.
Pygmalion so with fatal Art,
 Polisht the Form that stung his Heart.

Arcal.

Arcal. Enchantress say, whence such Replies as these?
Thou answer'st Love, I speak of *Amadis*.

Arcab. Swiftly he past, and as in Sport pursu'd
The savage Herd, and hunted round the Wood;
[*Seeming not to mind him*]

Tigers and Wolves in vain his Stroke withstand,
Cut down like Poppies by the Reaper's Hand;
Like *Mars* he look'd as terrible and strong,
Like *Jove* majestick, like *Apollo* young;
With all their Attributes divinely grac'd,
And sure their Thunder in his Arm was plac'd.

Arcal. Who pass'd? who look'd?

Arcab. Ah! there's the fatal Wound,

That tears my Heartstrings — But he shall be found:

Yes, ye Infernals, if there's Pow'r in Art,

My Arms shall hold him, as he grasps my Heart.

Shall I, who can draw down the Moon, and keep

The Stars confin'd, enchant the boist'rous Deep,

And *Boreas* halt, make Hills and Forests move,

Shall I be baffled by this Trifler Love?

Arcal. Suspend these Follies, and let Rage surmount.

Brothers Death requires a strict Account;

Day, to Day, perhaps this very Hour,

In this Moment, now, the Murth'rer's in our Pow'r.

Let Love in Cottages and Cells to reign,

With Nymphs obscure, and with the lowly Swain.

Do not waste their Days and Strength in such short Joys,

But Fools, that barter precious Life for Toys.

Arcab.

Arcal.

Arcab. They're Fools who preach we waste our Days
and Strength;

What is a Life, whose only Charm is Length?
Give me a Life that's short, and wing'd with Joy,
A Life of Love, whose Minutes never cloy:
What is an Age in dull Renown drudg'd o'er?
One little single Hour of Love is more.

An Attendant enters hastily, and whispers Arcalaus.

Arcal. See it perform'd —— And thou shalt be,
Dire Instrument of Hell, a God to me.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

He comes, he comes, just ready to be caught.
Here *Ardan* fell, here on this fatal Spot
Our Brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious Gore,
The purple Flood, that cries so loud for more:
Think on that Image, see him on the Ground,
His Life and Fame both bury'd in one Wound,
Think on the Murderer, with insulting Pride
Tearing the Weapon from his bleeding Side,
Oh think——

Arcab. What need these bloody Images to move?
Revenge I will—— And would secure my Love.
Why shou'd I of a Frailty shameful be,
From which no Mortal yet was ever free?
Not fierce *Medea*, Mistress of our Art,
Nor *Circe*, nor *Calypso* 'scap'd the Smart.
If Hell has Pow'r, both Passions I will please,
My Anger and my Love shall both have Ease.

The British Enchanters. 23

Lead on, Magician, make Revenge secure,
My Hand's as ready and shall strike as sure. [*They go off.*]

Oriana and Corisanda appear entering from the lower Path of
the Scene.

Ori, Thrice happy they, who thus in Woods and Groves,
From Courts retir'd, possess their peaceful Loves.
Of royal Maids, how wretched is the Fate,
Born only to be Victims of the State,
Our Hopes, our Wishes, all our Passions ty'd
For publick Use; the Slaves of others Pride.
Here let us wait th'Event, on which alone
Depends my Peace, I tremble 'till 'tis known.

Cor. So generous this Emperor's Love does seem,
'Twould justify a Change, to change for him.

[*Flourish of Musick as in the Forest.*]

Ori. Oft we have heard such airy Sounds as these,
Which in soft Musick murm'ring thro' the Trees,
Salute us as we pass——

Cor. The Air we breathe sure is enchanted Air,
[*They listen, looking about as surpriz'd.*]

Enter several of Arcalaus's Magicians, representing Shepherds
and Shepherdesses singing and dancing.

A S H E P H E R D E S S.

Follow ye Nymphs and Shepherds all,
Come celebrate this Festival,
And merrily sing, and sport, and play,
For 'tis Oriana's Nuptial Day.

To

24 *The British Enchanters.*

To Oriana] *Queen of Britain, and of Love,*
Be happy as the Blest above;
A joyful Day is in thy Power,
Seize, O seize the smiling Hour.
Graces numberless attend thee,
The Gods as many Blessings send thee:
Be happy as the Blest above,
Queen of Britain, and of Love.

[*Exeunt, singing in*

C H O R U S.

Follow ye Nymphs, &c.

Ori. Preposterous Nuptials, that fill ev'ry Breast
 With Joy, but only hers, who shou'd be blest.

Cor. Sure some Magician keeps his Revels here:
 Princess retire, there may be Danger near.

Ori. What Danger in such gentle Notes can be?
 Thou Friend to Love, thrice pow'rful Harmony,
 I'll follow thee — Play on —
 Musick's the Balm of Love, it charms Despair,
 Suspends the Smart, and softens ev'ry Care.

[*Exeunt, following the Musick.*

Arcalaus enters, with an Attendant, observing them.

Arcal. Finish the rest, and then be free as Air:
 My Eyes ne'er yet beheld a Form so fair.
 Happy beyond my Wish, I go to prove
 At once, the Joys of sweet Revenge and Love.

[*Exeunt following.*

Enter

The British Enchanters. 25

Enter Amadis and Florestan.

Amad. Mistake me not — No *Amadis* shall die,
If she is pleas'd, but not disturb her Joy.
Nice Honour still engages to requite
False Mistresses, and proud, with Slight for Slight.
But if, like mine, the stubborn Heart retain
A wilful Tenderneſs, the Brave muſt feign,
In private grieve, but with a careleſs Scorn
In publick, ſeem to triumph, not to mourn.

Flor. Hard is the Task, in Love or Grief to feign;
When Paſſion is ſincere, it will complain:
Doubts that from Rumour roſe, you ſhou'd ſuſpend;
From evil Tongues what Virtue can defend?
In Love, who injures by a raſh Diſtruſt,
Is the Aggreſſor, and the firſt unjuſt.

Amad. If ſhe is true, why all this Nuptial Noiſe,
Still echoing as we paſs her guilty Joys?
Who to a Woman truſts his Peace of Mind,
Truſts a frail Bark, with a tempeſtuous Wind.
Thus to *Ulyſſes*, on the *Stygian* Coaſt
His Fate enquiring, ſpake *Atrides'* Ghost;
Of all the Plagues with which the World is curſt,
Of ev'ry Ill, a Woman is the worſt;
Truſt not a Woman. — Well might he adviſe,
Who periſh'd by his Wife's Adulteries.

Flor. Thus in Deſpair, what moſt we love, we wrong.
Not Heav'n eſcapes the impious Atheiſt's Tongue.

B

Amad.

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But if, like mine, the stubborn Heart retain
A wilful Tenderness, the Brave must feign,
In private grieve, but with a careless Scorn
In publick, seem to triumph, not to mourn.

Flor. Hard is the Task, in Love or Grief to feign;
When Passion is sincere, it will complain:
Doubts that from Rumour rose, you shou'd suspend;
From evil Tongues what Virtue can defend?
In Love, who injures by a rash Distrust,
Is the Aggressor, and the first unjust.

Amad. If she is true, why all this Nuptial Noise,
Still echoing as we pass her guilty Joys?
Who to a Woman trusts his Peace of Mind,
Trusts a frail Bark, with a tempestuous Wind.
Thus to *Ulysses*, on the *Stygian* Coast
His Fate enquiring, spake *Atrides'* Ghost;
Of all the Plagues with which the World is curst,
Of ev'ry Ill, a Woman is the worst;
Trust not a Woman. — Well might he advise,
Who perish'd by his Wife's Adulteries.

Flor. Thus in Despair, what most we love, we wrong,
Not Heav'n escapes the impious Atheist's Tongue.

B

Amad.

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Amad. Enticing *Crocodiles*, whose Tears are Death ;
Sirens, that murder with enchanting Breath :
 Like *Egypt's* Temples, dazzling to the Sight,
 Pompously deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright ;
 With glitt'ring Gold and sparkling Gems they shine,
 But Apes and Monkeys are the Gods within.

Flor. My Love attends with Pain, while you pursue
 This angry Theme: I have a Mistress too:
 The faultless Form no secret Stains disgrace,
 A beauteous Mind unblemish'd as her Face,
 Not painted and adorn'd to varnish Sin,
 Without all Goddesses, all Divine within.
 By Truth maintaining what by Love she got,
 A Heav'n without a Cloud, a Sun without a Spot.

Amad. Forgive the Visions of my frantick Brain,
 Far from the Man I love, be all such Pain :
 By the immortal Gods I swear, my Friend,
 The Fates to me no greater Joy cou'd send,
 Than that your Labours meet a prosp'rous End.
 After so many glorious Toils, that you
 Have found a Mistress, beautiful and true.

Oriana and Corisanda without.

Ori. and Cor. Help, help, oh! Heav'ns, help —

Amad. What Cries are these?

Flor. It seem'd the Call of Women in Distress,
 Of savage Beasts and Men a monstrous Brood
 Possess this Land——

Ori. and Cor. Help, help——

Amad. Again the Cry's renew'd.

Draw

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Draw both our Swords, and fly with Speed to save;

Th' Opprest have a sure Refuge in the Brave.

[*Exeunt drawing their Swords.*]

[*Oriana and Corisanda cross the Stage pursu'd by a Party belonging to Arcalaus.*]

Ori. and Cor. Help, help!

Party, Pursue, pursue.

[*Flor. crosses the Stage following the Pursuit.*]

Arcalaus enters fighting, and retreating before Amadis.

Arcab. Forbear, rash Mortal, give thy Frenzy o'er,
For know thou tempt'st a more than mortal Pow'r.

Amad. Think not my Sword shall give the least Reprieve;
'Twere Cruelty to let such Monsters live.

[*Florestan re-enters retreating before another Party is seiz'd, disarm'd, and carry'd off.*]

Arcal. Yet pause, and be advis'd; avoid thy Fate;
Without thy Life my Vengeance is compleat:
Behold thy Friend born to eternal Chains,
Remember *Ardan* now, and count thy Gains.

Amad. Like *Ardan's* be thy Fate, unpity'd fall,
Thus I'll at once revenge, and free 'em all.

Fight again, Arcalaus still retreating 'till off the Stage. Instruments of Horror are heard under Ground, and in the Air. Monsters and Demons rise from under the Stage, whilst others fly down from above, crossing to and fro in Confusion: Clashing of Swords behind the Scenes: Thunder and Lightning, during which Time the Stage is darken'd. On the sudden a Flourish of all the Musick succeeds, the

*Sky clears, and the Scene changes to a pleasant Prospect:
Amadis appears leaning on his Sword, surrounded by Shep-
herds and Shepherdesses, who with Songs, Musick and Dances
perform the following Enchantment.*

A S H E P H E R D.

*Love, Creator Love, appear,
Attend and hear;
Appear.*

A S H E P H E R D E S S.

*Love, Creator Love,
Parent of Heav'n and Earth,
Delight of Gods above,
To thee all Nature owes her Birth,
Love, Creator Love.*

C H O R U S.

*Appear, appear,
Attend and hear;
Appear.*

S H E P H E R D.

*All that in ambient Air does move,
Or teems on fertile Fields below,
Or sparkles in the Skies above,
Or does in rowling Waters flow,
Spring from the Seeds that thou dost sow,
Love, Creator Love.*

C H O R U S.

*Appear, appear;
Attend and hear;
Appear.*

S H E P.

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S H E P H E R D E S S.

*When Love is away,
Or is not ours,
How dull is the Day,
How slow the Hours;
When Love is away there's no Delight;
How dull is the Day,
When Love's away,
How dull is the Day,
How slow the Hours;
But wing'd with Love, how swift is the Flight!*

C H O R U S.

*Better in Love a Slave to be,
Than with the widest Empires free.*

[Symphony for Discord.]

O D E for D I S C O R D.

*When Love's away then Discord reigns:
The Furies he unchains,
Bids Æolus unbind
The Northern Wind,
That fetter'd lay in Caves,
And root up Trees, and plough the Plain,
Old Ocean frets and raves,
From their deep Roots the Rocks he tears;
Whole Deluges lets fly,
That dash against the Sky,
And seem to drown the Stars,
Th' assaulted Clouds return the Shock*

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*Blue Lightnings smite the Waves,
 And Thunder rends the Rock.
 Then Jove usurps his Father's Crown,
 Instructing Mortals to aspire;
 The Father would destroy the Son,
 The Son dethrones the Sire.
 The Titans, to regain their Right,
 Prepare to try a second Fight,
 Briareus arms his hundred Hands,
 And marches forth the bold Gigantick Bands.
 Pelion upon Ossa thrown,
 Steep Olympus they invade,
 Gods and Giants tumble down,
 And Mars is foil'd by Encelade,
 Horror, Confusion, vengeful Ire,
 Daggers, Poison, Sword, and Fire,
 To execute the destin'd Wrath conspire:
 The Furies loose their Snaky Rods,
 And lash both Men and Gods.
 Chorus of Instrumental Musick for Discord.*

S Y M P H O N Y for L O V E.

S H E P H E R D E S S.

*But when Love bids Discord cease,
 Then jarring Seeds unite in Peace;
 O the Pleasures past expressing!
 All is Joy, and all is Blessing,
 Hail to Love, and welcome Joy,
 Hail to the delicious Boy!*

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*In Cyprus first the God was known
Then coasting to the Main,
In Britany he fix'd his Reign,
And in Oriana's Eyes his Throne.*

CHORUS.

*Hail to Love, and welcome Joy,
Hail to the delicious Boy!
See the Sun from Love returning,
Love's the Flame in which he's burning.
See the Zephyrs kissing close,
On Flora's Breast their Wings repose.
Hail to Love! the softest Pleasure;
Love and Beauty reign for ever.*

DANCE.

Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Shepherdess to Amadis.

*Now Mortal prepare,
For thy Fate is at Hand;
Now Mortal prepare
And surrender.
For Love shall arise,
Whom no Pow'r can withstand,
Who rules from the Skies
To the Centre.
Now mortal prepare,
For thy Fate is at hand;
Now Mortal prepare
And surrender.*

B 4

[Oriana

[*Oriana rises enchanted, reposing on a Bed of Flowers. Amadis seeing her, throws away his Sword, and offers to run to her, but is seiz'd in the same Instant.*

Amad. I'll break thro' all Enchantments to those Arms,
I am all Love, and thou all over Charms.

[*Here he is seiz'd: Oriana wakes and rises.*

Ori. In what enchanted Regions am I lost?
Am I alive? Or wander here a Ghost?
Art thou too dead?

Amad. Where-e'er you are, the Realms of Bliss must be;
I see my Goddess, and 'tis Heav'n to see!
Stand off——and give me way——

Ori. No——keep him there,
Th' ungrateful Traitor, let him not come near:
Convey the Wretch where *Sisyphus* atones
For Crimes enormous, and where *Tityus* groans,
With Robbers and with Murderers let him prove
Immortal Pains——for he has murder'd Love.

Amad. Have I done this!

Ori. Base and perfidious Man,
Let me be heard, and answer if you can.
Was it your Love, when trembling by your Side
I wept, and I implor'd, and almost dy'd,
Urging your stay——Was it your Love that bore
Your faithless Vessel from the *British* Shore?
What said I not, upon that fatal Night,
When you avow'd your meditated Flight?
Was it your Love, that prompted you to part,
To leave me dying, and to break my Heart?

See whom you fled, Inhuman and Ingrate,
Repent your Folly, but repent to late.

Amad. Mistaken Princess! By the Stars above,
The Pow'rs below, and by Immortal *Jove*,
Unwilling and compell'd —

Ori. Unwilling and compell'd! Vain, vain Pretence,
For base Neglect, and cold Indifference.
Was it your Love, when by those Stars above,
Those Pow'rs below, and that Immortal *Jove*
You vow'd, before the first revolving Moon
You wou'd return — Did you return? The Sun
Thrice round the circled Globe was seen to move,
You neither came, nor sent — Was this your Love!

Amad. Thrice has that Sun beheld me on your Coast,
By Tempests beaten, and in Shipwrecks lost.

Ori. And yet you chose those Perils of the Sea,
Of Rocks, and Storms, or any thing, but me.
The raging Ocean, and the Winter Wind,
Touch'd at my Passion, with my Wishes join'd,
No Image, but of certain Fate, appear'd,
Less I your Absence, than your Danger, fear'd;
In vain they threaten'd, and I su'd in vain.
More deaf than Storms, more cruel than the Main,
No Pray'r, nor gentle Message cou'd prevail,
To wait a calmer Sky, or softer Gale;
You brav'd the Danger, and despis'd the Love,
Nor Death cou'd fright, nor Tenderneſs cou'd move.

Amad. Of our past Lives, the Pleasure, and the Pain;
Fixt in my Soul, for ever shall remain;
Recall more gently my unhappy State,
And charge my crime, not on my Choice, but Fate:
In Mortal Breast, sure Honour never wag'd
So dire a War, nor Love more fiercely rag'd;
You saw my Torment, and you knew my Heart,
'Twas Infamy to stay, 'twas Death to part.

Ore. In vain you'd cover, with the Thirst of Fame,
And Honour's Call, an odious Traitor's Name;
Cou'd Honour such vile Perfidy approve?
Is it no Honour, to be true to Love?
O Venus! Parent of the *Trojan* Race,
In *Britain* too, some Remnants found a Place;
From *Brute* descending in a Line direct,
Within these Veins, thy fav'rite Blood respect;
Mother of Love, by Men and Gods rever'd,
Confirm these Vows, and let this Pray'r be heard.
The *Briton* to the *Gaul* henceforth shall bear
Immortal Hatred, and Eternal War;
Nor League, nor Commerce, let the Nations know;
But Seeds of everlasting Discord grow;
With Fire and Sword the faithless Race pursue,
This Vengeance to my injur'd Love is due:
Rise from our Ashes some avenging Hand,
To curb their Tyrants, and invade their Land,
Waves fight with Waves, and Shores with Shores engage,
And let our Sons inherit the same Rage.

Amad.

Amad. Might I be heard one Word in my Defence—

Ori. No not a Word. What specious forc'd Pretence
 Wou'd you invent, to gild a weak Defence?
 To false *Æneas*, when 'twas given by Fate
 To tread the Paths of Death, and view the *Stygian* State,
 Forsaken *Dido* was the first that stood
 To strike his Eye, her Bosom bath'd in Blood
 Fresh from her Wound: Pale Horror and Affright
 Seiz'd the false Man, confounded at the Sight,
 Trembling he gaz'd, and some faint Words he spoke,
 Some Tears he shed, which, with disdainful Look,
 Unmov'd she heard, and saw, nor heeded more,
 Than the firm Rock, when faithless Tempests roar.
 With one last Glance, his Falshood she upbraids,
 Then sullenly retires, and seeks eternal Shades.
 Lead me, O lead me, where the bleeding Queen,
 With just Reproaches, loads perfidious Men,
 Banish'd from Joy, from Empire, and from Light,
 In Death involve me, and in endless Night,
 But keep — that odious Object — from my Sight.

[Exit.]

Enter Arealaus:

Arcal. With her last Words she sign'd his dying Breath
 Convey him straight to Tortures and to Death.

Amad. Let me not perish with a Traitor's Name!
 Naked, unarm'd, and single as I am,
 Loose this right Hand, I challenge all thy Odds
 Of Heav'n, or Hell, of Demons, or of Gods.

Arcal.

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Arcal. Hence to his Fate the valiant Boaster bear.

[*They force him off.*]

For him, let our infernal Priests prepare
 Their Knives, their Cords, and Altars — But for her,
 Soft Beds, and flow'ry Banks, and fragrant Bow'rs,
 Musick and Songs, and all those melting Pow'rs
 With which Love steals on Hearts, and tunes the Mind
 To Tenderneſs and yielding —
 Superior Charms, enchant us to be kind.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Arcalaus and Arcabon meeting,

Arcal. **W**elcome as after Darkneſs chearful Light,
 Or to the weary Wanderer downy Night:
 Smile, ſmile, O *Arcabon*, for ever ſmile,
 And with thy gayeſt Looks reward my Toil:
 That ſullen Air but ill becomes thee now,
 See'ſt thou not glorious Conqueſt on my Brow?

Amadis, Amadis —

Arcab. Dead, or in Chains? Be quick in thy Reply.

Arcal. He lives, my *Arcabon*, but lives to die.
 The gnawing Vulture, and the reſtleſs Wheel,
 Shall be Delight to what the Wretch ſhall feel.

Arcab.

Arcab. Goddess of dire Revenge, *Erinnys* rise,
With Pleasure grace thy Lips, with Joy thy Eyes;
Smile like the Queen of Love, and strip the Rocks
Of Pearls and Gems, to deck thy jetty Locks,
With chearful Tunes disguise thy hollow Throat,
And emulate the Lark and Linnet's Note;
Let Envy's self rejoice, Despair be gay,
For Rage and Murder shall triumph to-day.

Arcal. Arise, O *Ardan*, from the hollow Womb
Of Earth, arise, burst from thy brazen Tomb,
Bear witness to the Vengeance we prepare,
Rejoice, and rest for ever void of Care,

Arcab. *Pluto*, arise, Infernal King, release
Thy tortur'd Slaves, and let the damn'd have Peace,
But double all their Pains on *Amadis*.

Arcal. Mourn all ye Heav'ns, above yon azure Plain
Let Grief-abound, and Lamentation reign,
The Thunderer with Tears bedew the Sky,
For *Amadis*, his Champion's doom'd to die.

Arcab. Death be my Care: For to compleat his Woe,
The Slave shall perish by a Woman's Blow;
Thus each by turns shall his dire Vow fulfil:
'Twas thine to conquer, and 'tis mine to kill.

Arcal. So look'd *Medea*, when the Rival Bride,
Upon her nuptial Day, consuming dy'd:
O never more let Love disguise a Face,
By Rage adorn'd with such triumphant Grace.

Arcab.

Arcab. In sweet Revenge inferior Joys are lost,
 And Love lies shipwreck'd on the stormy Coast;
 Rage rules all other Passions in my Breast,
 And swelling like a Torrent, drowns the rest.
 Should this curst Wretch, whom most my Soul abhors,
 Prove the dear Man whom most my Soul adores,
 Love shou'd in vain defend him with his Dart,
 Thro' all his Charms I'd stab him to the Heart. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Constantius, Celius, Lucius a Roman, and Guard of Britons.

Con. Refus'd a Safeguard, menac'd and confin'd!
 Do Royal Guests no better Usage find?
 Are these the Customs of the *British* Court?
 Here only then let Beasts, not Men, resort.
 This Treatment, *Briton*, from another Man——

Cel. It is my Will, and help it as you can,
 From Contracts sign'd, and Articles agreed,
 With *Briti^h* Faith it suits not to recede:
 How may the World interpret such Neglect,
 And on her Beauty, or her Fame, reflect?
Roman, consider well what Course you run,
 Resolve to be my Prisoner, or my Son.
 If this sounds rude, then know, we *Britons* slight
 The supple Arts that Foreigners delight,
 Nor stand on Forms to vindicate our Right.

[*Exit King Celius.*]

Luc.

Luc. Happy Extremity! now, Prince, be blest,
Of all you love, and all you wish, possess;
No Censure you incur, constrain'd to choose,
Possess'd at once of Pleasure and Excuse.

Con. If for my self alone I wou'd possess,
'Twere sensual Joy, and brutal Happiness:
When most we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The Particle sublime of Bliss, is plac'd
In Raptures that we feel the ravish'd Charmer taste.
Oriana, no — tho' certain Death it be,
I'll keep my Word — I'll die or set thee free.
Haste, *Lucius*, haste, sound loud our Trumpets, call
Our Guard to arms, tho' few, they're *Romans* all.
Now tremble, savage King, a *Roman* Hand
Shall ne'er be bound, that can a Sword command.

As they go off, re-enter Celiuſt haſtily, attended as before.

Cel. Not to be found! ſhe muſt, ſhe ſhall be found —
Diſperſe our Parties, ſearch our Kingdoms round,
Follow *Constantiuſ*, ſeize him, torture, kill:
Traitor! What Vengeance I can have, I will.
Well have thy Gods, O *Rome*, ſecur'd thy Peace,
Planted behind ſo many Lands and Seas,
Or thou ſhould'ſt feel me, City, in thy Fall,
More dreadful than the *Sannite* or the *Gaul*.
But to ſupply and recompenſe this Want,
Hear, O ye Guardians of our Iſle, and grant
That Wrath may riſe, and Strife immortal come
Betwixt the Gods of *Britain*, and of *Rome*.

[Exit.
The

The British Enchanters.

The Scene changes to a Scene of Tombs and Dungeons ; Men and Women chain'd in Rows opposite to each other ; in the Front of the Captives Florestan and Corisanda. A Guard of Dæmons. Plaintive Musick.

To be sung by a Captive King.

Look down, ye Pow'rs, look down,

And cast a pitying Eye

Upon a Monarch's Misery.

Look down, look down.

I who but now on Thrones of Gold,

Gave Laws to Kingdoms uncontroll'd,

To Empire born,

From Empire torn,

A wretched Slave,

A wretched Slave,

Am now of Slaves the Scorn.

Alas! the Smiles of Fortune prove

As variable as Womens Love.

Look down, ye Pow'rs, look down,

And cast a pitying Eye,

Upon a Monarch's Misery.

Look down, look down,

Avenge affronted Majesty,

Avenge, avenge, avenge,

Affronted Majesty.

By

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By a Captive Lover.

*The happy'st Mortals once were we,
I lov'd Mira, Mira me;
Each desirous of the Blessing,
Nothing wanting but Possessing;
I lov'd Mira, Mira me,
The happy'st Mortals once were we.*

*But since cruel Fates discover,
Torn from Love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me:
Of all Pains the greatest Pain
Is to love, and love in vain.*

By a Captive Libertine.

I.

*Plague us not with idle Stories,
Whining Loves, and senseless Glories;
What are Lovers, what are Kings,
What at best but slavish Things?*

II.

*Free I liv'd as Nature made me,
Love nor Beauty durst invade me,
No rebellious Slaves betray'd me,
Free I liv'd as Nature made me.*

III.

III.

*Each by Turns, as Sense inspir'd me,
 Bacchus, Ceres, Venus fir'd me;
 I alone have lost true Pleasure.
 Freedom is the only Treasure.*

Chorus of *Demons*, expressing Horror and Despair.

*Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Grieving,
 No, no,
 The Powers below
 No Pity know,
 Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Grieving:
 No, no,
 The Powers below
 No Pity know,
 Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Grieving.*

Flor. to Cor. To taste of Pain, and yet to gaze on thee,
 To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.
 Well may the Brave contend, the Wise contrive,
 In vain against their Stars the destin'd strive.

Cor. So to th' appointed Grove, the feather'd Pair
 Fly chirping on, unwatchful of the Snare,
 Pursuing Love, and wing'd with am'rous Thought,
 The wanton Couple in one Toil are caught,
 In the same Cage in mournful Notes complain
 Of the same Fate, and curse perfidious Men.

Captives. O Heav'ns, take Pity of our Pains,
 Let Death give Freedom from our Chains.

Flourish

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Flourish of Instruments of Horror. Enter Arcabon with a Dagger in her Hand, attended by infernal Spirits.

Arcab. Your Vows have reach'd the Gods, your Chains
and Breath

Have the same Date ———

Prepare for Freedom, for I bring you Death.

He who so oft has 'scap'd th' Assaults of Hell,
Whom yet no Spells cou'd bind, no Force cou'd quell,
By whom so many bold Enchanters fell,

Amadis, Amadis, this joyful Day,

Your Guardian Deity himself's our Prey.

From all their Dungeons let our Captives come,

Idle Spectators of their Hero's Doom.

[*Other Dungeons open, and discover more Captives in Chains.*]

Cor. On me, on me, let ev'ry Vengeance fall,
Make me the Victim to atone for all.

Flor. Rather on me let all your Fury bend,
But save, O save my Mistress and my Friend.

Arcab. As soon the Lionsess shall starve, to spare
Her Prey — Behold the Sacrifice appear.

[*A Traverse is drawn discovering Amadis in Chains*
Arcabon advancing hastily to stab him, starts and stops.]

Thou dy'st — What strange and what resistless Charm,
With secret Force, arrests my lifted Arm?

What art thou, who with more than Magick Art
Dost make my Hand unfaithful to my Heart?

Amad.

Amad. One, who disdaining Mercy, sues to die;
 I ask not Life, for Life were Cruelty.
 Of all the Wretched, search the World around,
 A more unhappy never can be found;
 Let loose thy rage, like an avenging God,
 Fain wou'd my Soul encumber'd cast her Load.

Arcab. In every Feature of that charming Face,
 The dear Enchanter of my Soul I trace :

[*Aside, observing him,*

My Brother! had my Father too been kill'd,
 Nay, my whole Race, his Blood should not be spill'd.
 The Ties of Nature do but weakly move,
 The strongest Tie of Nature, is in Love.

[*Stands gazing upon him.*

Amad. O *Florestan*! I see those Chains with Shame,
 Which I cou'd not prevent — O Stain to Fame!
 O Honour lost for ever! *Theseus* fell,
 But *Hercules* remain'd unconquer'd still,
 And freed his Friend — What Man cou'd do, I did,
 Nor was I overpower'd, but betray'd.
 O my lov'd Friend! with better Grace we stood
 In Arms repelling Death, wading in Blood
 To Victories; the manly Limb that trod
 Firm and erect, beneath a treble Load
 Of pond'rous Mail, these shameful Bonds disdains;
 And sinks beneath th' inglorious Weight of Chains.

Flor. Where shall the Brave and Good for Refuge run,
 When to be virtuous is to be undone?

Sure

Sure *Jupiter's* depos'd, some Giant rules
An impious World, contriv'd for Knaves and Fools.

Arcab. He spoke, and every Accent to my Heart
Gave a fresh Wound, and was another Dart:
He weeps — but reddens at the Tears that fall —
Is it for these? Be quick and free 'em all.

[Throws away her Dagger.]

Let every Captive be releas'd from Chains:
How is it that I love, if he complains?
Hence every Grief, and ev'ry anxious Care,
Mix with the Seas and Winds, raise Tempests there:
Strike all your Strings, to joyful Measures move,
And ev'ry Voice sound Liberty and Love.

[Flourish of all the Musick. The Captives are set at Liberty. Arcabon frees Amadis herself.]

S O N G.

Liberty! Liberty!

Ah how sweet is Liberty!

Arm, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry,

Let us live free, or let us die,

Trumpets sounding, Banners flying,

Braving Tyrants, Chains defying,

Arm, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry,

Let us live free, or let us die,

Liberty! Liberty!

Another

Another Voice.

*Happy Isle, all Joys possessing,
 Clime resembling Heav'n above,
 Freedom 'tis that crowns thy Blessing,
 Land of Liberty, and Love!
 When the Nymphs, to cure complaining,
 Set themselves and Lovers free,
 In the Blessing of Obtaining,
 Ah! how sweet is Liberty!*

Fifth Dance of Captives.

Florestan and Corifanda run into each others Arms.

Flor. In this enchanting Circle let me be,
 For ever and for ever bound with thee.

Cor. Life of my Life, and Charmer of my Heart,
 From these Embraces let us never part.

Flor. Never, O never — In some safe Retreat,
 Far from the Noise and Tumults of the Great,
 Secure and happy on each other's Breast,
 Within each others Arms we'll ever rest;
 Those Eyes shall make my Days serene and bright,
 These Arms, thus circling round me, bless the Night.

*Arcabon advances with Amadis, the rest stand in Rows,
 bowing as they advance.*

Arcab. When Rage, like Madness, makes a sudden Pause,
 Methinks 'twere easy to divine the Cause:
 Soldiers, though rough, may in a Lady's Face
 The secret meaning of her Blushes trace,

When

When short-breath'd Sighs, and catching Glances, sent,
From dying Eyes, reveal the kind Intent.

All Day in Wars rude Hazards take Delight,
But love and gentler Pleasures rule the Night.

Amad. The Lords of Fate, who all our Lots decree,
Have destin'd Fame no other Joy for me,
My fullen Stars in that one Circle move,
The happy only are ordain'd for Love.

Arcab. The Stars that you reproach, my Art can force
I can direct 'em to a kinder Course.

What conquer'd Nations, driven from the Field,
Can please your Pride, like tender Maids that yield?
What Sound so sweet or ravishing, can move
Like the soft Whisper of consenting Love?
What Spoils of Fame, what Trophies have the Charms
Of Love, Triumphant in a Virgin's Arms?
Freely as Nature made the Treasure mine,
And boldly rifle all, each Gem is thine;
Unguarded see the Maiden Casket stand,
Glad of the Theft, to court the Robber's Hand;
Honour his wonted Watch no longer keeps,
Seize quickly Soldier, while the Dragon sleeps.

Amad. Enchanting are your Looks, less Magick lies
In your mysterious Art, than in your Eyes;
Such melting Language claims a soft Return,
Pity the hopeless Love with which I burn:
Fast bound already, and not free to choose,
I prize the Blessing which I must refuse.

Arcab.

Arcab. Those formal Lovers be for ever curst,
Who fetter'd free-born Love with Honour first,

[Turning angrily aside.

Who thro' fantastick Laws are Virtue's Fools,
And against Nature will be Slaves to Rules.
How cold he stands! Unkindling at my Chams!

[Observing him.

Thou Rock of Ice, I'll melt thee in my Arms.

[To him gently.

Your Captive Friends have Freedom from this Hour;
Rejoice for them, but for thy self much more:
Sublimar Blessings are reserv'd for thee,
Whom Glory calls to be posses'd of me.
The Shipwreckt Greeks, cast on *Ææa's* Shore,
With trembling Steps the dubious Coast explore;
Who first arrive, unworthy of Regard,
In vain lament, unpity'd and unheard:
But when *Ulysses* with Majestick Mien
Approach'd the Throne, where sat th' Enchantress Queen,
Pleas'd with a Presence that invades her Charms,
She takes the bold Advent'rer in her Arms,
Up to her Bed she leads the Conqu'ror on,
Where he enjoys the Daughter of the Sun.

[She leads Amadis out. Florestan and Corisanda go off together, looking back with Concern after Amadis. The remaining Captives express their Joy for Liberty, with Songs and Dances, with which the Act concludes.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

I.

To Fortune give immortal Praise,
 Fortune deposes, and can raise;
 Fortune the Captives Chains does break,
 And brings despairing Exiles back;
 However low this Hour we fall,
 One lucky Moment may mend all.

II.

'Tis Fortune governs all below:
 The Statesman's Wiles, the Gamester's Throw,
 The Soldier's Fame, the Merchant's Gains,
 The Lover's Joy, the Prisoner's Chains,
 Are but as Fortune shall bestow;
 'Tis Fortune governs all below.

Sixth Dance of Captives to the Chorus.

[Exeunt.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, A Grove, &c.

Enter Arcabon and Arcalaus.

Arcab. HIS first Excuses I to forms allow'd,
 And deem'd 'em Policy before the Croud;
 But when alone, in Shades where Lovers hide,
 Death! Hell! and Furies! then to be deny'd!

C

Arcal.

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Arcal. Of Women Tyrants 'tis the common Doom,
Each haughtily sets out in Beauty's Bloom,
'Till late repenting, to redeem the past,
You turn abandon'd Prostitutes at last.

Arcab. Who Hate declares, is sure of Hate again:
Rage begets Rage, Disdain provokes Disdain:
Why, why, alas, shou'd Love less equal prove?
Why is not Love return'd with mutual Love?

Arcal. Blessings when cheap, or certain, we despise;
From sure Possession what Desire can rise?
Love, like Ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd,
By Doubt provok'd by Certainty destroy'd.

Arcab. To govern Love! alas! what Woman can?
Yet 'tis an easy Province to a Man.
Why am I then of Hope abandon'd quite?
There is a Cure — I'd ask it — if I might,
Forgive me, Brother, if I pry too far;
I've learnt — my Rival is your Pris'ner here;
If that be true —

Arcal. What thence wou'd you infer?

Arcab. What but her Death — When *Amadis* is free
From Hopes of her, there may be Hope for me.

Arcal. Thou Cloud to his bright *Juno*! Fool, shall he
Who has lov'd her, ever descend to thee?

Arcab. Much vainer Fool art thou; where are those
Charms
That are to tempt a Princess to thy Arms?
Thou *Vulcan* to *Oriana's Mars*.

Arcal.

Arcal. But yet,

This *Vulcan* has that *Mars* within his Net.
Your Counsel comes too late, for 'tis decreed,
To make the Woman sure, the Man shall bleed.

[*Exit Arcalaus furiously.*]

Arcab. First perish thou, Earth, Air, and Seas and Sky,
Confounded in one Heap of *Chaos* lie,
And ev'ry other living Creature die.
I burn, I burn; the Storm that's in my Mind
Kindles my Heart, like Fires provok'd by Wind:
Love and Resentment, Wishes and Disdain,
Blow all at once, like Winds that plough the Main.
Furies, *Allecto*, aid my just Design:
But if, averse to Mercy, you decline
The pious Task, assist me, Pow'r's divine;
Just Gods, and thou their King, Imperial Jove,
Strike whom you please, but save the Man I love.

[*Exit.*]

The SCENE changes to a pleasant Garden, Oriana sitting in a Bower at the lower Part of the Scene, listening to soft Musick. Arcalaus enters bowing respectfully; she rises; they advance slowly towards the Stage in mute Discourse, 'till the Musick ceases.

Arcal. Of Freedom lost, unjustly you complain,
Born to command, where-e'er you come, you reign:
No Fetters here you wear, but others bind,
And not a Prison, but an Empire find.

Ori. Death I expect, and I desire it too,
 'Tis all the Mercy to be wish'd from you.
 To die is to be free: Oh let me find
 A speedy Death; that Freedom wou'd be kind.

Arcal. Too cruel to suspect such Ills were meant;
 Here is no Death, but what your Eyes present:
 O may they reign, those Arbiters of Fate,
 Immortal, as the Loves that they create.
 We know the Cause of this prepos't'rous Grief,
 And we shou'd pity, were there no Relief:
 One Lover lost, have you not Millions more?
 Can you complain of Want, whom all adore?
 All Hearts are yours, ev'n mine, that fierce and free
 Ranging at large, disdain'd Captivity,
 Caught by your Charms, the Savage trembling lies,
 And prostrate in his Chain, for Mercy dies.

Ori. Respect is limited to Pow'r alone,
 Beauty distressed, like Kings from Empire thrown,
 Each Insolent invades, regardless of a Frown.
 How art thou chang'd, ah wretched Princess! now,
 When ev'ry Slave that loves, dares tell thee so!

Arcal. If I do love, the Fault is in your Eyes,
 Blame them that wound, and not the Slave that dies:
 If we may love, then sure we may declare;
 If we may not, ah why are you so fair?
 Who can behold those Lips, that Neck, this Waste,
 That Form divine, and not be mad to taste?

Ori. Pluck out these Eyes, revenge thee on my Face,
Tear off my Cheeks, and root up every Grace,
Disfigure, kill me, kill me instantly,
Thus may'st thou free thy self at once and me.

Arcal. Such strange Commands 'twere impious to obey,
I wou'd revenge my self a gentler Way.

*[Takes her by the Hand, she snatches it away disdainfully,
he turns surlily upon her.]*

Some Hope there is that you may change your Mind;
Madam, you have not always been unkind.

Ori. Some Whirlwind bear me from this odious Place,
Earth open wide, and bury my Disgrace;
Save me, ye Pow'rs, from Violence and Shame,
Assist my Virtue and protect my Fame.

Arcal. Love with Submission first begins in Course,
But when that fails, a sure Reserve is Force: *[Aside.]*
The nicest Dames, who our Embraces shun,
Wait only a Pretence, and Force is one:
She who thro' Frailty yields, Dishonour gains,
But she that's forc'd, her Innocence retains:
Debtors and Slaves for Favours they bestow,
Invading, we are free, and nothing owe.
No Ties of Love or Gratitude constrain,
But as we like, we leave, or come again.
It shall be so —
Since softer Arguments have prov'd so vain,
Force is the last — Resist it if you can.

[Seizes her, she struggles and breaks from him.]

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Ori. Help, help, ye Gods!

Arcal. Who with such Courage can resist Desire,
With what a Rage she'll love when Raptures fire!
Behold in Chains your vanquish'd Minion lies,
And if for nothing but this Scorn, he dies.

[Amadis fast bound in Chains, Oriana and Amadis at sight of each other start and look amaz'd. Arcalaus advances to stab him. Arcabon in the Instant enters, seizes Oriana, holding a Dagger at her Breast. Arcalaus withholds his Blow.]

Arcab. Strike boldly, Murd'rer, strike him to the Ground,
While thus my Dagger answers ev'ry Wound;
Drink deep the Blood from the most mortal Part,
I'll do thee Reason in Oriana's Heart.
By what new Magick is thy Vengeance charm'd?
Trembles thy Hand, before a Man unarm'd?
When by Oriana's Death, debarr'd of Bliss,
Then Triumph in the Fate of Amadis.

Ori. Strike, my Deliv'rer, 'tis a friendly Stroke,
I shun thee not, but rather wou'd provoke:
Death to the Wretched is an end of Care,
But yet, methinks, he might that Victim spare.

[Pointing to Amadis.]

Amad. Burst, burst these Fetters, that like *Perseus* I
May to the Succour of the Charmer fly;
My Soul, till now, no Dangers cou'd affright,
But trembles, like a Coward's, at this Sight.

Arcab.

Arcab. So passionate! But I'll revenge it here,

Arcal. Hold, Fury, or I strike as home; forbear.

[*She offering at Oriana, he offers at Amadis, both withhold their Blow.*]

Had I enjoy'd ——— A Curse on the Reprieve!

Thou might'st have struck, and had the Lover's Leave.

Trumpets sound, enter hastily Urganda with a numerous Train of Attendants.

Urg. To Arms, to Arms, ye Spirits of the Air,
Ye Guardians of the Brave, and of the Fair,
Leave your bright Mansions, and in Arms appear.

[*Thunder, Trumpets, Kettle-drums, and other warlike Instruments, Spirits descend in Clouds, some continue in the Air, playing upon Instruments of War. Others remain rang'd as for Battle. Others descend upon the Stage, and draw up in Order of Battle by Amadis, whom Urganda frees, presenting him a Sword. Arcabon and Arcalaus look astonish'd, and retire to the opposite Side of the Stage. Oriana goes over to Urganda.*]

Arcal. Fly quick, ye Damons, from your black Abodes,
And try another Combat with the Gods,
Blue Fires and pestilential Fumes arise,
And flaming Fountains spout against the Skies,
From their broad Roots these Oaks and Cedars tear,
Burn like my Love, and rage like my Despair.

[*Trumpets sound on Arcabon's Side, which are answer'd on Urganda's. The Grove appears in an Instant all in a Flame. Fountains from below cast up Fire as in Spouts;*
C 4 a Rain

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a Rain of Fire from above. The Sky darken'd the while. Thunder and Lightning. Demons range themselves on the Stage by Arcalaus; other Demons face Urganda's Spirits in the Air. Arcalaus advances before his Party with his Sword drawn to Amadis.

Arcal. Let Heav'n and Hell stand neuter, while we try
On equal Terms, which of us two shall die.

[Arcalaus and Amadis engage at the Head of their Parties: A Fight at the same Time in the Air, and upon the Stage: Martial Musick the while mixt with Instruments of Horror: Thunder and Lightning. The Demons are overcome; Arcalaus falls.]

Amad. Thou might'st have learnt more Policy from Hell,
Than tempt the Sword by which thy Brother fell.

[To Arcalaus falling]

Urg. Sound Tunes of Triumph all ye Winds, and bear
Your Notes aloft, that Heaven and Earth may hear;
And thou, O Sun, shine out serene and gay,
And bright, as when the Giants lost the Day.

[The Sky clears, and Tunes of Triumph resound from all Parts of the Theatre. Amadis approaches Oriana, bowing respectfully. Arcabon the while stands, sullen and observing.]

Amad. While *Amadis* *Oriana's* Love possest,
Secure of Empire in that beauteous Breast,
Not *Jove*, the King of Gods, like *Amadis* was blest. }

Ori. While to *Oriana* *Amadis* was true,
Nor wandring Flames to distant Climates drew,
No Heav'n, but only Love, the pleas'd *Oriana* knew. }

Amad.

Amad. That Heav'n of Love, alas! is mine no more,
Braving those Pow'rs by whom she falsly swore,
She to *Constantius* wou'd those Charms resign,
If Oaths cou'd bind, that shou'd be only mine.

Ori. With a feign'd Falshood you'd evade your Part
Of Guilt, and tax a tender faithful Heart:
While by such Ways you'd hide a conscious Flame,
The only Virtue you have left, is Shame.

[Turning disdainfully from him.]

Amad. But shou'd this injur'd Vassal you reject
Prove true, ah what Return might he expect?

[Approaching tenderly.]

Ori. Tho' brave *Constantius* charms, with ev'ry Art,
That can entice a tender Virgin's Heart,
Whether he shines for Glory or Delight,
To tempt Ambition, or enchant the Sight;
Were *Amadis* restor'd to my Esteem,
I wou'd reject a Deity for him.

Amad. Tho' false as watry Bubbles blown by Wind,
Fix'd in my Soul, and rooted in my Mind,
I love *Oriana*, faithless and unkind:
Oh were she kind, and faithful, as she's fair,
For her alone I'd live, and die for her.

Urg. Adjourn these Murmurs of unquiet Love,
And from this Scene of Rage and Fare remove.
Thy Empire, *Arcabon*, concludes this Hour,
Short is the Date of all flagitious Pow'r;

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Spar'd be thy Life, that thou may'st living bear
The Torments of the Damn'd in thy Despair.
Where *Zephyrs* only breathe, in Myrtle Groves,
There will I lead you to debate your Loves.

[*Urganda takes Oriana's Hand leading her out: As Amadis is following, Arcabon takes him by the Robe.*

Arcab. What, not one Look! not one dissembling Smile
To thank me for your Life! Or to beguile
Despair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art,
Hence from my Sight for ever, and my Heart.

[*Lets go her Hold with an Air of Contempt.*

Back, Soldier, to the Camp, thy proper Sphere,
Stick to thy Trade, dull Hero, follow War,
Useless to Women; thou meer Image, meant
To raise Desire, and then to disappoint.

[*Amadis goes out.*

So ready to be gone! — Barbarian, stay —
He's gone, and Love returns, and Pride gives way.
Oh stay, come back — Horror and Hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die! — Return, return.
Eternal Racks my tortur'd Bosom tear,
Vultures with endless Pangs are gnawing there,
Fury! Distraction! I am all Despair.
Burning with Love, may'st thou ne'er aim at Bliss,
But Thunder shake thy Limbs, and Lightning blast thy Kifs,
While pale, aghast, a Spectre I stand by,
Pleas'd at the Terrors that distract thy Joy;

Plague.

Plague of my Life! thy want of Pow'r shall be
A Curse to her, worse than thy scorn to me.

[Exit.]

CHORUS.

*The Battel's done,
Our Wars are over,
The Battel's done,
Let Laurels crown
The Heads that rugged Steel did cover.
Let Myrtles too
Bring Peace for ever,
Let Myrtles too
Adorn the Brow
That bent beneath the warlike Beaver.
Let Kisses, Embraces,
Dying Eyes, and kind Glances,
Let Kisses, Embraces,
And tender Caresses
Give Warmth to our amorous Trances.
Let Trumpets and Tymbals,
Let Atabals and Cymbals,
Let Drums and Hautboys give over;
But let Flutes
And let Lutes
Our Passions excite
To gentle Delight,
And every Mars be a Lover.*

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Urganda's Bower of Bliss: Being a Representation of Woodstock-Park.*

Enter Oriana and Amadis.

Ori. **I**N my Esteem he well deserves a Part,
 He shares my Praise, but you have all my Heart:
 When equal Virtues in the Scales are try'd,
 And Justice against neither can decide,
 When Judgment thus perplex'd suspends the Choice,
 Fancy must speak, and give the casting Voice:
 Much to his Love, much to his Merit's due,
 But pow'rful Inclination is for you.

Amad. Thou hast no Equal, a superior Ray
 Unrival'd as the Light that rules the Day.
 Should Fame solicit me with all her Charms,
 Nor blooming Laurels, nor victorious Arms
 Shou'd purchase but a Grain of the Delight,
 A Moment from the Raptures of this Night.

Ori. Wrong not my Virtue, to suppose that I
 Can grant to Love, what Duty must deny;
 A Father's Will is wanting, and my Breast
 Is rul'd by Glory, tho' by Love possess'd:
 Rather than be another's I wou'd die,
 Nor can be yours, 'till Duty can comply.

Amad.

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Amad. Curst Rules! that thus the noblest Loves engage,
To wait the peevish Humours of old Age!
Think not the Lawfulness of Love consists
In Parents Wills, or in the Forms of Priests;
Such are but licenc'd Rapes that Vengeance draw
From Heav'n,, however approv'd by human Law.
Marriage the happy'st Bond of Love might be,
If Hands were only join'd when Hearts agree.

Enter Urganda and Corisanda, Florestan and Attendants.

Urg. Here faithful Lovers to safe Joys remove,
The soft Retreat of Glory and of Love,
By Fate prepar'd, to crown the happy Hours
Of mighty Kings, and famous Conquerors.
The *Bow'r of Bliss* 'tis call'd, and is the same
Which Mortals shall hereafter *Blenheim* name,
Delicious Seat, ordain'd a sweet Recess
For thee, and for a future *Amadis*.
Here, *Amadis*, let all your Suff'rings end;
Before I brought a Mistress, now a Friend,
The greatest Blessings that the Gods can send.

[*Presenting Florestan.*

Amad. O, *Florestan*! there wanted but this more,
This strict Embrace, to make my Joys run o'er:
The Sight of thee does such vast Transports breed,
That scarce the Ecstasies of Love exceed.

Flor.

Flor. If beyond Love or Glory is a Taste
Of Pleasure, it is sure in Friendship plac'd.

Ori. My *Corisanda* too!

Not *Florestan* cou'd fly with greater haste
To take thee in his Arms: O welcome to my Breast,
As to thy Lover's —

Cor. O Joy compleat!
Blest Day!

Wherein so many Friends and Lovers meet.

Flor. The Storm blown over, so the wanton Doves }
Shake from their Plumes the Rain, and seek the Groves,
Pair their glad Mates, and cooe eternal Loves!

Amad. O *Florestan*! blest as thou dost deserve,
To thee the Fates are kind, without Reserve.
My Joys are not so full; tho' Love wou'd yield,
Fierce Honour stands his Ground, and keeps the Field:
Nature within seduc'd, in vain befriends,
While Honour, with his Guard of Pride, defends!
O Nature frail, and faulty in thy Frame,
Fomenting Wishes, Honour must condemn;
Or O! too rigid Honour thus to bind,
When Nature prompts, and when Desire is kind.

*Enter Arcabon conducting Constantius, her Garments loose
and Hair dishevel'd, seeming frautick.*

Arcab. This, *Roman*, is the Place: 'Tis Magick Ground,
Hid by Enchantment, by Enchantment found.

Behold

Behold 'em at our View dissolv'd in Fear;
 Two Armies, are two Lovers in despair.
 Proceed, be bold, and scorning to entreat;
 Think all her Strugglings feign'd, her Cries Deceit;
 Not creeping like a Cur that fawns to please,
 Nor whine, nor beg — but like a Lion seize:
 Kill him and ravish her: For so wou'd I,
 Were I a Man; or rather let both die.
 The Rape may please ———
 Each was disdain'd; to equal Rage resign
 Thy Heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine.
 'Tis sweet to love, but when with Scorn we meet;
 Revenge supplies the Loss, with Joys as great.

[A Chariot descends swiftly drawn by Dragons, into which she enters at the following Lines.]

Up to th' ethereal Heav'ns where Gods reside;
 Lo! thus I fly to thunder on thy side.

[Thunder. The Chariot mounts in the Air, and vanishes with her.]

Con. Fly where thou wilt, but not to blest Abodes;
 For know, where-e'er thou art, there are no Gods.

[Approaches Oriana bowing respectfully.]

I come not here an Object to affright,
 Or to molest, but add to your Delight.
 Behold a Prince expiring in your View,
 Whose Life's a Burthen to himself, and you.

Fate

Fate and the King all other Means deny
 To set you free, but that *Constantius* die.
 A *Roman* Arm had play'd a *Roman's* part,
 But 'tis prevented by my breaking Heart:
 I thank you, Gods, nor think my Doom severe;
 Resigning Life, on any Terms, for her.

Urg. What cruel Destiny on Beauty waits,
 When on one Face dépend so many Fates?
 Confin'd by Honour to relieve but One,
 Unhappy Men by thousands are undone,

Con. Make Room, ye *Decii*, whose devoted Breath
 Secur'd your Country's Happiness by Death;
 I come a Sacrifice no less renown'd,
 The Cause as glorious, and as sure the Wound.

[*Kneels at Oriana's Feet, she seems concerned.*

Oh Love! with all thy Sweets let her be blest,
 Thy Reign be gentle in that beauteous Breast.
 Tho' thy malignant Beams, with deadly Force,
 Have scorch'd my Joys, and in their baneful Course
 Wither'd each Plant, and dry'd up ev'ry Source;
 Ah! to *Oriana* shine less fatal bright,
 Cherish her Heart, and nourish her Delight,
 Restrain each cruel Influence that destroys,
 Bless all her Days, and ripen all her Joys.

[*Amadis addressing to Constantius.*

Amad. Were Fortune us'd to smile upon Desert,
 Love had been yours; to die had been my Part:

Thus

Thus Fate divides the Prize; tho' Beauty's mine,
Yet Fame, our other Mistress, is more thine.

[Constantius rises, looking sternly upon him.]

Disdain not, gallant Prince, a Rival's Praise,
Whom your high Worth has humbled to confess
In every thing, but Love, he merits less.

Con. Art thou that Rival then? O killing Shame!
And has he view'd me thus, so weak, so tame?
Like a scorn'd Captive prostrate at his Side,
To grace his Triumph, and delight his Pride?
O 'tis too much! and Nature in Disdain
Turns back from Death, and firing ev'ry Vein,
Reddens with Rage, and kindles Life again.
Be firm, my Soul, quick from this Scene remove,
Or Madness else may be too strong for Love.

[Draws a Dagger, and stands between Amadis and Oriana, facing Amadis.]

Spent as I am, and weary'd with the Weight
Of burthening Life ——— I cou'd reverse my Fate.
Thus planted, stand thy everlasting Bar;

*[Seizing Amadis, holding the Dagger at his Throat;
Amadis struggles for his Sword.]*

But for Oriana's sake 'tis better here.

*[Looking back upon Oriana, stabs himself; all run to
support him.]*

Ori. Live, gen'rous Prince, such Virtue ne'er shou'd die.

Con.

Con. I've liv'd enough, of all I wish possess,
 If dying, I may leave *Oriana* bliss:
 Nor can I now recall my Fate ———
 Th' Invader has too sure a Footing found,
 He spreads his Troops, and cov'ring all around,
 He marches unoppos'd: In ev'ry Vein
 Fevers assault, and Phrensies burn my Brain,
 The last warm Drop forsakes my bleeding Heart:
 Oh Love! how sure a Murderer thou art. [Dies.]

Ori. There breaks the noblest Heart that ever burn'd,
 In Flames of Love, for ever to be mourn'd.

Amad. Lavish to him, you wrong an equal Flame;
 Had he been lov'd, my Heart had done the same.

Flo. Oh Emperor, all Ages shall agree,
 Such, but more happy, shou'd all Lovers be.

Urg. No Lover now throughout the World remains
 But *Amadis*, deserving of your Chains.

Remove that mournful Object from the Sight.

[Carry off the Body.]

Ere yon bright Beam is shadow'd o'er with Night,
 The stubborn King shall licence your Delight;
 The Torch, already bright with nuptial Fire,
 Shall bring you to the Bridegroom you desire;
 And Honour, that so long has kept in doubt,
 Be better pleas'd to yield, than to hold out.

[Here an Entertainment of Musick and Dancing.]

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To be Sung.

Make room for the Combat, make room;

Sound the Trumpet and Drum:

A fairer than Venus prepares

To encounter a greater than Mars.

Make room for the Combat, make room;

Sound the Trumpet and Drum:

The Gods of Desire take part in the Fray,

And Love sits like Jove, to decide the great Day.

For the Honour of Britain

This Duel is fought!

Give the word to begin,

Let the Combatants in;

The Challenger enters all glorious:

But Love has decreed,

Tho' Beauty may bleed,

Yet Beauty shall still be victorious.

CHORUS.

Make room for the Combat make room;

Sound the Trumpet and Drum:

A fairer than Venus prepares

To encounter a greater than Mars.

SONG.

Help! help! th' unpractis'd Conqueror cries;

He faints, he falls, help, help! Ah me! he dies:

Gently.

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*Gently she tries to raise his Head,
And weeps, alas! to find him dead.*

*Sound, sound a Charge, 'tis War again;
Again he fights, again is slain;
Again, again, help, help! she cries,
He faints, he falls, help, help! Ah me! he dies.*

Another:

*Happy Pair.
Free from Care,
Enjoy the Blessing
Of sweet Possessing,
Free from Care,
Happy Pair.
Love inviting,
Souls uniting,
Desiring,
Expiring,
Enjoy the Blessing
Of sweet Possessing,
Free from Care,
Happy Pair.*

Chorus Singing and Dancing.

*Be true, all ye Lovers, whate'er you endure,
Tho' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the Cure!
So divine is the Blessing,
In the Hour of Possessing.*

That

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*That one Moment's obtaining
Pays an Age of Complaining.*

*Be true, all ye Lovers, whate'er you endure ;
Tho' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the Cure !*

[Here enter two Parties from the opposite Sides of the Theatre, with Lances in their Hands, marching to a Warlike Measure of Trumpets, &c. Then run a Tilt, and having broken or quitted their Lances, form divers Combats with Sword and Buckler. The Conquerors dance a Measure, expressing their Joy for Victory.

CHORUS to the Dance.

*Amadis is the Hero's Glory,
Of endless Fame a lasting Story :
Amadis is the Hero's Glory.*

*Oriana is the Queen of Pleasure,
A Light of Love, to shine for ever :
Oriana is the Queen of Pleasure.*

[The Entertainment concludes with Variety of Songs and Dances, after which the Company rise and come forward.

Amad. So *Phœbus* mounts triumphant in the Skies,
The Clouds disperse, and gloomy Horror flies ;
Darkness gives place to the victorious Light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

Ori.

Ori. Our present Joys are sweeter for past Pain,
To Heav'n, and Love, by suff'ring we attain.

Urg. Prophetick Fury rowls within my Breast.
And as at *Delphos*, when the foaming Priest
Full of his God, proclaims the distant Doom
Of Kings unborn, and Nations yet to come:
My labouring Mind so struggles to unfold,
On *British* Ground, a future Age of Gold:
But lest incredulous you hear — behold.

[Here a SCENE represents the Queen and all the
Triumphs of her Majesty's Reign.

High on a Throne appears the Martial Queen,
With Grace sublime, and with Imperial Mien,
Surveying round her with impartial Eyes,
Whom to protect, or whom she shall chastise.
In ev'ry Line of that auspicious Face
Soft Mercy smiles, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace.
So Angels look, and so, when Heav'n decrees,
They scourge the World to Piety and Peace.

Empress, and Conqueror, hail! Thee, Fates ordain
O'er all the willing World, sole Arbitress to reign:
To no One People are thy Laws confin'd,
Great Britain's Queen, but Guardian of Mankind.
Sure Hope of all who dire Oppression bear,
For all th' Opprest become thy instant Care.
Nations of Conquest proud, Thou tam'st, to free;
Denouncing War, presenting Liberty;

The

The Victor to the Vanquish'd yields a Prize,
For in thy Triumph, their Redemption lies;
Freedom and Peace, for ravish'd Fame, you give;
Invade to bless, and conquer to relieve.
So the Sun scorches, and revives by Turns,
Requiting with rich Metals, where he burns.

Taught by this great Example to be just,
Succeeding Kings shall well fulfil their Trust;
Discord and War and Tyranny shall cease,
And jarring Nations be compell'd to Peace;
Princes and States, like Subjects, shall agree
To trust Her Power, safe in Her Piety.

If curious to inspect the Book of Fate,
You'd farther learn the destin'd Time and Date
Of *Britain's* Glory, know, this Royal Dame
From *Stuart's* Race shall rise, *ANNA* shall be her Name.

FINIS.



The British Emancipator.

The Victor to the Vanquish'd, yields a Prize
For in thy Triumph, the Red ensign flies
Freedom and Peace, for ever thine, shall be
Intact to shield, and compass thee
On the San Joseph, and revive thy Trade
Requiting with rich Metals, where he dwells

It might be this great Example to be just
Succeeding Kings, shall I shall each Tomb
Of Lord and War, and Tyranny shall cease
And joining Nations be compell'd to Peace
Princes and States, like Subjects, shall agree
To wash Her Power, late in Her Pride.

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From sweet's Race shall rise, AKA shall be her Name
Of Britain's Glory, know, the Royal Name
Yours shall be her Name, the British Name and Fame
If anxious to join, the British Name of Fame

W V I S

